LIVES
OF THE
POETS

VOL. 4

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THE

LIVES

OF THE

POETS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND.

By Mr. CIBBER, and other Hands.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:
Printed for R. GRIFFITHS, at the Dunciad in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

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Juſt Publiſhed,

Dedicated to the Right Honourable PHILIP Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

Correctly printed in a neat Pocket Volume
(Price Bound Three Shillings,)
The Second Edition of

LES MOEURS; or, MANNERS. Accurately Tranſlated from the French. Wherein the Principles of Morality, or Social Duties, viz. Piety, Wiſdom, Prudence, Fortitude, Juſtice, Temperance, Love, Friendſhip, Humanity, &c. &c. are deſcribed in all their Branches; the Obligations of them ſhewn to conſiſt in our Nature, and the Enlargement of them ſtrongly enforc'd. Here Parents are taught, that, giving Birth to a Child, ſcarcely entitles them to that honourable Name, without a ſtrict Diſcharge of Parental Duties; the Friend will find, there are a thouſand other Decorums, beſides the doing of a Favour, to entitle him to the tender Name of Friend; and the Good-natur'd Man will find, he ought to extend that Quality beyond the Bounds of his own Neighbourhood or Party.

The Whole wrote in a manner entirely New and Entertaining, and enliven'd with real Characters, drawn from life, and fited to inſtill the Principles of all Social Virtues into tender Minds.

Printed for W. Johnſton at the Golden-Ball in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

THE LIVES OF THE POETS.

PETER MOTTEAUX,

A French gentleman, born and educated at Rohan, in Normandy. He came over into England, was a conſiderable trader, and reſided here many years. He is ſaid to have poſſeſſed no inconſiderable ſhare of wit, and humour; and, beſides a tranſlation of Don Quixote, ſeveral Songs, Prologues and Epilogues, together with a Poem on Tea, dedicated to the Spectator, (ſee Vol. VII.

Numb. 552) he is author of the following dramatic pieces.

1. Love's a Jeſt, a Comedy; acted at the new Theatre, in little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, 1696. In the two ſcenes, where love is made a jeſt, ſome paſſages are taken from Italian writers.

2. The Loves of Mars and Venus; a Maſque ſet to Muſic, performed at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, 1696; dedicated to colonel Codrington. The ſtory from Ovid.

3. The Novelty, or every Act a Play; conſiſting of Paſtoral, Comedy, Maſque, Tragedy, and Farce, after the Italian manner; acted at the Theatre in little Lincoln's-Inn Fields 1697.

The model of this play is formed upon Sir William Davenant's Play-Houſe to be let: But neither of them met with much ſucceſs.

4. Europe's Revels for the Peace, and his Majeſty's Happy Return, a Muſical Interlude, performed at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, 1697.

5. Beauty in Diſtreſs, a Tragedy; acted at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, 1698. There is ſome poetry in this play; and in the multiplicity of its incidents, he has followed the example of the Britiſh Poets. Before this piece, there is prefixed a diſcourſe on the lawfulneſs or unlawfulneſs of plays; written originally in French, by the learned father Caffaro, divinity profeſſor at Paris; ſent by a friend to Mr. Motteaux.

6. The Iſland Princeſs, or the Generous Portugueze; made into an Opera, and performed at the Theatre-Royal 1701. The muſic by Mr. Daniel Purcell, Mr. Clark, and Mr. Leveridge. The greateſt part of the play is taken from Fletcher's Iſland Princeſs. Scene the Spice Iſland.

7. The Four Seaſons, or Love in every Age; a muſical Interlude, ſet to Muſic by Mr. Jeremiah Clark; printed with the muſical Entertainments of the above Opera.

8. Britain's

8. Britain's Happineſs, a muſical Interlude; performed at both the Theatres, being part of the entertainment, ſubſcribed for by the nobility. Scene a proſpect of Dover caſtle and the ſea. This Interlude was long before deſigned, only as an introduction to an Opera; which if ever finiſhed was to have been called the Loves of Europe, every act ſhewing the manner of the different nations in their addreſſes to the fair-ſex; of which he has informed us in his prefatory epiſtle.

9. Thomyris Queen of Scythia, an Opera; tranſlated from the Italian; performed at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

10. The Temple of Love, a Paſtoral Opera, from the Italian; performed at the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-market, by her majeſty's ſervants, 1706. Scene Arcadia. Time of action, the ſame with that of the repreſentation.

11. Love Dragoon'd, a Farce.

This gentleman, who ſeems to have led a very comfortable life, his circumſtances being eaſy, was unfortunate in his death; for he loſt his life in a diſorderly houſe, in the pariſh of St. Clement Danes, not without ſuſpicion of having been murthered; which accident happened to him, on his birth day in the 58th year of his age, 1718. His body was interred in his own pariſh church, being that of St. Mary Ax, in the city of London.

Mrs. MANLEY,

THE celebrated authoreſs of the Atalantis, was born in Hampſhire, in one of thoſe iſlands which formerly belonged to France, of which her father Sir Roger Manley was governor, who afterwards enjoyed the ſame poſt in other places in England. He was the ſecond ſon of an ancient family; the better part of his eſtate was ruined in the civil war by his firm adherence to Charles I. He had not the ſatisfaction of ever being taken notice of, nor was his loyalty acknowledged at the reſtoration. The governor was a brave gallant man, of great honour and integrity.

He became a ſcholar in the midſt of the camp, having left the univerſity at the age of ſixteen, to follow the fortunes of Charles I. His temper had too much of the Stoic in it to attend much to the intereſt of his family: After a life ſpent in the civil and foreign wars, he began to love eaſe and retirement, devoting himſelf to his ſtudy, and the charge of his little poſt, without following the court; his great virtue and modeſty, debaring him from ſoliciting favours from ſuch perſons as were then at the helm of affairs, his deſerts were buried, and forgotten. In this ſolitude he wrote ſeveral tracts for his own amuſement, particularly his Latin Commentaries of the Civil Wars of England. He was likewiſe author of the firſt volume of that admired work, the Turkiſh Spy. One Dr. Midgley, an ingenious phyſician, related to the family by marriage, had the charge of looking over his papers. Amongſt them he found that

that manuſcript, which he reſerved to his proper uſe, and by his own pen, and the aſſiſtance of ſome others, continued the work till the eighth volume was finiſhed, without having the honeſty to acknowledge the author of the firſt.

The governor likewiſe wrote the Hiſtory of the Rebellion in England, Scotland and Ireland; wherein the moſt material paſſages, battles, ſieges, policies, and ſtratagems of war, are impartially related on both ſides, from the year 1640, to the beheading of the duke of Monmouth 1688, in three parts, printed in octavo, in the year 1691.

His daughter, our authoreſs, received an education ſuitable to her birth, and gave very early diſcoveries of a genius, not only above her years, but much ſuperior to what is uſually to be found amongſt her own ſex. She had the misfortune to loſe her mother, while ſhe was yet an infant, a circumſtance, which laid the foundation of many calamities, which afterwards befell her.

The brother of Sir Roger Manley, who was of principles very oppoſite to his, joined with the Parliamentarian party; and after Charles I. had ſuffered, he engaged with great zeal in the cauſe of thoſe who were for ſettling a new form of government; in which, however, they were diſappointed by the addreſs of Cromwell, who found means to transfer the government into his own hands, and in place of inſtituting a republic, reſtored monarchy under another name, and erected a tyranny as dangerous, perhaps, in its conſequences, as that which he had contributed to overthrow. During theſe heats and diviſions, Mr. Manley, who adhered to the moſt powerful party, was fortunate enough to amaſs an eſtate, and purchaſed a title; but theſe, upon the reſtoration, reverted back to the former poſſeſſor; ſo that he was left with ſeveral ſmall children unprovided for. The eldeſt of theſe orphans, Sir Roger Manley took under his protection, beſtowed

a very liberal education on him, and endeavoured to inſpire his mind with other principles, than thoſe he had received from his father. This young gentleman had very promiſing parts, but under the appearance of an open ſimplicity, he concealed the moſt treacherous hypocriſy. Sir Roger, who had a high opinion of his nephew's honour, as well as of his great abilities, on his death-bed bequeathed to him the care of our authoreſs, and her youngeſt ſiſter.

This man had from nature a very happy addreſs, formed to win much upon the hearts of unexperienced girls; and his two couſins reſpected him greatly. He placed them at the houſe of an old, out-of-faſhion aunt, who had been a keen partizan of the royal cauſe during the civil wars; ſhe was full of the heroic ſtiffneſs of her own times, and would read books of Chivalry, and Romances with her ſpectacles.

This ſort of converſation, much infected the mind of our poeteſs, and fill'd her imagination with lovers, heroes, and princes; made her think herſelf in an inchanted region, and that all the men who approached her were knights errant. In a few years the old aunt died, and left the two young ladies without any controul; which as ſoon as their couſin Mr. Manley heard, he haſted into the country, to viſit them; appeared in deep mourning, as he ſaid for the death of his wife; upon which the young ladies congratulated him, as they knew his wife was a woman of a moſt turbulent temper, and ill fitted to render the conjugal life tolerable.

This gentleman, who had ſeen a great deal of the world, and was acquainted with all the artifices of ſeducing, loſt no time in making love to his couſin, who was no otherwiſe pleaſed with it, than as it anſwered ſomething to the character ſhe had found in thoſe books, which had poiſoned and deluded her

her dawning reaſon. Soon after theſe proteſtations of love were made, the young lady fell into a fever, which was like to prove fatal to her life.

The lover and her ſiſter never quitted the chamber for ſixteen nights, nor took any other repoſe than throwing themſelves alternately upon a little pallet in the ſame room. Having in her nature a great deal of gratitude, and a very tender ſenſe of benefits; ſhe promiſed upon her recovery to marry her guardian, which as ſoon as her health was ſufficiently reſtored, ſhe performed in the preſence of a maid ſervant, her ſiſter, and a gentleman who had married a relation. In a word, ſhe was married, poſſeſſed, and ruin'd.

The huſband of our poeteſs brought her to London, fixed her in a remote quarter of it, forbad her to ſtir out of doors, or to receive the viſits of her ſiſter, or any other relations, friends, or acquaintance. This uſage, ſhe thought exceeding barbarous, and it grieved her the more exceſſively, ſince ſhe married him only becauſe ſhe imagined he loved and doated on her to diſtraction; for as his perſon was but ordinary, and his age diſproportioned, being twenty-years older than ſhe, it could not be imagined that ſhe was in love with him. —— She was very uneaſy at being kept a priſoner; but her huſband's fondneſs and jealouſy was made the pretence. She always loved reading, to which ſhe was now more than ever obliged, as ſo much time lay upon her hands: Soon after ſhe proved with child, and ſo perpetually ill, that ſhe implored her huſband to let her enjoy the company of her ſiſter and friends. When he could have no relief from her importunity (being aſſured that in ſeeing her relations, ſhe muſt diſcover his barbarous deceit) he thought it was beſt to be himſelf the relator of his villany; he fell upon his knees before her, with ſo much ſeeming confuſion, diſtreſs and anguiſh, that ſhe was at a loſs to know what could mould his ſtubborn heart to ſuch contrition. At laſt, with a thouſand

well counterfeited tears, and ſighs, he ſtabb'd her with the wounding relation of his wife's being ſtill alive; and with a hypocrite's pangs conjured her to have ſome mercy on a loſt man as he was, in an obſtinate, inveterate paſſion, that had no alternative but death, or poſſeſſion.

He urged, that could he have ſupported the pain of living without her, he never would have made himſelf ſo great a villain; but when the abſolute queſtion was, whether he ſhould deſtroy himſelf, or betray her, ſelf-love had turned the ballance, though not without that anguiſh to his ſoul, which had poiſoned all his delights, and planted daggers to ſtab his peace. That he had a thouſand times ſtarted in his ſleep with guilty apprehenſions; the form of her honoured father perpetually haunting his troubled dreams, reproaching him as a traitor to that truſt which in his departing moments he had repoſed in him; repreſenting to his tortured imagination the care he took of his education, more like a father than an uncle, with which he had rewarded him by effecting the perdition of his favourite daughter, who was the lovely image of his benefactor.

With this artful contrition he endeavoured to ſooth his injured wife: But what ſoothing could heal the wounds ſhe had received? Horror! amazement! ſenſe of honour loſt! the world's opinion! ten thouſand diſtreſſes crowded her diſtracted imagination, and ſhe caſt looks upon the conſcious traitor with horrible diſmay! Her fortune was in his hands, the greateſt part of which was already laviſhed away in the exceſſes of drinking and gaming. She was young, unacquainted with the world; had never experienced neceſſity, and knew no arts of redreſſing it; ſo that thus forlorn and diſtreſſed, to whom could ſhe run for refuge, even from want, and miſery, but to the very traitor that had undone her. She was acquainted with none that could or

would

would eſpouſe her cauſe, a helpleſs, uſeleſs load of grief and melancholy! with child! diſgraced! her own relations either unable, or unwilling to relieve her.

Thus was ſhe detained by unhappy circumſtances, and his prevailing arts to wear away three wretched years with him, in the ſame houſe, though ſhe moſt ſolemnly proteſts, and ſhe has a right to be believed, that no perſuaſion could ever again reconcile her to his impious arms. Whenever ſhe caſt her eyes upon her ſon, it gave a mortal wound to her peace: The circumſtances of his birth glared full on her imagination; ſhe ſaw him, in future, upbraided with his father's treachery, and his mother's misfortunes. Thus forſaken of all the world, in the very morning of her life, when all things ſhould have been gay, and promiſing, ſhe wore away three wretched years. Mean time her betrayer had procured for himſelf a conſiderable employment; the duties of which obliged him to go into the country where his firſt wife lived. He took leave of his injured innocent, with much ſeeming tenderneſs; and made the moſt ſacred proteſtations, that he would not ſuffer her, nor her child ever to want.

He endeavoured to perſuade her to accompany him into the country, and to ſeduce, and quiet her conſcience, ſhewed her a celebrated piece written in defence of Polygamy, and Concubinage: When he was gone, he ſoon relapſed into his former extravagancies, forgot his promiſe of providing for his child, and its mother; and inhumanly left them a prey to indigence and oppreſſion. The lady was only happy in being releaſed from the killing anguiſh, of every day having before her eyes the object of her undoing.

When ſhe again came abroad into the world, ſhe was looked upon with cold indifference; that which had been her greateſt misfortune, was imputed

to her as the moſt enormous guilt; and ſhe was every where ſneered at, avoided, and deſpiſed. What pity is it, that an unfortunate, as well as a falſe ſtep, ſhould damn a woman's fame! In what reſpect was Mrs. Manley to blame? In what particular was ſhe guilty? to marry her couſin, who paſſionately profeſſed love to her, and who ſolemnly vowed himſelf a widower, could not be guilt; on the other hand, it had prudence and gratitude for its baſis. Her continuing in the houſe with him after he had made the diſcovery, cannot be guilt, for by doing ſo, ſhe was prevented from being expoſed to ſuch neceſſities as perhaps would have produced greater ruin. When want and beggary ſtare a woman in the face, eſpecially one accuſtomed to the delicacies of life, then indeed is virtue in danger; and they who eſcape muſt have more than human aſſiſtance.

Our poeteſs now perceived, that together with her reputation, ſhe had loſt all the eſteem, that her converſation and abilities might have elſe procured her; and ſhe was reduced to the deplorable neceſſity of aſſociating with thoſe whoſe fame was blaſted by their indiſcretion, becauſe the more ſober and virtuous part of the ſex did not care to riſk their own characters, by being in company with one ſo much ſuſpected, and againſt whom the appearance of guilt was too ſtrong.

Under this dilemma, it is difficult to point out any method of behaviour, by which ſhe would not be expoſed to cenſure: If ſhe had ſtill perſiſted in ſolitude, the ill-natured world would have imputed to it a cauſe, which is not founded on virtue; beſides, as the means of ſupport were now removed, by the perfidy of Mr. Manley, ſhe muſt have periſhed by this reſolution.

In this caſe, the reader will not be much ſurprized to find our authoreſs, under the patronage of the ducheſs of Cleveland, a miſtreſs of king

Charles the IId's, who was juſtly reckoned one of the moſt celebrated beauties of that age. Mrs. Manley was paying a viſit to a lady of her grace's acquaintance, when ſhe was introduced into the favour of this royal courtezan; and as the ducheſs of Cleveland was a woman of parts and genius, ſhe could not but be charmed with the ſprightlineſs of her converſation. She was fond of new faces, and immediately contracted the greateſt intimacy with our poeteſs, and gave her a general invitation to her table. The lady at whoſe houſe the ducheſs became acquainted with Mrs. Manley, ſoon perceived her indiſcretion in bringing them together; for the love of novelty ſo far prevailed on the ducheſs, that herſelf was immediately diſcarded, and the affection formerly beſtowed upon her, was laviſhed on Mrs. Manley.

This procured our poeteſs an inveterate enemy; and the greateſt blow that was ever ſtruck at her reputation, was by that woman, who had been before her friend. She was not content to inform perſons who began to know and eſteem Mrs. Manley, that her marriage was a cheat; but even endeavoured to make the ducheſs jealous of her new favourite's charms, in reſpect of Mr. Goodman the player, who at that time had the honour of approaching her grace's perſon, with the freedom of a gallant.

As the ducheſs of Cleveland was a woman of a very fickle temper, in ſix months time ſhe began to be tired of Mrs. Manley. She was quarelſome, loquacious, fierce, exceſſively fond, or downright rude; when ſhe was diſguſted with any perſon, ſhe never failed to reproach them, with all the bitterneſs of wit ſhe was miſtreſs of, with ſuch malice, and ill-nature, that ſhe was hated, not only by all the world, but by her own children and ſervants: The extremes of prodigality, and covetouſneſs, of love, and hatred, of dotage, and fondneſs, met in her.

A woman of this temper will be at no loſs for the means of effecting any one's ruin, and having now conceived an averſion to our poeteſs, ſhe was reſolved to drive her from her houſe, with as much reproach as poſſible; and accordingly gave out, that ſhe had detected Mrs. Manley in an intrigue with her own ſon, and as ſhe did not care to give encouragement to ſuch amours, ſhe thought proper to diſcharge her. Whether or not there was any truth in this charge, it is impoſſible for us to determine: But if Mrs. Manley's own word may be taken, in ſuch a caſe, ſhe was perfectly innocent thereof.

When our authoreſs was diſmiſſed by the ducheſs, ſhe was ſollicited by lieutenant-general Tidcomb, to paſs ſome time with him at his country ſeat; but ſhe excuſed herſelf by telling him, ſhe muſt be in love with a man, before ſhe could think of reſiding with him, which ſhe could not, without a violation of truth, profeſs for him. She told him her love of ſolitude was improved, by her diſguſt of the world, and ſince it was impoſſible for her to be public with reputation, ſhe was reſolved to remain in it concealed.

It was in this ſolitude ſhe compoſed her firſt tragedy, which was much more famous for the language, fire, and tenderneſs, than the conduct. Mrs. Barry diſtinguiſhed herſelf in it, and the author was often heard to expreſs great ſurprize, that a man of Mr. Betterton's grave ſenſe, and judgment, ſhould think well enough of the productions of a young woman, to bring it upon the ſtage, ſince ſhe herſelf in a more mature age could hardly bear to read it. But as the play ſucceeded, ſhe received ſuch unbounded incenſe from admirers, that her apartment was crowded with men of wit, and gaiety. There is a copy of verſes prefixed to her play, ſaid to be written by a very great hand which deſerve notice.

What!

What! all our sex in one sad hour undone?
Lost are our arts, our learning, our renown
Since nature's tide of wit came rolling down.
Keen were your eyes we knew, and sure their darts;
Fire to our soul they send, and passion to our hearts!
Needless was an addition to such arms,
When all mankind were vassals to your charms:
That hand but seen, gives wonder and desire,
Snow to the sight, but with its touches fire!
Who sees thy yielding Queen, and would not be
On any terms, the best, the happy he;
Entranc'd we fancy all is extasy.
Quote Ovid, now no more ye am'rous swains,
Delia, than Ovid has more moving strains.
Nature in her alone exceeds all art,
And nature sure does nearest touch the heart.
Oh! might I call the bright discoverer mine,
The whole fair sex unenvied I'd resign;
Give all my happy hours to Delia's charms,
She who by writing thus our wishes warms,
What worlds of love must circle in her arms?

They who had a regard for Mrs. Manley could not but observe with concern, that her conduct was such, as would soon issue in her ruin. No language but flattery approached her ear; the Beaux told her, that a woman of her wit, was not to be confined to the dull formalities of her own sex, but had a right to assume the unreserved freedom of the male, since all things were pardonable to a lady, who knew to give laws to others, yet was not obliged to keep them herself. General Tidcomb, who seems to have been her sincerest friend, took the privilege of an old acquaintance to correct her ill taste, and the wrong turn she gave her judgment, in admitting adulation from such wretches, whose

whoſe praiſe could reflect but little honour, and who would be ready to boaſt of favours they never received, nor indeed ever endeavoured to obtain.

This ſalutary council was rejected ; ſhe told him, that ſhe did not think fit to reform a conduct, which ſhe reckoned very innocent ; and ſtill continued to receive the whiſpers of flatterers, 'till experience taught her the folly of her behaviour, and ſhe lived to repent her indiſcretion.

Her virtue was now nodding, and ſhe was ready to fall into the arms of any gallant, like mellow fruit, without much trouble in the gathering. Sir Thomas Skipwith, a character of gaiety of thoſe times, and, who it ſeems had theatrical connections, was recommended to her, as being very able to promote her deſign in writing for the ſtage. This knight was in the 50th year of his age, and in the 60th of his conſtitution, when he was firſt introduced to her, and as he had been a long practiſed gallant, he ſoon made addreſſes to her, and whether or no this knight, who was more dangerous to a woman's reputation, than her virtue, was favoured by her, the world was ſo much convinced of it, that her character was now abſolutely loſt. Sir Thomas was a weak, vain, conceited coxcomb, who delighted in boaſting of his conqueſts over women, and what was often owing to his fortune, and ſtation in life, he imputed to his addreſs, and the elegance of his manner, of both which he was totally deſtitute. He even publiſhed Mrs. Manley's diſhonour, and from that time our ſprightly poeteſs was conſidered, by the ſober part of the ſex, quite abandoned to all ſhame.

When her affair with this ſuperannuated knight was over, ſhe ſoon engaged in another intrigue, ſtill more prejudicial to her character; for it was with a married man, one Mr. Tilly, a gentleman of the Law ; with whom ſhe lived a conſiderable time : while he underwent at home many of thoſe ſevere

ſevere lectures, which the juſt provocation, and jealouſy of his wife taught her to read him. Mrs. Tilly at laſt died, and our gallant was left at his freedom to marry the object of his paſſion; but unluckily his finances were in ſuch a ſituation, that he was obliged to repair them by marrying a woman of fortune. This was a cruel circumſtance; for he really loved, and doated upon Mrs. Manley, and had the felicity of a reciprocal paſſion. She agreed however, in order to repair his fortune, that he ſhould marry a rich young widow, whom he ſoon won by the elegance of his addreſs, while our authoreſs retired into the country to ſpend her days in ſolitude and ſorrow, and bid an everlaſting farewel to the pleaſures of love and gallantry. Mr. Tilly did not many years ſurvive this ſeparation: his life was rendered miſerable at home by the jealouſy of his young wife, who had heard of his affair with Mrs. Manley; he loſt his ſenſes, and died in a deplorable ſituation.

During her retirement, our authoreſs, who had a moſt confirmed averſion to the Whig miniſtry, wrote her Atalantis, which was meant as a repreſentation of the characters of ſome of thoſe, who had effected the Revolution. A warrant was granted from the ſecretary of ſtate's office, to ſeize the Printer and Publiſher of theſe volumes. This circumſtance reduced the writer to a very troubleſome dilemma; ſhe could not bear the thoughts that innocent people ſhould ſuffer on her account, and ſhe judged it cruel to remain concealed, while they who were only inferior inſtruments, were ſuffering for her. She conſulted, on this occaſion, her beſt friend, general Tidcomb, who, after rallying her for expoſing people, who had never in particular injured her, he adviſed her to go into France, and made her an offer of his purſe for that purpoſe. This advice ſhe rejected, and came to a determined reſolution, that no perſon ſhould ever

ever ſuffer on her account. The general aſked her, how ſhe ſhould like to be confined in Newgate? to which ſhe anſwered, that ſhe would rather lye in a priſon, after having diſcharged her conſcience, than riot in a palace under its reproaches. The general upon this replied, that theſe things ſounded very heroic, but there was a great difference between real and imaginary ſufferings, 'that ſhe had choſen to declare herſelf for 'the Tories, a party, who never could keep their 'own, nor other people's ſecrets, and were ever 'forgetful of ſuch as ſerved them; that the moſt 'ſevere critics upon the Tory writings, were the 'Tories themſelves, who never conſidering the de'ſign, or honeſt intention of the author, would 'examine the performance only, and that too with 'as much ſeverity, as they would an enemy's, and 'at the ſame time value themſelves upon being im'partial againſt their friends. Then as to grati'tude, or generoſity, the Tories did not approach 'to the Whigs, who never ſuffered any man to 'go unrewarded, however dull, or inſignificant, 'provided he declared himſelf to be for them; 'whereas the Tories had no general intereſt, and 'conſequently no particular, each perſon refuſing 'to contribute towards the benefit of the whole; 'and if it ſhould happen, that ſhe ſhould periſh, 'through want, in a Jail, they would ſooner con'demn her folly, than pity her ſufferings.'

This did not deter our poeteſs from voluntarily preſenting herſelf before the Court of King's-Bench, as the author of the Atalantis.

When ſhe was examined before the ſecretary (then lord Sunderland) he was aſſiduous to know from whom ſhe had got information of ſome particulars, which they imagined were above her own intelligence. Her defence was with much humility and ſorrow, at the ſame time denying that any perſons were concerned with her, or that ſhe had a farther

farther deſign than writing for her own amuſement, and diverſion in the country, without intending particular reflexions, or characters; when this was not believed, and the contrary urged againſt her by ſeveral circumſtances, ſhe ſaid, 'then it muſt be by inſpiration, becauſe knowing her own innocence, ſhe could account for it no other way.' The ſecretary replied,' 'that inſpiration uſed to be upon a good account, and her writings were ſtark naught.' She, with an air of penitence, 'acknowledged, that his lordſhip's obſervation might be true, but that there were evil angels, as well as good, ſo that nevertheleſs what ſhe had wrote, might ſtill be by inſpiration.'

In conſequence of this examination, our authoreſs was cloſe ſhut up in a meſſenger's houſe, without being allowed pen, ink, and paper. However her council ſued out her Habeas Corpus at the King's-Bench Bar, and ſhe was admitted to bail.

Whether thoſe in power were aſhamed to bring a woman to her trial, for writing a few amorous trifles, or our laws were defective, as was generally conjectured, becauſe ſhe had diſguiſed her ſatire under romantic names, and a feigned ſcene of action, ſhe was diſcharged, after ſeveral times expoſing her in perſon, to croſs the court before the Bench of Judges, with her three attendants, the Printer, and two Publiſhers.

Not long after this a total change of the miniſtry enſued, the ſtateſmen to whom ſhe had been obnoxious were removed, and conſequently all her fears upon that ſcore diſſipated; her native gaiety, aud good humour returned, and ſhe again employed herſelf in writing a tragedy for the ſtage, and reſolved never more to deal in politics, as being much out of the natural ſphere of a woman: ſhe was perſuaded it was folly in one in her ſtation, to diſoblige any party by a pen equally qualified to divert all.

Being

Being advanced to the autumn of her charms, ſhe converſed with the oppoſite ſex, in a manner very delicate, ſenſible, and agreeable, and when ſhe felt that time had left his impreſſion upon her brow, ſhe did not court praiſe and flattery. The greateſt genius's of the times converſed freely with her, and gave her daily proofs of eſteem, and friendſhip, except Sir Richard Steele, with whom it ſeems ſhe was at variance; and indeed Sir Richard ſufficiently expoſed himſelf by his manner of taking revenge; for he publiſhed to the world that it was his own fault he was not happy with Mrs. Manley, for which omiſſion he publickly, and gravely aſked her pardon.

Theſe are the moſt material incidents in the life of our poeteſs; a lady, who was born with high powers from nature, which were afterwards cultivated by enjoying the brighteſt converſation; the early part of her life was unfortunate, ſhe fell a ſacrifice to a ſeducer, who laid the foundation for thoſe errors ſhe afterwards committed, and of thoſe ſufferings ſhe underwent; ſhe had a high reliſh for the pleaſures of life; ſhe was extremely ſuſceptible of the paſſion of love, and treated it with a peculiar vivacity.

Her dramatic works are

1. The Lover, or The Jealous Huſband; acted at the Theatre-Royal 1696. This play did not ſucceed in the repreſentation.

2. The Royal Miſchief, a Tragedy; acted by his Majeſty's Servants in the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields 1696. This was exhibited with general applauſe.

3. Lucius, the Firſt Chriſtian King of Britain, a Tragedy; acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane

Lane by his Majesty's Servants, and dedicated to Sir Richard Steele. She has written several poems, and we shall select, as a specimen, an Epistle to the Countess of Bristol, which will shew how much she possessed the power of delicate numbers; she has also in print a volume of Letters, the second edition of which was published in 1713. She died July 11, 1724.

To the Right HONOURABLE the COUNTESS of BRISTOL.

LONG had my mind, unknowing how to soar,
In humble prose been train'd, nor aim'd at more:
Near the fam'd sisters never durst aspire
To sound a verse, or touch the tuneful lyre.
'Till Bristol's charms dissolv'd the native cold;
Bad me survey her eyes, and thence be bold.
Thee, lovely Bristol! thee! with pride I chuse,
The first, and only subject of my muse;
That durst transport me like the bird of Jove,
To face th' immortal source of light above!
Such are thy kindred beams———
So blessings, with a bounteous hand they give,
So they create, and make creation live.

When charming Felton, of a beauteous race,
Adorn'd in blooming youth, with ev'ry grace;
First saw the lovely Suffolk Swain her prize,
The noblest conquest of the brightest eyes!
How many wretched nymphs that union made,
What cold despair the warmest hearts invade!
What crouds of lovers, hopeless and undone,
Deplore those charms which brought their ruin on!
Rich in themselves---all excellence they find,
Wit! beauty! wisdom! and a constant mind!

No

No vain desires of change disturb their joy;
Such sweets, like bliss divine, can never cloy:
Fill'd with that spirit which great souls inflame,
Their wondrous offspring start to early fame.
In their young minds, immortal sparkles rise!
And all their mother flashes from their eyes!
From thence such scenes of beauty charm the sight,
We know not where to fix the strong delight!
Hervey's soft features---next, Eliza bright!
Anna just dawning, like Aurora's light!
With all the smiling train of Cupids round,
Fond little loves, with flowing graces crown'd.

As some fair flowers, who all their bloom disclose,
The Spanish Jas'min, or the British Rose?
Arriv'd at full perfection, charm the sense,
Whilst the young blossoms gradual sweets dispense.
The eldest born, with almost equal pride;
The next appears in fainter colours dy'd:
New op'ning buds, as less in debt to time,
Wait to perform the promise of their prime!
All blest descendants of the beauteous tree,
What now their parent is, themselves shall be.

Oh! could I paint the younger Hervey's mind,
Where wit and judgment, fire and taste refin'd
To match his face, with equal art are join'd:
Oh best belov'd of Jove! to thee alone,
What would enrich the whole, he gives to one!

* In Titian's colours whilst Adonis glows,
See fairest Bristol more than Venus shows;

* This is not designed as a parallel of the story, but the painting from a piece of Titian's, at my lord Bristol's.

View

View well the valu'd piece, how nice each part;
Yet nature's hand ſurpaſſes Titian's art!
Such had his Venus and Adonis been,
The ſtandard beauty had from thence been ſeen!
Whoſe arbitrary laws had fix'd the doom
To Hervey's form, and Briſtol's ever bloom!

§ As once Kazeia, now Eliza warms
The kindred-fair bequeath'd her all her charms;
Such were her darts, ſo piercing and ſo ſtrong,
Endow'd by Phœbus both, with tuneful ſong:
But far from thee Eliza be her doom;
Snatch'd hence by death, in all her beauty's bloom.
Long may'ſt thou live, adorning Briſtol's name,
With future heroes to augment his fame.

When haughty Niobe, with joy and pride,
Saw all her ſhining offspring grace her ſide;
She view'd their charms, exulting at each line,
And then oppos'd 'em to the race divine!
Enrag'd Latona urg'd the ſilver bow:
Immortal vengeance laid their beauties low.
No more a mother now ——— too much ſhe mourn'd,
By grief inceſſant into marble turn'd.

But lovely Briſtol, with a pious mind,
Owns all her bleſſings are from Heav'n aſſign'd.
Her matchleſs Lord——her beauteous numerous race!
Her virtue, modeſty, and ev'ry grace!
For theſe, devoutly, to the gods ſhe bows,
And offers daily praiſe, and daily vows:
Phœbus, well-pleas'd, the ſacrifice regards;
And thus the grateful mother's zeal rewards:

§ A ſiſter of lord Briſtol's, who was a lady of moſt extraordinary beauty.

'Beauty and wit, to all of Briſtol's line!
'But each in ſome peculiar grace ſhall ſhine!
'Or to excel in courts, and pleaſe the fair!
'Or Conqueſt gain thro' all the wat'ry war!
'With harmony divine the ear to charm!
'Or ſouls with more melodious numbers warm!
'By wond'rous memory ſhall ſome excel
'In awful ſenates, and in ſpeaking well!
'To hold Aſtræa's ſcales with equal hand,
'And call back juſtice to that happy land!
'To teach mankind how beſt the gods to praiſe!
'To fix their minds in truth's unerring ways!

'Thus all her honours, Briſtol's ſons ſhall wear,
'Whilſt each his country's good ſhall make his 'chiefeſt care!'

HENRY

HENRY NEEDLER.

THIS Poet was born at Harley in Surry, in the year 1690, and educated at a private ſchool at Ryegate in the ſame county *. He was removed from thence in 1705, and in 1708 accepted a ſmall place in a public office; where he continued the remainder of his days.

About this time contracting a friendſhip with a gentleman of a like taſte, who furniſhed him with proper books, he applied himſelf at his intervals of leiſure, to reading the claſſics, and to the ſtudy of logic, metaphyſics, and the mathematics, with which laſt he was peculiarly delighted. And in a few years by the force of his own happy genius, and unwearied diligence, without the aſſiſtance of any maſter, he acquired a conſiderable knowledge of the moſt difficult branches of thoſe uſeful and entertaining ſtudies.

By ſo cloſe an application, he contracted a violent pain in his head, which notwithſtanding the beſt advice, daily encreaſed. This, and other unfortunate circumſtances concurring, ſo deeply affected him, who had beſides in his conſtitution a ſtrong tincture of melancholy, that he was at laſt brought under almoſt a total extinction of reaſon. In this condition he fell into a fever; and as there were before ſcarce any hopes of him, it may be ſaid to have happily put an end to the deplorable bondage

* See his Life prefixed to his works, by William Duncomb Eſq;

of

of ſo bright a mind, on the 21ſt of December, 1718, in the 29th year of his age. He was buried in the church of Friendſbury, near Rocheſter.

Mr. Needler's life was influenced by the principles of ſincere, unaffected piety, and virtue.

On all occaſions (ſays Mr. Duncomb) 'he was a 'ſtrenuous advocate for univerſal toleration and 'forbearance in matters of religion; rightly ſup-'poſing that no ſervice can be acceptable to the 'ſupreme Being, unleſs it proceeds from the heart; 'and that force ſerves only to make hypocrites, 'but adds no new lights to the underſtanding. He 'was modeſt to a fault, entertaining the moſt hum-'ble opinion of his own performances; and was 'always ready to do juſtice to thoſe of others. 'His affection for his friends indeed ſometimes 'biaſſed his judgment, and led him to the com-'mending their writings beyond their merit.'

In the volume of Mr. Needler's works, are printed ſome familiar Letters, upon moral, and natural ſubjects. They are written with elegance and taſte; the heart of a good man may be traced in them all, and equally abound with pious notions, as good ſenſe, and ſolid reaſoning. ——He ſeems to have been very much maſter of ſmooth verſification, his ſubjects are happily choſen, and there is a philoſophical air runs through all his writings; as an inſtance of this, we ſhall preſent our readers with a copy of his verſes addreſſed to Sir Richard Blackmore, on his Poem, intitled The Creation.

Dreſs'd

Dreſs'd in the charms of wit and fancy, long
The muſe has pleas'd us with her ſyren ſong;
But weak of reaſon, and deprav'd of mind,
Too oft on vile, ignoble themes we find
The wanton muſe her ſacred art debaſe,
Forgetful of her birth, and heavenly race;
Too oft her flatt'ring ſongs to ſin intice,
And in falſe colours deck deluſive vice;
Too oft ſhe condeſcends, in ſervile lays,
The undeſerving rich and great to praiſe.
Theſe beaten paths, thy loftier ſtrains refuſe
With juſt diſdain, and nobler ſubjects chuſe:
Fir'd with ſublimer thoughts, thy daring ſoul
Wings her aſpiring flight from Pole to Pole,
Obſerves the foot-ſteps of a pow'r divine,
Which in each part of nature's ſyſtem ſhine;
Surveys the wonders of this beauteous frame,
And ſings the ſacred ſource, whence all things came.

But Oh! what numbers ſhall I find to tell,
The mighty tranſports which my boſom ſwell,
Whilſt, guided by thy tuneful voice, I ſtray
Thro' radiant worlds, and fields of native day,
Wafted from orb, to orb, unwearied fly
Thro' the blue regions of the yielding ſky;
See how the ſpheres in ſtated courſes roll,
And view the juſt compoſure of the whole!

Such were the ſtrains, by antient Orpheus ſung,
To ſuch, Muſæus' heav'nly lyre was ſtrung;
Exalted truths, in learned verſe they told,
And nature's deepeſt ſecrets did unfold.
How at th' eternal mind's omnific call,
Yon ſtarry arch, and this terreſtrial ball,
The briny wave, the blazing ſource of light,
And the wane empreſs of the ſilent night,
Each in it's order roſe and took its place,
And filled with recent forms the vacant ſpace;

How rolling planets trace their deſtin'd way,
Nor in the waſtes of pathleſs Æther ſtray;
How the pale moon, with ſilver beams adorns
Her chearful orb, and gilds her ſharpened horns;
How the vaſt ocean's ſwelling tides obey
Her diſtant reign, and own her watr'y ſway;
How erring floods, their circling courſe maintain,
Supplied by conſtant ſuccours from the main;
Whilſt to the ſea, the refluent ſtreams reſtore,
The liquid treaſures which ſhe lent before;
What dreadful veil obſcures the ſolar light,
And Phæbe's darken'd face conceals from mortal ſight.
Thy learned muſe, I with like pleaſure hear
The wonders of the leſſer world declare,
Point out the various marks of ſkill divine,
Which thro' its complicated ſtructure ſhine,
In tuneful verſe, the vital current trace,
Thro' all the windings of its mazy race,
And tell how the rich purple tide beſtows,
Vigour, and kindly warmth where e'er it flows;
By what contrivance of mechanic art
The muſcles, motions to the limbs impart;
How at th' imperial mind's impulſive nod,
Th' obedient ſpirits thro' the nervous road
Find thro' their fib'rous cells the ready way,
And the high dictates of the will obey;
From how exact and delicate a frame,
The channell'd bones their nimble action claim;
With how much depth, and ſubtility of thought
The curious organ of the eye is wrought;
How from the brain their root the nerves derive,
And ſenſe to ev'ry diſtant member give.

Th' extenſive knowledge you of men enjoy,
You to a double uſe of man employ;
Nor to the body, is your ſkill confin'd,
Of error's worſe diſeaſe you heal the mind.

No longer ſhall the hardy atheiſt praiſe
Lucretius' piercing wit, and philoſophic lays;
But by your lines convinc'd, and charm'd at once,
His impious tenets ſhall at length renounce,
At length to truth and eloquence ſhall yield,
Confeſs himſelf ſubdu'd, and wiſely quit the field.

JOHN HUGHES.

WILLIAM Duncomb, eſq; has obliged the world with an entire edition of this author's poetical and proſe works, to which he has prefixed ſome account of his life, written with candour and ſpirit. Upon his authority we chiefly build the following narration; in which we ſhall endeavour to do as much juſtice as poſſible to the memory of this excellent poet.

Our author was the ſon of a worthy citizen of London, and born at Marlborough in the county of Wilts, on the 29th of January 1677; but received the rudiments of his learning at private ſchools in London.

In the earlieſt years of his youth, he applied himſelf with ardour to the purſuit of the ſiſter arts, poetry, drawing and muſic, in each of which by turns, he made a conſiderable progreſs; but for the moſt part purſued theſe and other polite ſtudies, only as agreeable amuſements, under frequent con-

finement from indiſpoſition, and a valetudinary ſtate of health. He had ſome time an employment in the office of ordinance; and was ſecretary to two or three commiſſioners under the great-ſeal, for purchaſing lands for the better ſecuring the docks and harbours at Portſmouth, Chatham, and Harwich.

In the year 1717 the lord chancellor Cowper, (to whom Mr. Hughes was then but lately known) was pleaſed, without any previous ſollicitation, to make him his ſecretary for the commiſſions of the peace, and to diſtinguiſh him with ſingular marks of his favour and affection: And upon his lordſhip's laying down the great-ſeal, he was at his particular recommendation, and with the ready concurrence of his ſucceſſor, continued in the ſame employment under the earl of Macclesfield.

He held this place to the time of his deceaſe, which happened on the 17th of February 1719, the very night in which his tragedy, entitled the Siege of Damaſcus, was firſt acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

He was cut off by a conſumption, after a painful life, at the age of 42, when he had juſt arrived at an agreeable competence, and advancing in fame and fortune. So juſt is the beautiful reflexion of Milton in his Lycidas;

> Fame is the ſpur, that the clear ſpirit doth raiſe,
> (That laſt infirmity of noble mind)
> To ſcorn delights, and live laborious days;
> But the fair guerdon, when we hope to find,
> And think to burſt out into ſudden blaze,
> Comes the blind fury with th' abhorred ſhears,
> And ſlits the thin-ſpun life.———

He was privately buried in the vault under the chancel of St. Andrew's Church in Holborn.

Mr.

Mr. Hughes, as a teſtimony of gratitude to his noble friend, and generous patron, earl Cowper, gave his lordſhip a few weeks before he died, his picture drawn by Sir Godfrey Kneller, which he himſelf had received from that maſterly painter. The value lord Cowper ſet upon it will be beſt ſhewn, by the letter he wrote upon this occaſion to Mr. Hughes. As ſuch a teſtimony from ſo eminent a perſon, was conſidered by himſelf as one of the higheſt honours he was capable of receiving, we ſhall therefore inſert it.

24th Jan. 1719-20.

'SIR,

'I thank you for the moſt acceptable preſent 'of your picture, and aſſure you that none of this 'age can ſet a higher value on it than I do, and 'ſhall while I live, tho' I am ſenſible poſterity will 'out-do me in that particular.'

I am with the greateſt eſteem,
and ſincerity
Your moſt affectionate, and
oblig'd humble ſervant
COWPER.

Mr. Hughes was happy in the acquaintance and friendſhip of ſeveral of the greateſt men, and moſt diſtinguiſhed genius's of the age in which he lived; particularly of the nobleman juſt now mentioned, the preſent lord biſhop of Wincheſter, lord chief baron Gilbert, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Addiſon, Sir Richard Steele, Mr. Southern, Mr. Rowe, &c. and might have juſtly boaſted in the words of Horace

——————————————— me
Cum magnis vixiſſe, invita fatebitu· uſque
Invidia.———

Having given this ſhort account of his life, which perhaps is all that is preſerved any where concerning him; we ſhall now conſider him, firſt, as a poet, and then as a proſe writer.

The Triumph of Peace was the earlieſt poem he wrote of any length, that appeared in public. It was written on occaſion of the peace of Ryſwick, and printed in the year 1677. A learned gentleman at Cambridge, in a letter to a friend of Mr. Hughes's, dated the 28th of February 1697-8, gives the following account of the favourable reception this poem met with there, upon its firſt publication. 'I think I never heard a poem read with ſo much 'admiration, as the Triumph of Peace was by our 'beſt critics here; nor a greater character given to 'a young poet, at his firſt appearing; no, not even 'to Mr. Congreve himſelf. So nobly elevated are 'his thoughts, his numbers ſo harmonious, and his 'turns ſo fine and delicate, that we cry out with 'Tully, on a like occaſion,

'Noſtræ ſpes altera Romæ!'

The Court of Neptune, was written on king William's return from Holland, two years after the peace, in 1699. This Poem was admired for the verſification, however, the muſical flow of the numbers is its leaſt praiſe; it rather deſerves to be valued for the propriety, and boldneſs of the figures and metaphors, and the machinery.

The following lines have been juſtly quoted as an inſtance of the author's happy choice of metaphors.

As when the golden god, who rules the day,
Drives down his flaming chariot to the ſea;
And leaves the nations here, involved in night,
To diſtant regions he tranſports his light;
So William's rays by turns, two nations cheer,
And when he ſets to them, he riſes here.

A friend of Mr. Hughes's ſoon after the publication of this poem, complimented him upon the choice of his ſubject, and for the moral ſentiments contained in it. 'I am ſure (ſays he) virtue is 'moſt for the intereſt of mankind; and thoſe poets 'have ever obtained the moſt honour in the world, 'who have made that the end and deſign of their 'works. A wanton Sappho, or Anacreon, among 'the ancients, never had the ſame applauſe, as a 'Pindar, or Alexis; nor in the judgment of 'Horace did they deſerve it. In the opinion of all 'poſterity, a lewd and debauch'd Ovid, did juſtly 'ſubmit to the worth of a Virgil; and, in future 'ages, a Dryden will never be compared to Milton. 'In all times, and in all places of the world, the 'moral poets have been ever the greateſt; and as 'much ſuperior to others in wit, as in virtue. Nor 'does this ſeem difficult to be accounted for, ſince 'the dignity of their ſubjects naturally raiſed their 'ideas, and gave a grandeur to their ſentiments.'

The Houſe of Naſſau, a Pindaric Ode (printed in 1702) was occaſioned by the death of king William. 'In Pindaric and Lyric Poetry (ſays 'Mr. Duncomb) our author's genius ſhines in its 'full luſtre. Tho' he enjoyed all that fire of ima-'gination, and divine enthuſiaſm, for which ſome 'of the ancient poets are ſo deſervedly admired, 'yet did his fancy never run away with his reaſon, 'but was always guided by ſuperior judgment; and 'the muſic of his verſe is exquiſite.'

The Tranſlation of the third Ode of the third Book of Horace, and the Paraphraſe of the twenty-ſecond Ode, of the firſt book, were both written when he was very young; and the latter of them was his firſt poetical Eſſay, which appeared in print. Mr. Hughes, in a private letter ſent to one of his friends, gives it as his opinion, that the Odes of

Horace, are fitter to be paraphraſed, than tranſlated.

The Tenth Book of Lucan, was tranſlated by Mr. Hughes, long before Mr. Rowe undertook that author. The occaſion of it was this: Mr. Tonſon the bookſeller, ſollicited a tranſlation of Lucan, by ſeveral hands. Mr. Hughes performed his part, but others failing in their promiſes, the deſign was dropp'd; and Mr. Rowe was afterwards prevailed upon to undertake the whole, which he performed with great ſucceſs.

In the year 1709 Mr. Hughes obliged the publick, with an elegant tranſlation of Moliere's celebrated Comedy, the Miſantrope. This has been ſince reprinted, with the other plays of that admirable author, tranſlated by Mr. Ozell; but care is taken to diſtinguiſh this particular play.

In the year 1712 his Opera of Calypſo and Telemachus, was performed at the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market. Perhaps it may be worth while to mention here, one circumſtance concerning this Opera, as it relates to the Hiſtory of Muſic in England, and diſcovers the great partiality ſhewn at that time to Opera's performed in Italian. After many ſuch had been encouraged by large ſubſcriptions, this, originally written, and ſet in Engliſh, after the Italian manner, was prepared with the uſual expence of ſcenes and decorations; and being much crowded and applauded at the rehearſals, a ſubſcription was obtained for it as uſual.

This alarmed the whole Italian band, who, apprehending that their profeſſion would ſuffer thereby, procured an order from the duke of Shrewſbury, then lord chamberlain, the day before the performing of this Opera, to take off the ſubſcription for it, and to open the houſe at the loweſt prices, or not at all. This was deſigned to ſink it, but failed of its end. It was performed,

formed, though under ſuch great diſcouragement; and was revived afterwards at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Mr. Addiſon, in the Spectator, Numb. 405, ſpeaking of the juſt applauſe given this opera, by Signior Nicolini (who he ſays was the greateſt performer in dramatic muſic, that perhaps ever appeared upon a ſtage) has theſe words,

'The town is highly obliged to that excellent artiſt, for having ſhewn us the Italian muſic in its perfection, as well as for that generous approbation he gave to an Opera of our own country, in which Mr. Galliard the compoſer endeavoured to do juſtice to the beauty of the words, by following that noble example which has been ſet him by the greateſt foreign maſters of that art.'

The Ode to the Creator of the World, occaſioned by the fragments of Orpheus, was printed in the year 1713, at the particular inſtance of Mr. Addiſon; and is mentioned with applauſe in the Spectator. This, and the Extaſy, (publiſhed ſince the death of the author) are juſtly eſteemed two of the nobleſt Odes in our language. The ſeventh Stanza of the laſt mentioned piece, is ſo ſublimely excellent, that it would be denying ourſelves, and our poetical readers, a pleaſure not to tranſcribe it. The whole of this Ode is beautifully heightened, and poetically conceived. It furniſhed a hint to a living Poet to write what he entitles the Excurſion, which tho' it has very great merit, yet falls infinitely ſhort of this animated Ode of Mr. Hughes.

After having repreſented the natural and artificial calamities to which man is doomed, he proceeds,

But why do I delay my flight ?
Or on ſuch gloomy objects gaze ?
I go to realms ſerene, with ever-living light.
Haſte, clouds and whirlwinds, haſte a raptured bard to raiſe ;
Mount me ſublime along the ſhining way,
Where planets, in pure ſtreams of Æther driven,
Swim thro' the blue expanſe of heav'n.
And lo ! th' obſequious clouds and winds obey !
And lo ! again the nations downward fly ;
And wide-ſtretch'd kingdoms periſh from my eye.
Heav'n ! what bright viſions now ariſe !
What op'ning worlds my raviſh'd ſenſe ſurprize !
I paſs Cerulian gulphs, and now behold
New ſolid globes ; their weight ſelf-ballanc'd, bear
Unprop'd amidſt the fluid air,
And all, around the central Sun, incircling eddies roll'd.
Unequal in their courſe, ſee they advance
And form the planetary dance !
Here the pale Moon, whom the ſame laws ordain
T' obey the earth, and rule the main ;
Here ſpots no more in ſhadowy ſtreaks appear ;
But lakes inſtead, and groves of trees,
The wand'ring muſe, tranſported ſees,
And their tall heads diſcover'd mountains rear.
And now once more, I downward caſt my ſight,
When lo ! the earth, a larger moon diſplays,
Far off, amidſt the heav'ns, her ſilver face,
And to her ſiſter moons by turns gives light !
Her ſeas are ſhadowy ſpots, her land a milky white.

The author of an Eſſay on Criticiſm, printed in the year 1728, informs us, that the Tragedy of Cato being brought upon the ſtage in 1713 was owing to Mr. Hughes. The circumſtances recorded by

by this author are ſo remarkable, that they deſerve to be related; and as they ſerve to ſhew the high opinion Mr. Addiſon entertained of our author's abilities as a Poet, I ſhall therefore tranſcribe his own words. ——

'It has been often ſaid by good judges, that 'Cato was no proper ſubject for a dramatic poem: 'That the character of a ſtoic philoſopher, is in-'conſiſtent with the hurry and tumult of action, 'and paſſions which are the ſoul of tragedy. That 'the ingenious author miſcarried in the plan of his 'work, but ſupported it by the dignity, the purity, 'the beauty, and juſtneſs of the ſentiments. This 'was ſo much the opinion of Mr. Maynwaring, 'who was generally allowed to be the beſt critic of 'our time; that he was againſt bringing the play 'upon the ſtage, and it lay by unfiniſhed many 'years. That it was play'd at laſt was owing to 'Mr. Hughes. He had read the four acts which 'were finiſhed, and really thought it would be of 'ſervice to the public, to have it repreſented at 'the latter end of queen Anne's reign, when the 'ſpirit of liberty was likely to be loſt. He en-'deavoured to bring Mr. Addiſon into his opinion, 'which he did, and conſented it ſhould be acted if 'Mr. Hughes would write the laſt act; and he 'offered him the ſcenery for his aſſiſtance, excu-'ſing his not finiſhing it himſelf, upon account of 'ſome other avocations. He preſs'd Mr. Hughes to 'do it ſo earneſtly, that he was prevailed upon, 'and ſet about it. But, a week after, ſeeing Mr. 'Addiſon again, with an intention to communi-'cate to him what he thought of it, he was 'agreeably ſurprized at his producing ſome papers, 'where near half of the act was written by the 'author himſelf, who took fire at the hint, that it 'would be ſerviceable; and, upon a ſecond re-'flexion, went through with the fifth act, not that

'he was diffident of Mr. Hughes's abilities; but 'knowing that no man could have ſo perfect a 'notion of his deſign as himſelf, who had been 'ſo long, and ſo carefully thinking of it. I was 'told this by Mr. Hughes, and I tell it to ſhew, 'that it was not for the love-ſcenes, that Mr. 'Addiſon conſented to have his Tragedy acted, 'but to ſupport public ſpirit; which in the opi-'nion of the author was then declining.'

In the year 1720 the Siege of Damaſcus was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, with univerſal applauſe. His preſent majeſty honoured it with his preſence, and the late queen diſtinguiſhed it with marks of favour.

Mr. Hughes drew up the dedication of this Tragedy to the late Earl Cowper, about ten days before he died. It is indeed ſurpriſing, that he ſhould be able to form a piece ſo finely turned, and at ſuch an hour; when death was juſt before him, and he was too weak to tranſcribe it himſelf.

Mr. Pope, in a letter to Mr. Hughes's brother, written ſoon after his death, in anſwer to one received from him, with the printed copy of the play, has the following pathetic paſſage.

'I read over again your brother's play, with 'more concern and ſorrow, than I ever felt in the 'reading any Tragedy. The real loſs of a good man 'may be called a diſtreſs to the world, and ought 'to affect us more, than any feigned diſtreſs, how 'well drawn ſoever. I am glad of an occaſion of 'giving you under my hand this teſtimony, both 'how excellent I think this work to be, and how 'excellent I thought the author.'

It is generally allowed that the characters in this play are finely varied and diſtinguiſhed; that the ſentiments are juſt, and well adapted to the characters; that it abounds with beautiful deſcriptions,

tions, apt alluſions to the manners, and opinions of the times where the ſcene is laid, and with noble morals; that the diction is pure, unaffected, and ſublime; and that the plot is conducted in a ſimple and clear manner.

Some critics have objected, that there is not a ſufficient ground and foundation, for the diſtreſs in the fourth and fifth acts. That Phocyas only aſſiſts the enemy to take Damaſcus a few days ſooner, than it muſt unavoidably have fallen into the hands of the Saracens by a capitulation, which was far from diſhonourable. If Phocyas is guilty, his guilt muſt conſiſt in this only, that he performed the ſame action from a ſenſe of his own wrong, and to preſerve the idol of his ſoul from violation, and death, which he might have performed laudably, upon better principles. But this (ſay they) ſeems not ſufficient ground for thoſe ſtrong and ſtinging reproaches he caſts upon himſelf, nor for Eudocia's rejecting him with ſo much ſeverity. It would have been a better ground of diſtreſs, conſidering the frailty of human nature, and the violent temptations he lay under; if he had been at laſt prevailed upon to profeſs himſelf a Mahometan: For then his remorſe, and ſelf-condemnation, would have been natural, his puniſhment juſt, and the character of Eudocia placed in a more amiable light. In anſwer to theſe objections, and in order to do juſtice to the judgment of Mr. Hughes, we muſt obſerve, that he formed his play according to the plan here recommended: but, over-perſuaded by ſome friends, he altered it as it now ſtands.

When our author was but in the nineteenth year of his age, he wrote a Tragedy, entitled, Amalaſont Queen of the Goths, which diſplays a fertile genius, and a maſterly invention. Beſides theſe poetical productions Mr Hughes is author of ſeveral works in proſe, particularly,

The

The Advices from Parnaſſus, and the Poetical Touchſtone of Trajano Boccalini, tranſlated by ſeveral hands, were printed in folio 1706. This tranſlation was reviſed and corrected, and the preface to it was written by Mr. Hughes.

Fontenelle's Dialogues of the Dead, tranſlated by our author; with two original Dialogues, publiſhed in the year 1708. The greateſt part of this had lain by him for ſix years.

Fontenelle's Diſcourſe concerning the antients, and moderns, are printed with his converſations with a Lady, on the Plurality of Worlds, tranſlated by Glanville.

The Hiſtory of the Revolutions in Portugal, written in French, by Monſieur L'Abbé de Vertot, was tranſlated by Mr. Hughes.

The Tranſlation of the Letters of Abelard and Heloiſe, was done by Mr. Hughes; upon which Mr. Pope has built his beautiful Epiſtle of Heloiſe to Abelard.

As Mr. Hughes was an occaſional contributor to the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian, the reader perhaps may be curious to know more particularly what ſhare he had in thoſe papers, which are ſo juſtly admired in all places in the world, where taſte and genius have viſited. As it is the higheſt honour to have had any concern in works like theſe, ſo it would be moſt injurious to the memory of this excellent genius, not to particularize his ſhare in them.

In the Tatler he writ,

Vol. II. Numb. 64. A Letter ſigned Joſiah Couplet.
Numb. 73. A Letter againſt Gameſters, ſigned William Truſty.

Mr. Tickell alludes to this Letter, in a Copy of Verſes addreſſed to the Spectator, Vol. VII. N°. 532.

From

From Felon Gameſters, the raw 'ſquire is free,
And Briton owes her reſcued oaks to thee.

Numb. 113. The Inventory of a Beau.

In the Spectator.

Vol. I. Numb. 33. A Letter on the Art of improving beauty.
Numb. 53. A Second Letter on the ſame ſubject.
Numb. 66. Two Letters concerning fine breeding.

Vol. II. Numb. 91. The Hiſtory of Honoria, or the Rival Mother.
Numb. 104. A Letter on Riding-Habits for Ladies.
Numb. 141. Remarks on a Comedy, intitled the Lancaſhire-Witches.

Vol. III. Numb. 210. On the immortality of the Soul.
Numb. 220. A Letter concerning expedients for Wit.
Numb. 230. All, except the laſt Letter.
Numb. 231. A Letter on the awe of appearing before public aſſemblies.
Numb. 237. On Divine Providence.

Vol. IV. Numb. 252. A Letter on the Eloquence of Tears, and fainting fits.
Numb. 302. The Character of Emilia.
Numb. 311. A Letter from the Father of a great Fortune.

Vol. V. Numb. 57. A Picture of Virtue in Diſtreſs.

Vol.

Vol. VII. Numb. 525. On Conjugal Love.
Numb. 537. On the Dignity of Human Nature.
Numb. 541. Rules for Pronunciation and Action, chiefly collected from Cicero.

Vol. VII. Numb. 554. On the Improvement of the Genius, illuſtrated in the characters of Lord Bacon, Mr. Boyle, Sir Iſaac Newton, and Leonardo da Vinci. —— We have not been able to learn, what papers in the Guardian were written by him, beſides Number 37, Vol. I. which contains Remarks on the Tragedy of Othello.

In the year 1715 Mr. Hughes publiſhed a very accurate edition of the works of our famous poet Edmund Spenſer, in ſix volumes, 12mo. to this edition are prefixed the Life of Spenſer; an Eſſay on Allegorical poetry; Remarks on the Fairy Queen; on the Shepherd's Calendar, and other writings of Spenſer; and a Gloſſary explaining the Old and obſolete Words.

In 1718 he publiſhed a piece called Charon, or The Ferry-Boat, a Viſion. This, and Mr. Walſh's Æſculapius, or Hoſpital of Fools, are perhaps two of the fineſt dialogues we have in Engliſh, as well as the moſt lively imitations of Lucian.

Sir Richard Steele, in a paper called The Theatre, N°. 15. has paid a tribute to the memory of Mr. Hughes, with which as it illuſtrates his amiable character, we ſhall conclude his life.

'I laſt night (ſays he) ſaw the Siege of Damaſcus, and had the mortification to hear this evening that Mr. Hughes, the author of it, departed this life within ſome few hours after his play was acted, with univerſal applauſe. This melancholy cir-

'circumſtance recalled into my thought a ſpeech 'in the tragedy, which very much affected the 'whole audience, and was attended to with the 'greateſt, and moſt ſolemn inſtance of approbati-'on, and awful ſilence.' The incidents of the play plunge a heroic character into the laſt extremity; and he is admoniſhed by a tyrant commander to expect no mercy, unleſs he changes the Chriſtian religion for the Mahometan. The words with which the Turkiſh general makes his exit from his priſoner are,

Farewel, and think of death.

Upon which the captive breaks into the following ſoliloquy,

Farewel! and think of death!---was it not ſo?
Do murtherers then, preach morality?
But how to think of what the living know not;
And the dead cannot, or elſe may not tell!
What art thou? O thou great myſterious terror!
The way to thee, we know; diſeaſes, famine,
Sword, fire, and all thy ever open gates,
That day and night ſtand ready to receive us.
But what, beyond them? who will draw that veil?
Yet death's not there.——No, 'tis a point of time;
The verge 'twixt mortal, and immortal Being.
It mocks our thought——On this ſide all is life;
And when we've reach'd it, in that very inſtant,
'Tis paſt the thinking of——O if it be
The pangs, the throes, the agonizing ſtruggle,
When ſoul and body part, ſure I have felt it!
And there's no more to fear.

'The gentleman (continues Sir Richard) to whoſe memory I devote this paper, may be the emulation of

of more perſons of different talents, than any one I have ever known. His head, hand, or heart, was always employed in ſomething worthy imitation; his pencil, his bow (ſtring) or his pen, each of which he uſed in a maſterly manner, were always directed to raiſe, and entertain his own mind, or that of others, to a more chearful proſecution of what is noble and virtuous. Peace be with thy remains, thou amiable ſpirit! but I talk in the language of our weakneſs, that is flown to the regions of immortality, and relieved from the aking engine and painful inſtrument of anguiſh and ſorrow, in which for many tedious years he panted with a lively hope for his preſent condition.' We ſhall conſign the trunk, in which he was ſo long impriſoned, to common earth, with all that is due to the merit of its inhabitant *.

* There are ſeveral copies of verſes written to the memory of Mr. Hughes, prefixed to Mr. Duncomb's edition of his poems, of which one by a lady who has withheld her name, deſerves particular diſtinction.

MATTHEW PRIOR, Eſq;

THIS celebrated poet was the ſon of Mr. George Prior, citizen of London, who was by profeſſion a Joiner. Our author was born in 1664. His father dying when he was very young, left him to the care of an uncle, a Vintner near Charing-Croſs, who diſcharged the truſt that was repoſed in him, with a tenderneſs truly paternal, as Mr. Prior always acknowledged with the higheſt profeſſions of gratitude. He received part of his education at Weſtminſter ſchool, where he diſtinguiſhed himſelf to great advantage, but was afterwards taken home by his uncle in order to be bred up to his trade. Notwithſtanding this mean employment, to which Mr. Prior ſeemed now doomed, yet at his leiſure hours he proſecuted his ſtudy of the claſſics, and eſpecially his favourite Horace, by which means he was ſoon taken notice of, by the polite company, who reſorted to his uncle's houſe. It happened one day, that the earl of Dorſet being at his Tavern, which he often frequented with ſeveral gentlemen of rank, the diſcourſe turned upon the Odes of Horace; and the company being divided in their ſentiments about a paſſage in that poet, one of the gentlemen ſaid, I find we are not like to agree in our criticiſms, but, if I am not miſtaken, there is a young fellow

fellow in the houſe, who is able to ſet us all right: upon which he named Prior, who was immediately ſent for, and deſired to give his opinion of Horace's meaning in the Ode under conſideration; this he did with great modeſty, and ſo much to the ſatisfaction of the company, that the earl of Dorſet, from that moment, determined to remove him from the ſtation in which he was, to one more ſuited to his genius; and accordingly procured him to be ſent to St. John's College in Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1686, and afterwards became fellow of the College.

During his reſidence in the univerſity, he contracted an intimate friendſhip with Charles Montague, eſq; afterwards earl of Hallifax, in conjunction with whom he wrote a very humorous piece, entitled The Hind and Panther tranſverſed to the ſtory of the Country Mouſe, and the City Mouſe, printed 1687 in 4to. in anſwer to Mr. Dryden's Hind and the Panther, publiſhed the year before.

Upon the revolution Mr. Prior was brought to court by his great patron the earl of Dorſet, by whoſe intereſt he was introduced to public employment, and in the year 1690 was made ſecretary to the earl of Berkley, plenipotentiary to King William and Queen Mary at the Congreſs at the Hague.

In this ſtation he acquitted himſelf ſo well, that he was afterwards appointed ſecretary to the earls of Pembroke, and Jerſey, and Sir Joſeph Williamſon, ambaſſadors, and plenipotentiaries, at the treaty of Ryſwick 1697, as he was likewiſe in 1698 to the earl of Portland, ambaſſador to the court of France. While he was in that kingdom, one of the officers of the French King's houſhold, ſhewing him the royal apartments, and curioſities at Verſailles,

Verſailles, eſpecially the paintings of Le Brun, wherein the victories of Lewis XIV. are deſcribed, aſked him, whether King William's actions are to be ſeen in his palace? 'No Sir, replied Mr. 'Prior, the monuments of my maſter's actions are 'to be ſeen every where, but in his own houſe.'

In the year 1697 Mr. Prior was made ſecretary of ſtate for Ireland, and in 1700 was created maſter of arts by Mandamus, and appointed one of the lords commiſſioners of trade and plantations, upon the reſignation of Mr. Locke. He was alſo Member of Parliament for Eaſt-Grinſtead in Suſſex. In 1710 he was ſuppoſed to have had a ſhare in writing the Examiner, and particularly a Criticiſm in it upon a Poem of Dr. Garth to the earl of Godolphin, taken notice of in the life of Garth.

About this time, when Godolphin was defeated by Oxford, and the Tories who had long been eclipſed by the luſtre of Marlborough, began again to hold up their heads, Mr. Prior and Dr. Garth eſpouſed oppoſite intereſts; Mr. Prior wrote for, and Garth againſt the court. The Dr. was ſo far honeſt, that he did not deſert his patron in diſtreſs; and notwithſtanding the cloud which then hung upon the party, he addreſſed verſes to him, which, however they may fail in the poetry, bear ſtrong the marks of gratitude, and honour.

While Mr. Prior was thus very early initiated in public buſineſs, and continued in the hurry of affairs for many years, it muſt appear not a little ſurprizing, that he ſhould find ſufficient opportunities to cultivate his poetical talents, to the amazing heighth he raiſed them. In his preface to his poems, he ſays, that poetry was only the product of his leiſure hours; that he had commonly buſineſs enough upon his hands, and, as he modeſtly

deſtly adds, was only a poet by accident; but we muſt take the liberty of differing from him in the laſt particular, for Mr. Prior ſeems to have received from the muſes, at his nativity, all the graces they could well beſtow on their greateſt favourite.

We muſt not omit one inſtance in Mr. Prior's conduct, which will appear very remarkable: he was choſen a member of that Parliament which impeached the Partition Treaty, to which he himſelf had been ſecretary; and though his ſhare in that tranſaction was conſequently very conſiderable, yet he joined in the impeachment upon an honeſt principle of conviction, that exceptionable meaſures attended it.

The lord Bolingbroke, who, notwithſtanding many exceptions made both to his conduct, and ſentiments in other inſtances, yet muſt be allowed to be an accompliſhed judge of fine talents, entertained the higheſt eſteem for Mr. Prior, on account of his ſhining abilities. This noble lord, in a letter dated September 10, 1712, addreſſed to Mr. Prior, while he was the Queen's miniſter, and plenipotentiary at the court of France, pays him the following compliment; 'For God's ſake, Matt. hide the nakedneſs of thy country, and give the beſt turn 'thy fertile brain will furniſh thee with, to the 'blunders of thy countrymen, who are not much 'better politicians, than the French are poets.' His lordſhip thus concludes his epiſtle; 'It is near 'three o' clock in the morning, I have been hard 'at work all day, and am not yet enough recovered to bear much fatigue; excuſe therefore the 'confuſedneſs of this ſcroll, which is only from 'Harry to Matt, and not from the ſecretary to 'the miniſter. Adieu, my pen is ready to drop 'out of my hand, it being now three o'clock in

'the

'the morning; believe that no man loves you bet-
'ter, or is more faithfully yours, &c.

'BOLINGBROKE.'

There are ſeveral other letters from Bolingbroke to Prior, which, were it neceſſary, we might inſert as evidences of his eſteem for him; but Mr. Prior was in every reſpect ſo great a man, that the eſteem even of lord Bolingbroke cannot add much to the luſtre of his reputation, both as a ſtateſman, and a poet. Mr. Prior is repreſented by thoſe who knew, and have wrote concerning him, as a gentleman, who united the elegance and politeneſs of a court, with the ſcholar, and the man of genius. This repreſentation, in general, may be juſt, yet it holds almoſt invariably true, that they who have riſen from low life, ſtill retain ſome traces of their original. No cultivation, no genius, it ſeems, is able entirely to ſurmount this: There was one particular in which Mr. Prior verified the old proverb.

The ſame woman who could charm the waiter in a tavern, ſtill maintained her dominion over the embaſſador at France. The Chloe of Prior, it ſeems, was a woman in this ſtation of life; but he never forſook her in the heighth of his reputation. Hence we may obſerve, that aſſociations with women are the moſt laſting of all, and that when an eminent ſtation raiſes a man above many other acts of condeſcenſion, a miſtreſs will maintain her influence, charm away the pride of greatneſs, and make the hero who fights, and the patriot who ſpeaks, for the liberty of his country, a ſlave to her. One would imagine however, that this woman, who was a Butcher's wife, muſt either have been very handſome, or have had ſomething about her ſuperior to people of her rank: but it ſeems the caſe was otherwiſe, and no better reaſon

reaſon can be given for Mr. Prior's attachment to her, but that ſhe was his taſte. Her huſband ſuffered their intrigue to go on unmoleſted; for he was proud even of ſuch a connexion as this, with ſo great a man as Prior; a ſingular inſtance of good nature.

In the year 1715 Mr. Prior was recalled from France, and upon his arrival was taken up by a warrant from the Houſe of Commons; ſhortly after which, he underwent a very ſtrict examination by a Committee of the Privy Council. His political friend, lord Bolingbroke, foreſeeing a ſtorm, took ſhelter in France, and ſecured Harry, but left poor Matt. in the lurch.

On the 10th of June Robert Walpole, eſq; moved the Houſe againſt him, and on the 17th Mr. Prior was ordered into cloſe cuſtody, and no perſon was admitted to ſee him without leave from the Speaker. For the particulars of this procedure of the Parliament, both againſt Mr. Prior, and many others concerned in the public tranſactions of the preceding reign, we refer to the hiſtories of that time. In the year 1717 an Act of Grace was paſſed in favour of thoſe who had oppoſed the Hanoverian ſucceſſion, as well as thoſe who had been in open rebellion, but Mr. Prior was excepted out of it. At the cloſe of this year, however, he was diſcharged from his confinement, and retired to ſpend the reſidue of his days at Downhall in Eſſex.

The ſevere uſage which Mr. Prior met with, perhaps was the occaſion of the following beautiful lines, addreſſed to his Chloe;

From public noiſe, and factious ſtrife,
From all the buſy ills of life,

Take

Take me, my Chloe, to thy breaſt;
And lull my wearied ſoul to reſt:
For ever, in this humble cell,
Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell;
None enter elſe, but Love——and he
Shall bar the door, and keep the key.

To painted roofs, and ſhining ſpires
(Uneaſy ſeats of high deſires)
Let the unthinking many croud,
That dare be covetous, and proud;
In golden bondage let them wait,
And barter happineſs for ſtate:
But oh! my Chloe when thy ſwain
Deſires to ſee a court again;
May Heav'n around his deſtin'd head
The choiceſt of his curſes ſhed,
To ſum up all the rage of fate,
In the two things I dread, and hate,
May'ſt thou be falſe, and I be great.

In July 1721, within two months of his death, Mr. Prior publiſhed the following beautiful little tale on the falſhood of mankind, entitled The Converſation, and applied it to the truth, honour, and juſtice of his grace the duke of Dorſet.

The CONVERSATION. A Tale.

It always has been thought diſcreet
To know the company you meet;
And ſure, there may be ſecret danger
In talking much before a ſtranger.
Agreed: what then? then drink your ale;
I'll pledge you, and repeat my tale.

No matter where the ſcene is fix'd,
The perſons were but odly mix'd,

When ſober Damon thus began:
(And Damon is a clever man)

I now grow old; but ſtill from youth,
Have held for modeſty and truth,
The men, who by theſe ſea-marks ſteer,
In life's great voyage, never err;
Upon this point I dare defy
The world: I pauſe for a reply.

Sir, either is a good aſſiſtant,
Said one, who ſat a little diſtant:
Truth decks our ſpeeches, and our books,
And modeſty adorns our looks:
But farther progreſs we muſt take;
Not only born to look and ſpeak,
The man muſt act. The Stagyrite
Says thus, and ſays extremely right:
Strict juſtice is the ſovereign guide,
That o'er our actions ſhould preſide:
This queen of virtue is confeſs'd
To regulate and bind the reſt.
Thrice happy, if you can but find
Her equal balance poiſe your mind:
All diff'rent graces ſoon will enter,
Like lines concurrent to their center.

'Twas thus, in ſhort, theſe two went on,
With yea and nay, and pro and con,
Thro' many points divinely dark,
And Waterland aſſaulting Clarke;
'Till, in theology half loſt,
Damon took up the Evening-Poſt;
Confounded Spain, compos'd the North,
And deep in politics held forth.

Methinks, we're in the like condition,
As at the treaty of partition;

That

That ſtroke, for all King William's care,
Begat another tedious war.
Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,
Ne'er much approv'd that myſtic league;
In the vile Utrecht treaty too,
Poor man! he found enough to do.
Sometimes to me he did apply;
But downright Dunſtable was I,
And told him where they were miſtaken,
And counſell'd him to ſave his bacon:
But (paſs his politics and proſe)
I never herded with his foes;
Nay, in his verſes, as a friend,
I ſtill found ſomething to commend.
Sir, I excus'd his Nut-brown maid;
Whate'er ſeverer critics ſaid:
Too far, I own, the girl was try'd:
The women all were on my ſide.
For Alma I return'd him thanks,
I lik'd her with her little pranks;
Indeed, poor Solomon, in rhime,
Was much too grave to be ſublime.
Pindar and Damon ſcorn tranſition,
So on he ran a new diviſion;
'Till, out of breath, he turn'd to ſpit:
(Chance often helps us more than wit)
T'other that lucky moment took,
Juſt nick'd the time, broke in, and ſpoke:

Of all the gifts the gods afford
(If we may take old Tully's word)
The greateſt is a friend, whoſe love
Knows how to praiſe, and when reprove;
From ſuch a treaſure never part,
But hang the jewel on your heart:
And pray, ſir (it delights me) tell;
You know this author mighty well——
Know him! d'ye queſtion it? ods fiſh!
Sir, does a beggar know his diſh?

I lov'd him, as I told you, I
Advis'd him—here a ſtander-by
Twitch'd Damon gently by the cloke,
And thus unwilling ſilence broke:
Damon, 'tis time we ſhould retire,
The man you talk with is Matt. Prior.

Patron, thro' life, and from thy birth my friend,
Dorſet, to thee this fable let me ſend:
With Damon's lightneſs weigh thy ſolid worth;
The foil is known to ſet the diamond forth;
Let the feign'd tale this real moral give,
How many Damons, how few Dorſets live!

Mr. Prior, after the fatigue of a length of years paſt in various ſervices of action, was deſirous of ſpending the remainder of his days in rural tranquility, which the greateſt men of all ages have been fond of enjoying: he was ſo happy as to ſucceed in his wiſh, living a very retired, and contemplative life, at Downhall in Eſſex, and found, as he expreſſed himſelf, a more ſolid, and innocent ſatisfaction among woods, and meadows, than he had enjoyed in the hurry, and tumults of the world, the courts of Princes, or the conducting foreign negotiations; and where as he melodiouſly ſings,

The remnant of his days he ſafely paſt,
Nor found they lagg'd too ſlow, nor flew too faſt;
He made his wiſh with his eſtate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

This great man died on the 18th of September, 1721, at Wimple in Cambridgſhire, the ſeat of the earl of Oxford, with whoſe friendſhip he had been honoured for ſome years. The death of ſo diſtinguiſhed a perſon was juſtly eſteemed an

an irreparable loſs to the polite world, and his memory will be ever dear to thoſe, who have any reliſh for the muſes in their ſofter charms. Some of the latter part of his life was employed in collecting materials for an Hiſtory of the Tranſactions of his own Times, but his death unfortunately deprived the world of what the touches of ſo maſterly a hand, would have made exceeding valuable.

Mr. Prior, by the ſuffrage of all men of taſte, holds the firſt rank in poetry, for the delicacy of his numbers, the wittineſs of his turns, the acuteneſs of his remarks, and, in one performance, for the amazing force of his ſentiments. The ſtile of our author is likewiſe ſo pure, that our language knows no higher authority, and there is an air of original in his minuteſt performances.

It would be ſuperfluous to give any detail of his poems, they are in the hands of all who love poetry, and have been as often admired, as read. The performance however, for which he is moſt diſtinguiſhed, is his Solomon; a Poem in three Books, the firſt on Knowledge, the ſecond on Pleaſure, and the third on Power. We know few poems to which this is ſecond, and it juſtly eſtabliſhed his reputation as one of the beſt writers of his age.

This ſublime work begins thus,

Ye ſons of men, with juſt regard attend,
Obſerve the preacher, and believe the friend,
Whoſe ſerious muſe inſpires him to explain,
That all we act, and all we think is vain:
That in this pilgrimage of ſeventy years,
O'er rocks of perils, and thro' vales of tears
Deſtin'd to march, our doubtful ſteps we tend,
Tir'd of the toil, yet fearful of its end:

That from the womb, we take our fatal ſhares,
Of follies, faſhions, labours, tumults, cares;
And at approach of death ſhall only know,
The truths which from theſe penſive numbers flow,
That we purſue falſe joy, and ſuffer real woe.

After an enquiry into, and an excellent deſcription of the various operations, and effects of nature, the ſyſtem of the heavens, &c. and not being fully informed of them, the firſt Book concludes,

How narrow limits were to wiſdom given?
Earth ſhe ſurveys; ſhe thence would meaſure Heav'n:
Thro' miſts obſcure, now wings her tedious way;
Now wanders dazl'd, with too bright a day;
And from the ſummit of a pathleſs coaſt
Sees infinite, and in that ſight is loſt.

In the ſecond Book the uncertainty, diſappointment, and vexation attending pleaſure in general, are admirably deſcribed; and in the character of Solomon is ſufficiently ſhewn, that nothing debaſes majeſty, or indeed any man, more than ungovernable paſſion.

When thus the gath'ring ſtorms of wretched love
In my ſwoln boſom, with long war had ſtrove;
At length they broke their bounds; at length their force
Bore down whatever met its ſtronger courſe:
Laid all the civil bounds of manhood waſte,
And ſcatter'd ruin, as the torrent paſt.

The third Book treats particularly of the trouble and inſtability of greatneſs and power, conſiders

ders man through the ſeveral ſtages and conditions of life, and has excellent reaſoning upon life and death. On the laſt are theſe lines;

Cure of the miſer's wiſh, and cowards fear,
Death only ſhews us, what we knew was near.
With courage therefore view the 'pointed hour;
Dread not death's anger, but expect its power;
Nor nature's laws, with fruitleſs ſorrow mourn;
But die, O mortal man! for thou waſt born.

The poet has likewiſe theſe ſimilies on life;

As ſmoke that riſes from the kindling fires
Is ſeen this moment, and the next expires:
As empty clouds by riſing winds are toſt,
Their fleeting forms no ſooner found than loſt:
So vaniſhes our ſtate; ſo paſs our days;
So life but opens now, and now decays;
The cradle, and the tomb, alas! ſo nigh;
To live is ſcarce diſtinguiſhed from to die.

We ſhall conclude this account of Mr. Prior's life with the following copy of verſes, written on his Death by Robert Ingram, eſq; which is a very ſucceſsful imitation of Mr. Prior's manner.

1.

Mat. Prior!—(and we muſt ſubmit)
Is at his journey's end;
In whom the world has loſt a wit,
And I, what's more, a friend.

2.

Who vainly hopes long here to ſtay,
May ſee with weeping eyes;
Not only nature poſts away,
But e'en good nature dies!

3.

Should grave ones count theſe praiſes light,
To ſuch it may be ſaid :
A man, in this lamented wight,
Of buſineſs too is dead.

4.

From anceſtors, as might a fool !
He trac'd no high-fetch'd ſtem ;
But glorioufly revers'd the rule,
By dignifying them.

5.

O ! gentle Cambridge ! ſadly ſay,
Why fates are ſo unkind
To ſnatch thy giant ſons away,
Whilſt pigmies ſtay behind ?

6.

Horace and he were call'd, in haſte,
From this vile earth to heav'n ;
The cruel year not fully paſt,
Ætatis, fifty ſeven.

7.

So, on the tops of Lebanon,
Tall cedars felt the ſword,
To grace, by care of Solomon,
The temple of the Lord.

8.

A tomb amidſt the learned may
The weſtern abbey give !
Like theirs, his aſhes muſt decay,
Like theirs, his fame ſhall live.

9. Cloſe

9.

Cloſe, carver, by ſome well cut books,
Let a thin buſto tell,
In ſpite of plump and pamper'd looks,
How ſcantly ſenſe can dwell!

10.

No epitaph of tedious length
Should overcharge the ſtone;
Since loftieſt verſe would loſe its ſtrength,
In mentioning his own.

11.

At once! and not verboſely tame,
Some brave Laconic pen
Should ſmartly touch his ample name,
In form of——O rare Ben!

Mrs. SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

THIS lady was daughter of one Mr. Freeman, of Holbeack in Lincolnſhire. There was formerly an eſtate in the family of her father, but being a Diſſenter, and a zealous parliamentarian, he was ſo very much perſecuted at the reſtoration, that he was laid under a neceſſity to fly into Ireland, and his eſtate was confiſcated; nor was the family of our authoreſs's mother free from the ſeverity of thoſe times, they being likewiſe parliamentarians. Her education was in the country, and her father dying when ſhe was but three years of age, and her mother not living 'till ſhe was twelve, the improvements our poeteſs made were merely by her own induſtry and application. She was married before the age of fifteen, to a nephew of Sir Stephen Fox. This gentleman living with her but a year, ſhe afterwards married Mr. Carrol, an officer in the army, and ſurvived him likewiſe in the ſpace of a year and a half. She afterwards married Mr. Joſeph Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth to his late Majeſty. She gave early diſcoveries of a genius for poetry, and Mr. Jacob in his Lives of the Poets tells us, that ſhe compoſed a ſong before ſhe was ſeven years old. She is the author of fifteen plays; her talent is comedy, particularly the contrivance of the plots, and incidents. Sir Richard Steele, in one of

of his Tatlers, ſpeaking of the Buſy Body, thus recommends it. 'The plot, and incidents of the 'play, are laid with that ſubtilty, and ſpirit, 'which is peculiar to females of wit, and is very 'ſeldom well performed by thoſe of the other 'ſex, in whom craft in love is an act of invention, 'and not as with women, the effect of nature, 'and inſtinct'.

She died December 1, 1723; the author of the Political State thus characterizes her. 'Mrs. Cent-'livre, from a mean parentage and education, 'after ſeveral gay adventures (over which we ſhall 'draw a veil) ſhe had, at laſt, ſo well improved 'her natural genius by reading, and good con-'verſation, as to attempt to write for the ſtage, 'in which ſhe had as good ſucceſs as any of her 'ſex before her. Her firſt dramatic performance 'was a Tragi-Comedy, called The Perjured Huſ-'band, but the plays which gained her moſt re-'putation were, two Comedies, the Gameſter, and 'the Buſy Body. She wrote alſo ſeveral copies of 'verſes on divers ſubjects, and occaſions, and ma-'ny ingenious letters, entitled Letters of Wit, Po-'litics, and Morality, which I collected, and pub-'liſhed about 21 years ago *.'

Her dramatic works are,

1. The Perjured Huſband, a Comedy; acted at the Theatre-Royal 1702, dedicated to the late Duke of Bedford. Scene Venice.

2. The Beau's Duel, or a Soldier for the Ladies, a Comedy; acted at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, 1703; a Criticiſm was written upon this play in the Poſt-Angel for Auguſt.

* See Boyer's Political State, vol. xxvi. p. 670.

3. The Stolen Heireſs, or The Salamancha Doctor Out-plotted; a Comedy; acted at the Theatre in Lincolns-Inn-Fields 1704. The ſcene Palermo.

4. The Gameſter, a Comedy; acted at the Theatre in Lincolns-Inn Fields 1704, dedicated to George Earl of Huntingdon. This play is an improved tranſlation of one of the ſame title in French. The prologue was written by Mr. Rowe.

5. The Baſſet Table, a Comedy; acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, dedicated to Arthur Lord Altham, 4to. 1706.

6. Love's Contrivance, or Le Medicin Malgre lui; a Comedy; acted at Drury-Lane 1705, dedicated to the Earl of Dorſet. This is a tranſlation from Moliere.

7. Love at a Venture, a Comedy; acted at Bath, 4to. 1706, dedicated to the Duke of Beaufort.

8. The Buſy Body, acted at the Theatre-Royal 1708, dedicated to Lord Somers. This play was acted with very great applauſe.

9. Marplot, or the Second Part of the Buſy Body; acted at the Theatre-Royal 1709, dedicated to the Earl of Portland.

10. The Perplex'd Lovers, a Comedy; acted at the Theatre-Royal 1710, dedicated to Sir Henry Furnace.

11. The Platonic Lady, a Comedy; acted at the Theatre-Royal 1711.

12. The

12. The Man's Bewitch'd, or The Devil to do about Her; a Comedy; acted at the Theatre in the Haymarket 1712, dedicated to the Duke of Devonshire.

13. The Wonder, a Woman keeps a Secret, a Comedy; acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. This play was acted with success.

14. The Cruel Gift, or The Royal Resentment; a Tragedy; acted at the Theatre-Royal 1716, for the story of this play consult Sigismonda and Guiscarda, a Novel of Boccace.

15. A Bold Stroke for a Wife, a Comedy; acted at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields 1717, dedicated to the Duke of Wharton. Besides these plays Mrs. Centlivre has written three Farces; Bickerstaff's Burying, or Work for the Upholders. The Gotham Election. A Wife well Managed.

Dr. NICHOLAS BRADY.

THIS revd. gentleman was ſon of Nicholas Brady, an officer in the King's army, in the rebellion 1641, being lineally deſcended from Hugh Brady, the firſt Proteſtant biſhop of Meath *. He was born at Bandon in the county of Cork, on the 28th of October 1659, and educated in that county till he was 12 years of age, when he was removed to Weſtminſter ſchool, and from thence elected ſtudent of Chriſt's Church, Oxford. After continuing there about four years, he went to Dublin, where his father reſided, at which univerſity he immediately commenced bachelor of arts. When he was of due ſtanding, his Diploma for the degree of doctor of divinity was, on account of his uncommon merit, preſented to him from that univerſity, while he was in England, and brought over by Dr. Pratt, then ſenior travelling fellow, afterwards provoſt of that college. His firſt eccleſiaſtical preferment was to a prebend, in the Cathedral of St. Barry's in the city of Cork, to which he was collated by biſhop Wettenhal, to whom he was domeſtic chaplain. He was a zealous promoter of the revolution, and ſuffered for it in conſequence of his zeal. In 1690, when the troubles broke out in Ireland, by his intereſt with King James's general, Mac Carty,

* Biograph. Brit. Art. Brady.

his

he thrice prevented the burning of Bandon town, after three ſeveral orders given by that Prince to deſtroy it. The ſame year, having been deputed by the people of Bandon, he went over to England to petition the Parliament, for a redreſs of ſome grievances they had ſuffered, while King James was in Ireland. During his ſtay here, and to the time of his death, he was in the higheſt eſteem among all ranks of perſons in this kingdom, for his eminent attachment to the true intereſt of his country. Having quitted his preferments in Ireland, he ſettled in London, where he, being celebrated for his abilities in the pulpit, was elected miniſter of St. Catherine-Cree Church, and lecturer of St. Michael's Woodſtreet. He afterwards became miniſter of Richmond in Surry, and Stratford upon Avon in Warwickſhire, and at length, rector of Clapham in the county abovementioned; which laſt, together with Richmond, he held to the time of his death. He was alſo chaplain to the duke of Ormond's troop of Horſeguards, as he was to their Majeſties King William, and Queen Anne. He died on the 20th of May 1726, in the 67th year of his age, leaving behind him the reputation of a good man; he was of a moſt obliging, ſweet, affable temper, a polite gentleman, an excellent preacher, and no inconſiderable poet.

His compoſitions in poetry are chiefly theſe,

1. A New Verſion of the Pſalms of David, performed by him, in conjunction with Mr. Tate, ſoon after he ſettled in London; now ſung in moſt churches of England, and Ireland, inſtead of that obſolete and ridiculous Verſion made by Sternhold, and Hopkins, in the reign of King Edward VI. As the 104th Pſalm is eſteemed one of the moſt ſublime in the whole book, we ſhall preſent

preſent the reader with the two firſt Parts of his Verſion of that Pſalm as a ſpecimen. There have not been leſs than forty different Verſions, and Paraphraſes of this Pſalm, by poets of very conſiderable eminence, who ſeem to have vied with one another for the ſuperiority. Of all theſe attempts, if we may truſt our own judgment, none have ſucceeded ſo happily as Mr. Blackclock, a young gentleman now reſident at Dumfries in Scotland. This Paraphraſe is the more extraordinary, as the author of it has been blind from his cradle, and now labours under that calamity; it carries in it ſuch elevated ſtrains of poetry, ſuch pictureſque deſcriptions, and ſuch a mellifluent flow of numbers, that we are perſuaded, the reader cannot be diſpleaſed at finding it inſerted here.

Dr. Brady alſo tranſlated the Æneid of Virgil, which were publiſhed by ſubſcription in four volumes octavo, the laſt of which came out in 1726, a little before the author's death.

He alſo publiſhed in his life-time three Volumes of Sermons in 8vo. each conſiſting of 14, all printed in London; the firſt in 1704, the ſecond in 1706, and the third in 1713. After the Dr's. death, his eldeſt ſon, who is now a clergyman, publiſhed three other Volumes of his father's Sermons, each alſo conſiſting of 14, printed in London 1730, 8vo. Amongſt his ſermons there is one preached on St. Cecilia's day, in vindication of Church-muſic, firſt printed in 1697, in 4to.

PSALM CIV.

1. BLESS God, my ſoul; thou, Lord alone,
Poſſeſſeſt empire without bounds:
With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne
Eternal Majeſty ſurrounds.
2 With light thou doſt thy ſelf enrobe,
And glory for a garment take;
Heav'n's curtain ſtretch'd beyond the globe,
The canopy of ſtate to make.

3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace-chambers in the ſkies:
The clouds his chariots are, and ſtorms
The ſwift-wing'd ſteeds with which he flies.
4 As bright as flame, as ſwift as wind
His miniſters Heav'ns palace fill;
To have their ſundry taſks aſſign'd,
All proud to ſerve their Sovereign's will.

5, 6 Earth on her center fix'd he ſet,
Her face with waters over ſpread;
Not proudeſt mountains dar'd as yet
To lift above the waves their head!
7 But when thy awful face appear'd,
Th' inſulting waves diſpers'd; they fled
When once thy thunder's voice they heard,
And by their haſte confeſs'd their dread.

8 Thence up by ſecret tracts they creep,
And guſhing from the mountain's ſide,
Thro' vallies travel to the deep;
Appointed to receive their tide.
9 There haſt thou fix'd the ocean's mounds,
The threat'ning ſurges to repel:
That they no more o'erpaſs their bounds,
Nor to a ſecond deluge ſwell.

PART II.

10 Yet, thence in ſmaller parties drawn,
The ſea recovers her loſt hills:
And ſtarting ſprings from every lawn,
Surprize the vales with plenteous rills.
11 The fields tame beaſts are thither led
Weary with labour, faint with drought,
And aſſes on wild mountains bred,
Have ſenſe to find theſe currents out.

12 There ſhady trees from ſcorching beams,
Yield ſhelter to the feather'd throng:
They drink, and to the bounteous ſtreams
Return the tribute of their ſong.
13 His rains from heav'n parch'd hills recruit,
That ſoon tranſmit the liquid ſtore:
'Till earth is burthen'd with her fruit,
And nature's lap can hold no more.

84 Graſs for our cattle to devour,
He makes the growth of every field:
Herbs, for man's uſe, of various pow'r,
That either food or phyſic yield.
15 With cluſter'd grapes he crowns the vine
To cheer man's heart oppreſs'd with cares:
Gives oil that makes his face to ſhine,
And corn that waſted ſtrength repairs.

PSALM

PSALM CIV. imitated by THOMAS BLACKCLOCK.

Ariſe my ſoul! on wings ſeraphic riſe!
And praiſe th' Almighty ſov'reign of the ſkies!
In whom alone eſſential glory ſhines,
Which not the Heav'n of Heav'ns, nor boundleſs ſpace confines!
When darkneſs rul'd with univerſal ſway,
He ſpoke, and kindled up the blaze of day;
Firſt faireſt offspring of th' omnific word!
Which like a garment cloath'd it's ſovereign lord.
He ſtretch'd the blue expanſe, from pole to pole,
And ſpread circumfluent æther round the whole.
Of liquid air he bad the columns riſe,
Which prop the ſtarry concave of the ſkies.
Soon as he bids, impetuous whirlwinds fly,
To bear his ſounding chariot thro' the ſky:
Impetuous whirlwinds the command obey,
Suſtain his flight, and ſweep th' aerial way.
Fraught with his mandates from the realms on high,
Unnumber'd hoſts of radiant heralds fly;
From orb to orb, with progreſs unconfin'd,
As lightn'ing ſwift, reſiſtleſs as the wind.
His word in air this pondr'ous ball ſuſtain'd.
"Be fixt, he ſaid."—And fix'd the ball remain'd.
Heav'n, air, and ſea, tho' all their ſtores combine,
Shake not its baſe, nor break the law divine.
At thy almighty voice, old ocean raves,
Wakes all his force, and gathers all his waves;
Nature lies mantled in a watry robe,
And ſhoreleſs ocean rolls around the globe;
O'er higheſt hills, the higher ſurges riſe,
Mix with the clouds, and leave the vaulted ſkies.
But when in thunder, the rebuke was giv'n,
That ſhook th' eternal firmament of heav'n,

The

The dread rebuke, the frighted waves obey,
They fled, confus'd, along th' appointed way,
Impetuous ruſhing to the place decreed,
Climb the ſteep hill, and ſweep the humble mead:
And now reluctant in their bounds ſubſide;
Th' eternal bounds reſtrain the raging tide:
Yet ſtill tumultuous with inceſſant roar,
It ſhakes the caverns, and aſſaults the ſhore.
By him, from mountains, cloth'd in livid ſnow,
Thro' verdant vales, the mazy fountains flow.
Here the wild horſe, unconſcious of the rein,
That revels boundleſs, o'er the wide champaign,
Imbibes the ſilver ſtream, with heat oppreſt
To cool the fervour of his glowing breaſt.
Here verdant boughs adorn'd with ſummer's pride,
Spread their broad ſhadows o'er the ſilver tide:
While, gently perching on the leafy ſpray,
Each feather'd ſongſter tunes his various lay:
And while thy praiſe, they ſymphonize around,
Creation ecchoes to the grateful ſound.
Wide o'er the heav'ns the various bow he bends.
Its tincture brightens, and its arch extends:
At the glad ſign, aërial conduits flow,
The hills relent, the meads rejoice below:
By genial fervour, and prolific rain,
Gay vegetation cloaths the fertile plain;
Nature profuſely good, with bliſs o'er-flows,
And ſtill ſhe's pregnant, tho' ſhe ſtill beſtows:
Here verdant paſtures, far extended lie,
And yield the grazing herd a rich ſupply!
Luxuriant waving in the wanton air,
Here golden grain rewards the peaſant's care!
Here vines mature, in purple cluſters glow,
And heav'n above, diffuſes heav'n below!
Erect and tall, here mountain cedars riſe,
High o'er the clouds, and emulate the ſkies!

Here

Here the winged crowds, that ſkim the air,
With artful toil, their little dams prepare,
Here, hatch their young, and nurſe their riſing care!
Up the ſteep-hill aſcends the nimble doe,
While timid conies ſcour the plains below;
Or in the pendent rocks elude the ſcenting foe.
He bade the ſilver majeſty of night,
Revolve her circle, and increaſe her light.
But if one moment thou thy face ſhould'ſt hide,
Thy glory clouded, or thy ſmiles denied,
Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes,
And vents her grief, in univerſal cries!
Then gloomy death, with all his meagre train;
Wide o'er the nations ſpreads his iron reign!
Sea, earth, and air, the bounteous ravage mourn,
And all their hoſts to native duſt return!
Again thy glorious quickning influence ſhed,
The glad creation rears its drooping head:
New riſing forms, thy potent ſmiles obey,
And life re-kindles at the genial ray;
United thanks repleniſh'd nature pays,
And heaven and earth reſound their Maker's praiſe.

When time ſhall in eternity be loſt,
And hoary nature languiſh into duſt,
Forever young, thy glories ſhall remain,
Vaſt as thy being, endleſs as thy reign!
Thou from the realms of everlaſting day,
See'ſt all thy works, at one immenſe ſurvey!
Pleas'd at one view, the whole to comprehend,
Part join'd to part, concurring to one end.
If thou to earth, but turn'ſt thy wrathful eyes,
Her baſis trembles, and her offspring dies.
Thou ſmit'ſt the hills, and at th' almighty blow,
Their ſummits kindle, and their entrails glow.

While this immortal ſpark of heav'nly flame,
Diſtends my breaſt, and animates my frame,
To thee my ardent praiſes ſhall be born,
On the firſt breeze, that wakes the bluſhing morn:
The lateſt ſtar ſhall hear the pleaſing ſound,
And nature, in full choir ſhall join around!
When full of thee, my ſoul excurſive flies,
Thro' earth, air, ocean or thy regal ſkies,
From world, to world, new wonders ſtill I find!
And all the Godhead burſts upon my mind!
When, wing'd with whirlwinds, vice ſhall take her flight,
To the wide boſom of eternal night,
To thee my ſoul ſhall endleſs praiſes pay;
Join! men and angels! join th' exalted day!
Aſſign'd a province to each rolling ſphere,
And taught the ſun to regulate the year.
At his command wide hov'ring o'er the plain,
Primæval night reſumes her gloomy reign.
Then from their dens impatient of delay,
The ſavage monſters bend their ſpeedy way,
Howl thro' the ſpacious waſte and chaſe the frighted prey.
Here walks the ſhaggy monarch of the wood,
Taught from thy providence to aſk his food:
To thee O Father! to thy bounteous ſkies,
He rears his main, and rolls his glaring eyes.
He roars, the deſarts tremble wide around!
And repercuſive hills repeat the ſound.
Now purple gems, the eaſtern ſkies adorn,
And joyful nature hails th' opening morn;
The rovers conſcious of approaching day,
Fly to their ſhelters, and forget their prey.
Laborious man, with moderate ſlumber bleſt,
Springs chearful to his toil, from downy reſt;
Till grateful ev'ning with her ſilver train,
Bid labour ceaſe, and eaſe the weary ſwain!
Hail, ſovereign Goodneſs! All productive mind!

On

On all thy works, thyſelf inſcribed we find!
How various all! how variouſly endow'd!
How great their number! and each part how good!
How perfect then muſt the great parent ſhine!
Who with one act of energy divine,
Laid the vaſt plan, and finiſh'd the deſign.
Where e'er the pleaſing ſearch my thoughts purſue,
Unbounded goodneſs opens to my view.
Nor does our world alone, its influence ſhare;
Exhauſtleſs bounty, and unwearied care,
Extend thro' all th' infinitude of ſpace,
And circle nature with a kind embrace.
The wavy kingdoms of the deep below,
Thy power, thy wiſdom, and thy goodneſs ſhew.
Here various beings without number ſtray,
Croud the profound, or on the ſurface play.
Leviathan here, the mightieſt of the train,
Enormous! ſails incumbent o'er the the main.
All theſe thy watchful providence ſupplies;
To thee alone, they turn their waiting eyes.
For them thou open'ſt thy exhauſtleſs ſtore,
Till the capacious wiſh can graſp no more.

GEORGE

GEORGE STEPNEY, Esq;

THIS poet was descended of the family of the Stepneys of Pindigrast in Pembrokeshire, but born in Westminster in the year 1693. He received the rudiments of his education in Westminster school, and after making some progress in literature there, he was removed to Trinity College in Cambridge, where he was cotemporary with Charles Montague, esq; afterwards earl of Hallifax; and being of the same college with him, a very strict friendship was contracted between them. To this lucky accident of being early known to Mr. Montague, was owing all the preferment Mr. Stepney afterwards enjoyed; for he seems not to have had parts sufficient to have risen to any distinction, without the immediate patronage of so great a man, as the lord Hallifax. When Stepney first set out in life, he was perhaps attached to the Tory interest, for one of the first poems he wrote, was an Address to king James the Second, on his Accession to the Throne. In this little piece, in which there is as little poetry, he compares that monarch to Hercules, but with what propriety let the reader judge. Soon after the accession of James II. when Monmouth's rebellion broke out, the university of Cambridge, to demonstrate their zeal for the King, thought proper to burn the picture of that rash Prince, who had

had formerly been their chancellor. Upon this occasion Stepney wrote some good verses, in answer to this question;

——————Sed quid
Turba Remi? sequitur fortunam, ut semper
et odit damnatos.

Upon the revolution he embraced another interest, and procured himself to be nominated for several foreign embassies. In the year 1692 he went to the elector of Brandenburgh's court in quality of envoy, and, in the year following, to the Imperial court in the same character. In 1694 he was sent to the elector of Saxony, and two years after to the electors of Mentz, Cologn, &c. and the congress at Francfort. He was employed in several other embassies, and in the year 1706 Queen Anne sent him envoy to the States General. He was very successful in his negotiations, which occasioned his constant employment in the most weighty affairs. At his leisure hours he composed several other pieces of poetry besides those already mentioned; which are chiefly these,

An Epistle to the Earl of Hallifax, on his Majesty's Voyage to Holland.
A Translation of the Eighth Satire of Juvenal.
To the Earl of Carlisle upon the Death of his Son.
Some Imitations of Horace's Odes.
The Austrian Eagle.
The Nature of Dreams.
A Poem to the Memory of Queen Mary.

These performances are not very long, nor are the subjects upon which they are written very considerable. It seems probable that the eminence to which Stepney rose, must have been more owing to

ſome perſonal kindneſs lord Hallifax had for him, than to his merit as a writer. In raiſing Stepney, his lordſhip might act as the friend of the man, but not as a patron of the poet. Friendſhip, in many reſpects, participates of the nature of love; it begins, we know not how, it ſtrengthens by imperceptible degrees, and grows into an eſtabliſhed firmneſs. Such might be the regard lord Hallifax had for Stepney, but we may venture to aſſert, from his lordſhip's exquiſite taſte in poetry, that he never could highly admire the pretty trifles which compoſe the works of this author; and which are printed amongſt the works of the Minor Poets, publiſhed ſome years ago by Mr. Tonſon in two volumes 12mo.*

Our author died at Chelſea in the year 1707, and was buried in Weſtminſter-Abbey, where a fine monument is erected over him, with the following inſcription upon the pedeſtal;

H. S. E.

GEORGIUS STEPNEIUS, Armiger,
viz.

Ob Ingenii acumen,
Literarum Scientiam,
Morum Suavitatem,
Rerum Uſum,
Virorum Ampliſſimorum Conſuetudinem,
Linguæ, Styli ac Vitæ Elegantiam,
Præclara Officia cum Britanniæ tum Europæ
Præſtita,
Suâ ætate multum celebratus,
Apud Poſteros ſemper celebrandus;
Plurimas Legationes obiit
Ea Fide, Diligentiâ, & Felicitate,
Ut Auguſtiſſimorum Principum

* And likewiſe of another work of the ſame kind, in two volumes alſo, publiſhed by one Cogan.

GULIELMI

GULIELMI & ANNÆ
Spem in illo repositam
Nunquam fefellerit,
Haud raro superavit.
Post longum honorum Cursum
Brevi Temporis spatio confectum,
Cum Naturæ parvæ Fama satis vixerat,
Animam ad altiora aspirantem placide efflavit.

On the left hand.

G. S.

Ex Equestri Familia STEPNEIORUM,
De PENDEGRAST, in Comitatu
PEMBROCHIENSI ORIENDUS,
WESTMONASTERII natus est, A. D. 1663.
Electus in Collegium
Sancti PETRI WESTMONAST. A. 1676.
Sanctæ TRINITATIS CANTAB. 1682.
Consiliariorum quibus Commercii
Cura commissa est 1697.
CHELSEIÆ mortuus, & Comitante
Magna Procerum
Frequentiâ huc elatus, 1707.

On the right hand is a particular account of all his employments abroad.

As a specimen of Mr. Stepney's poetry, we shall quote the following lines on the Nature of Dreams,

At dead of night imperial reason sleeps,
And fancy with her train loose revels keeps:
Then airy phantoms a mixt scene display,
Of what we heard, or saw, or wish'd by day;
For memory those images retains
Which passion form'd, and still the strongest reigns.

Huntſmen renew the chaſe they lately run;
And generals fight again their battles won.
Spectres and furies haunt the murth'rers dreams;
Grants, or diſgraces, are the courtiers themes.
The miſer ſpies a thief, or ſome new hoard,
The cit's a knight, the ſycophant a lord.
Thus fancy's in the wild diſtraction loſt
With what we moſt abhor, or covet moſt.
But of all paſſions that our dreams controul,
Love prints the deepeſt image in the ſoul;
For vigorous fancy, and warm blood diſpenſe
Pleaſures ſo lively, that they rival ſenſe.
Such are the tranſports of a willing maid,
Not yet by time and place to act betray'd.
Whom ſpies, or ſome faint virtue force to fly
That ſcene of joy, which yet ſhe dies to try.
'Till fancy bawds, and by myſterious charms
Brings the dear object to her longing arms;
Unguarded then ſhe melts, acts fierce delight,
And curſes the returns of envious light.
In ſuch bleſs'd dreams Biblis enjoys a flame;
Which waking ſhe deteſts, and dares not name.
Ixion gives a looſe to his wild love,
And in his airy viſions cuckolds Jove.
Honours and ſtate before this phantom fall;
For ſleep, like death its image, equals all.

Our author likewiſe wrote ſome political pieces in proſe, particularly an Eſſay on the preſent Intereſt of England, 1701. To which are added, The Proceedings of the Houſe of Commons in 1677, upon the French King's Progreſs in Flanders. This piece is reprinted in Cogan's Collection of Tracts, called Lord Somers's Collection.

Major

Major RICHARDSON PACK.

THIS gentleman was the ſon of John Pack, of Stocke-Aſh in Suffolk, eſq; who in the year 1697 was high ſheriff of that county. He had his early education at a private country ſchool, and was removed from thence to Merchant Taylor's, where he received his firſt taſte of letters; for he always reckoned that time which he ſpent at the former ſchool as loſt, ſince he had only contracted bad habits, and was obliged to unlearn what had been taught him there.

At the age of ſixteen he was removed to St. John's College in Oxford. About eighteen his father entered him of the Middle Temple, deſigning him for the profeſſion of the Law; and by the peculiar indulgence of the treaſurer, and benchers of that honourable ſociety, he was at eight Terms ſtanding admitted barriſter, when he had not much exceeded the age of 20. But a ſedentary, ſtudious life agreeing as ill with his health, as a formal one with his inclinations, he did not long purſue thoſe ſtudies. After ſome wavering in his thoughts, he at laſt determined his views to the army, as being better ſuited to the gaiety of his temper, and the ſprightlineſs of his genius, and where he hoped to meet with more freedom, as well as more action. His firſt command was that of a company of foot in March 1705.

In November 1710 the regiment in which he ſerved was one of thoſe two of Engliſh foot, that were with the marſhal Staremberg at the battle of Villa Vicioſa, the day after general Stanhope, and the troops under his command were taken at Brighuega *, where the major being killed, and our author's behaviour being equal to the occaſion on which he acted, his grace the duke of Argyle confirmed his pretenſions to that vacancy, by giving him the commiſſion of the deceaſed major, immediately on his arrival in Spain. It was this accident which firſt introduced our gallant ſoldier to the acquaintance of that truly noble and excellent perſon, with whoſe protection and patronage he was honoured during the remaining part of his life.

The ambition he had to celebrate his grace's heroic virtues (at a time when there ſubſiſted a jealouſy between him and the duke of Marlborough, and it was faſhionable by a certain party to traduce him) gave birth to ſome of the beſt of his performances.

What other pieces the major has written in verſe, are, for the moſt part, the unlaboured reſult of friendſhip, or love; and the amuſement of thoſe few ſolitary intervals in a life that ſeldom wanted either ſerious buſineſs, or ſocial pleaſures, of one kind or other, entirely to fill up the circle. They are all publiſhed in one volume, together with a tranſlation of the Life of Miltiades and Cymon, from Cornelius Nepos; the firſt edition was in 1725.

The moſt conſiderable of them are the following,

1. The Muſe's Choice, or the Progreſs of Wit.
2. On Friendſhip. To Colonel Stanhope.

* Vide Jacob's Lives.

3. To

3. To Mr. Addiſon, occaſioned by the news of the victory obtained over the Rebels in Scotland, by his Grace the Duke of Argyle.

4. To Lady Catherine Manners.

5. The Lovers Parting.

6. The Retreat.

7. An Epiſtle from a Half-pay Officer in the Country, to his Friend in Town.

8. Upon Religious Solitude; occaſioned by reading the Inſcription on the Tomb of Caſimir King of Poland, who abdicated his Crown, and ſpent the remainder of his life in the Abbey of St. Germains, near Paris, where he lies interred.

9. A Paſtoral in Imitation of Virgil's Second Eclogue.

10. The 2d, 3d, and 4th Elegies of the Fourth Book of Tibullus.

11. Elegy. Sylvia to Amintor, in Imitation of Ovid. After Sylvia is enjoyed, ſhe gives this Advice to her ſex.

Truſt not the ſlight defence of female pride,
Nor in your boaſted honour much confide;
So ſtill the motion, and ſo ſmooth the dart,
It ſteals unfelt into the heedleſs heart.

A Prologue to the Tragedy of Sir Walter Raleigh, and an Epilogue to Mr. Southern's Spartan Dame. In the former he has the following beautiful lines on Ambition;

Ambition is a miſtreſs few enjoy !
Falſe to our hopes, and to our wiſhes coy ;
The bold ſhe baffles, and defeats the ſtrong ;
And all are ruined who purſue her long ;
Yet ſo bewitching are her fatal charms,
We think it heav'n to die within her arms.

Major Pack obliged the world with ſome Memoirs of the Life of Mr. Wycherley, which are prefixed to Theobald's edition of that author. Mr. Jacob mentions a piece of his which he ſaw in MS. entitled Religion and Philoſophy, which, ſays he, with his other works, demonſtrate the author to be a polite writer, and a man of wit and gallantry.

This amiable gentleman died at Aberdeen in Scotland, in the month of September 1728, colonel Montague's regiment, in which he was then a major, being quartered there.

Sir WILLIAM DAWES, Baronet (Archbiſhop of YORK.)

THIS revd. prelate was deſcended from an ancient, and honourable family in the county of Eſſex; he was educated at Merchant-Taylor's ſchool, London, and from thence elected to St. John's College in Oxford, of which he was afterwards fellow.

He was the youngeſt of four brothers, three of whom dying young, the title, and eſtate of the family fell to him. As ſoon as he had taken his firſt degree in arts, and upon the family eſtate devolving to him, he reſigned his fellowſhip, and left Oxford. For ſome time he gave his attention to the affairs of his eſtate, but finding his inclination lead him more to ſtudy, than rural affairs, he entered into holy orders. Sir William did not long remain in the church without preferment; his fortune, and family aſſiſted him to riſe; for it often happens that theſe advantages will do much more for a man, as well in the eccleſiaſtical, as in other claſſes of life, than the brighteſt parts without them. Before he was promoted to the mitre, he was made maſter of Catherine Hall in Cambridge, chaplain to Queen Anne, and dean of Bocking.

In the year 1708 he was conſecrated biſhop of Cheſter, and in 1713 was tranſlated to the archbiſhopric

biſhopric of York. While he was at the univerſity, before he went into orders, he wrote the Anatomy of Atheiſm, a Poem, dedicated to Sir George Darcy Bart. printed in the year 1701, 8vo.

The deſign of this piece, as his lordſhip declares in the preface, 'is to expoſe the folly of 'thoſe men, who are arrived at that pitch of im-'pudence and prophaneneſs, that they think it 'a piece of wit to deny the Being of a God, 'and to laugh at that which they cannot argue a-'gainſt.' Such characters are well deſcribed in the following lines,

See then our Atheiſt all the world oppoſe,
And like Drawcanſir make all men his foes.
See with what ſaucy pride he does pretend,
His miſer father's notions to amend,
Huffs Plutarch, Plato, Pliny, Seneca,
And bids even Cicero himſelf give way.
Tells all the world, they follow a falſe light,
And he alone, of all mankind is right.
Thus, like a madman, who when all alone,
Thinks himſelf King, and every chair a throne,
Drunk with conceit, and fooliſh impudence,
He prides himſelf in his abounding ſenſe.

This prelate is ſaid to have united the gentleman, and the divine, which both ſhone out with equal luſtre in him. He was eſteemed in his time a very popular preacher; his piety was great, and conſpicuous; his charity and benevolence equalled by few, and his good nature, and humanity the moſt extenſive.

Our author died in the 53d year of his age, April 30, 1724. We have no account of any other of his grace's poetical works, probably the

buſineſs of his high ſtation diverted his mind from the amuſements of poetry.

The archbiſhop has written ſeveral ſermons upon the Eternity of Hell Torments, a doctrine which he has laboured to vindicate; alſo ſermons upon various other ſubjects.

WILLIAM CONGREVE, Eſq;

THIS gentleman was deſcended from the ancient houſe of Congreve in Staffordſhire, but authors differ as to the place of his birth; ſome contend that he was born in Ireland *, others that he drew his firſt breath at the village of Bardſa, near Leeds in Yorkſhire, which was the eſtate of a near relation of his by his mother's ſide. Mr. Jacob, in his preface to the Lives of the Poets, has informed us, that he had the advice and aſſiſtance of Mr. Congreve in that work, who communicated to him many particulars of the lives of cotemporary writers, as well as of himſelf, and as Mr. Congreve can hardly be thought ignorant of the place of his own birth, and Mr. Jacob has aſſerted it to be in England, no room is left to doubt of it. The learned antiquary of Ireland, Sir James Ware, has reckoned our author amongſt his own country worthies, from the relation of

* General Dictionary.

Southern; but Mr. Congreve's own account, if Jacob may be relied on, is more than equal to that of Southern, who poſſibly might be miſtaken.

About the year 1671, or 1672, our author was born, and his father carried him, when a child, into Ireland, where he then had a command in the army, but afterwards was entruſted with the management of a conſiderable eſtate, belonging to the noble family of Burlington, which fixed his reſidence there *. Mr. Congreve received the firſt tincture of letters in the great ſchool of Kilkenny, and, according to common report, gave early proofs of a poetical genius; his firſt attempt in poetry was a copy of verſes on the death of his maſter's Magpye.

He went from the ſchool of Kilkenny to the univerſity of Dublin, where under the direction of Dr. George Aſh, he acquired a general knowledge of the claſſics. His father, who was deſirous that his ſtudies ſhould be directed to a profitable employment, ſent him over to England a little after the revolution, and placed him as a ſtudent in the Middle-Temple. But the ſevere ſtudy of the Law was ſo ill adapted to the ſprightly genius of Congreve, that he never attempted to reconcile himſelf to a way of life, for which he had the greateſt averſion. But however he diſappointed his friends with reſpect to the proficiency they expected him to make in the Law; yet it is certain he was not negligent in thoſe ſtudies to which his genius led him.

Mr. Congreve's firſt performance, written when but a youth of ſeventeen, was a Novel, dedicated to Mrs. Katherine Leveſon, which gave proof, not only of a great vivacity of wit, but alſo a fluency of ſtile, and a ſolid judgment. He was conſcious that young men in their early productions generally aimed at a florid ſtile, and enthuſi-

* Wilſon's Memoirs of Congreve.

aſtic

aſtic deſcriptions, without any regard to the plot, fable, or ſubſerviency of the parts; for this reaſon he formed a new model, and gave an example how works of that kind ſhould be written. He purſued a regular plan, obſerved a general moral, and carried on a connexion, as well as diſtinction, between his characters.

This performance is entitled Incognita, or Love and Duty Reconciled; it has been aſſerted that this is a real hiſtory, and though the ſcene is laid in Italy, the adventures happened in England; it is not our buſineſs to enter into the ſecret hiſtory of this entertaining piece, or to attempt giving the reader a key to what the writer took ſo much pains to conceal. It appears from this piece, that Mr. Congreve aimed at perfection from the very beginning, and his deſign in writing this novel, was to ſhew, how novels ought to be written. Let us hear what he ſays himſelf, and from thence we ſhall entertain a higher opinion of his abilities, than could poſſibly be raiſed by the warmeſt commendations. After very judiciouſly obſerving, that there is the ſame relation between romances and novels as between tragedy and comedy, he proceeds thus: 'Since all traditions 'muſt indiſputably give glace to the drama, and 'ſince there is no poſſibility of giving that life 'to the writing, or repetition of a ſtory, which it 'has in the action; I reſolved in another beauty 'to imitate dramatic writing, namely, in the de'ſign, contexture, and reſult in the plot. I have 'not obſerved it before in a novel. Some I 'have ſeen begin with an unexpected accident, 'which has been the only ſurprizing part of the 'ſtory, cauſe enough to make the ſequel look 'flat, tedious, and inſipid; for 'tis but reaſonable 'the reader ſhould expect, if not to riſe, at leaſt, 'to keep upon a level in the entertainment, for ſo 'he may be kept on, in hopes, that ſome time,

'or

'or other, it may mend; but the other is such a 'baulk to a man, 'tis carrying him up stairs to 'shew him the dining room, and afterwards force 'him to make a meal in the kitchen. This I 'have not only endeavoured to avoid, but also 'have used a method for the contrary purpose. 'The design of this novel is obvious, after the 'first meeting of Aurelian and Hippolito, with 'Incognita, and Leonora; the difficulty is in 'bringing it to pass, maugre all apparent obsta-'cles within the compass of two days. How ma-'ny probable casualties intervene, in opposition to 'the main design, viz. of marrying two couple 'so oddly engaged in an intricate amour, I leave 'the reader at his leisure to consider; as also 'whether every obstacle does not, in the progress 'of the story, act as subservient to that purpose, 'which at first it seems to oppose. In a comedy 'this would be called the unity of action, here it 'may pretend to no more than an unity of contri-'vance. The scene is continued in Florence from 'the commencement of the amour, and the time 'from first to last, is but three days.'

Soon after Mr. Congreve's return to England, he amused himself, during a slow recovery from a fit of sickness, with writing a comedy. Captain Southern, in conjunction with Mr. Dryden, and Arthur Manwayring, esq; revised this performance, which was the Old Batchelor; of which Mr. Dryden said, he never saw such a first play in his life, adding, that the author not being acquainted with the stage, or the town, it would be pity to have it miscarry for want of a little assistance. Mr. Thomas Davenant, who had then the direction of the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, had so high a sense of the merit of the piece, and was so charmed with the author's conversation, that he granted him the freedom of the house before his play came on, which, according to the maxims

of

of theatrical government, was not only an unuſual, but an unprecedented favour. In 1693 the Old Batchelor was acted before a numerous, and polite audience. The play was received with ſuch general applauſe, that Mr. Congreve was then conſidered as a prop to the declining ſtage, and a riſing genius in dramatic poetry. It was this play, and the ſingular ſucceſs which attended it upon the ſtage, that introduced our author to the acquaintance of the earl of Hallifax, who was then the profeſſed patron of men of wit; and who, being deſirous to raiſe a man of ſo promiſing a genius, above the neceſſity of too haſty productions, made him one of the commiſſioners for licenſing Hackney coaches. The earl beſtowed upon him ſoon after a place in the Pipe-Office, and gave him likewiſe a poſt in the Cuſtom-Houſe, to the value of 600 l. per annum.

In the following year Mr. Congreve brought upon the ſtage the Double Dealer, which met not with ſo good a reception as the former.

Mr. Congreve has informed us in the dedication of this play, to Charles Montague, eſq; that he was very aſſiduous to learn from the critics what objections could be found to it; but, ſays he, 'I 'have heard nothing to provoke an anſwer. That 'which looks moſt like an objection, does not re'late in particular to this play, but to all; or 'moſt that ever have been written, and that is 'ſoliloquy; therefore I will anſwer it, not only 'for my own ſake, but to ſave others the trouble 'to whom it may be hereafter objected. I 'grant, that for a man to talk to himſelf, appears 'abſurd, and unnatural, and indeed it is ſo in 'moſt caſes, but the circumſtances which may at'tend the occaſion, makes great alteration. It 'often happens to a man to have deſigns, which 'require him to himſelf, and in their nature can'not admit of a confident. Such for certain

'is

'is all villainy, and other leſs miſchievous intentions may be very improper to be communicated to a ſecond perſon. In ſuch a caſe, therefore the audience muſt obſerve, whether the perſon upon the ſtage takes any notice of them at all, or no: for if he ſuppoſes any one to be by, * when he talks to himſelf, it is monſtrous and ridiculous to the laſt degree; nay not only in this caſe, but in any part of a play, if there is expreſſed any knowledge of an audience it is inſufferable. But otherwiſe, when a man in a ſoliloquy reaſons with himſelf, and pro's and con's, and weighs all his deſigns, we ought not to imagine that this man either talks to us, or to himſelf; he is only thinking, and thinking ſuch matter, as it were inexcuſable folly in him to ſpeak. But, becauſe we are concealed ſpectators of the plot in agitation, and the poet finds it neceſſary to let us know the whole myſtery of his contrivance, he is willing to inform us of this perſon's thoughts, and to that end is forced to make uſe of the expedient of ſpeech, no other, or better way being yet invented for the communication of thought.'

Towards the cloſe of the ſame year Queen Mary died. Upon that occaſion Mr. Congreve produced an elegiac Paſtoral, a compoſition which the admirers of this poet have extolled in the moſt laviſh terms of admiration, but which ſeems not to merit the incenſe it obtained.

When Mr. Betterton opened the new houſe at Lincoln's-Inn, Congreve took part with him, and gave him his celebrated comedy of Love for Love, then introduced upon the ſtage, with the moſt ex-

* Yet Maſkwell purpoſely talks to himſelf, deſigning to be overheard by Lord Touchwood; undoubtedly an error in the conduct, and want of art in the author. This he ſeems here to forget, or would not remember it.

traordi-

traordinary ſucceſs. This comedy, with ſome more of our author's, was ſmartly criticiſed by the ingenious Mr. Collier, as containing leſſons of immorality, and a repreſentation of looſe characters, which can never, in his opinion, appear on a ſtage without corrupting the audience.

Meſſrs. Congreve, Dennis, and Dryden, engaged in a vigorous defence of the Engliſh ſtage, and endeavoured to ſhew the neceſſity of ſuch characters being introduced in order to be expoſed, and laughed at. To all their defences Mr. Collier replied, and managed the point with ſo much learning, wit, and keenneſs, that in the opinion of many, he had the better of his antagoniſts, eſpecially Mr. Congreve, whoſe comedies it muſt be owned, though they are admirably written, and the characters ſtrongly marked, are ſo looſe, that they have given great offence: and ſurely we pay too dear for pleaſure, when we have it at the expence of morality.

The ſame year he diſtinguiſhed himſelf in another kind of poetry, viz. an irregular Ode on the taking Namure, which the critics have allowed to contain fine ſentiments, gracefully expreſſed. His reputation as a comic poet being ſufficiently eſtabliſhed, he was deſirous of extending his fame, by producing a tragedy. It has been alledged, that ſome, who were jealous of his growing reputation, put him upon this taſk, in order, as they imagined, to diminiſh it, for he ſeemed to be of too gay and lively a diſpoſition for tragedy, and in all likelihood would miſcarry in the attempt. However,

In 1697, after the expectation of the town had been much raiſed, the Mourning Bride appeared on the New Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields: few plays ever excited ſo great an ardour of expectation as this, and very few ever ſucceeded to ſuch an extravagant degree. There is ſomething new in the management of the plot; after moving the paſſions

paſſions of the audience to the greateſt commiſeration, he brings off his principal characters, puniſhes the guilty, and makes the play conclude happily.

The controverſy we have juſt now mentioned, was thought to have occaſioned a diſlike in Mr. Congreve towards the ſtage; yet he afterwards produced another comedy called The Way of the World, which was ſo juſt a picture of the world, that, as an author prettily ſays,

The world could not bear it.

The reception this play met with, compleated our author's diſguſt to the theatre; upon which Mr. Dennis, who was a warm friend to Congreve, made this fine obſervation, 'that Mr. Congreve 'quitted the ſtage early, and that comedy left it 'with him.'

It is ſaid that when Congreve found his play met with but indifferent ſucceſs, he came in a paſſion on the ſtage, and deſired the audience to ſave themſelves the trouble of ſhewing their diſlike; for he never intended to write again for the Theatre, nor ſubmit his works to the cenſure of impotent critics. In this particular he kept his word with them, and as if he had foreſeen the fate of his play, he took an ample revenge, in his Epilogue, of the race of Little Snarlers, who excited by envy, and ſupported by falſe ideas of their own importance, dared to conſtitute themſelves judges of wit, without any juſt pretenſions to it. This play has long ago triumphed over its enemies, and is now in great eſteem amongſt the beſt judges of Theatrical Entertainments.

Though Mr. Congreve quitted the ſtage, yet did not he give up the cauſe of poetry; for on the death of the marquis of Blandford, the only ſon of the duke of Marlborough, which happened in 1705,

1705, we find him compoſing a paſtoral to ſoften the grief of that illuſtrious family, which he addreſſed to the lord treaſurer Godolphin.

About the ſame time, the extraordinary ſucceſs of the duke of Marlborough's arms, furniſhed him with materials for an Ode to Queen Anne. In another Pindaric Ode he celebrates the lord Godolphin; taking occaſion from that nobleman's delight in horſe-racing to imitate the Greek Poet in his favourite manner of writing, by an elegant digreſſion; to which he added a criticiſm on that ſpecies of poetry.

As in the early part of his life, Mr. Congreve had received favours from people of a leſs exalted ſtation, ſo of theſe he was highly ſenſible, and never let ſlip any opportunity of ſhewing his gratitude. He wrote an Epilogue to his old friend Southern's Tragedy of Oroonoko; and Mr. Dryden has acknowledged his aſſiſtance in the tranſlation of Virgil: He contributed by his Verſion of the eleventh Satire of Juvenal, to the tranſlation of that poet, publiſhed alſo by Mr. Dryden, to whom Mr. Congreve wrote a copy of Verſes on his Tranſlation of Perſius. He wrote likewiſe a Prologue for a Play of Mr. Charles Dryden's, full of kindneſs for that young gentleman, and of reſpect for his father.

But the nobleſt teſtimony he gave of his filial regard to the memory of his poetical father, Mr. John Dryden, was the Panegyric he wrote upon his works, contained in the dedication of Dryden's plays to the duke of Newcaſtle.

Mr. Congreve tranſlated the third Book of Ovid's Art of Love; ſome favourite paſſages from the Iliad, and writ ſome Epigrams, in all which he was not unſucceſsful, though at the ſame time he has been exceeded by his cotemporaries in the ſame attempts.

The author of the elegant Letters, not long ago publiſhed under the name of Fitz Oſborne, has taken ſome pains to ſet before his readers the verſion

ſion of thoſe parts of Homer, tranſlated by our author, and the ſame paſſages by Pope and Tickell, in which compariſon the palm is very deſervedly yielded to Pope.

Our author wrote a Satire called Doris, celebrated by Sir Richard Steele, who was a warm friend to Mr. Congreve. He alſo wrote the Judgment of Paris, a Maſque; and the Opera of Semele; of theſe, the former was acted with great applauſe, and the latter is finely ſet to muſic by Mr. Eccles. The laſt of his Poetical Works, is his Art of Pleaſing, addreſſed to Sir Richard Temple, the late viſcount Cobham. He has written many Proſe Epiſtles, diſperſed in the works of other writers, and his Eſſay on Humour in Comedy, publiſhed in a Collection of Dennis's Letters, is an entertaining, and correct piece of criticiſm: All his other Letters are written with a great deal of wit and ſpirit, a fine flow of language; and are ſo happily intermixt with a lively and inoffenſive raillery, that it is impoſſible not to be pleaſed with them at the firſt reading: we may be ſatisfied from the peruſal of them, that his converſation muſt have been very engaging, and therefore we need not wonder that he was careſſed by the greateſt men of his time, or that they courted his friendſhip by every act of kindneſs in their power.

It is ſaid of Mr. Congreve, that he was a particular favourite with the ladies, ſome of whom were of the firſt diſtinction. He indulged none of thoſe reveries, and affected abſences ſo peculiar to men of wit: He was ſprightly as well as elegant in his manner, and ſo much the favourite of Henrietta ducheſs of Marlborough, that even after his death, ſhe cauſed an image of him to be every day placed at her toilet-table, to which ſhe would talk as to the living Mr. Congreve, with all the freedom of the moſt polite and unreſerved converſation.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bracegirdle likewiſe had the higheſt veneration for our author, and joined with her Grace in a boundleſs profuſion of ſorrow upon his death. Some think, he had made a better figure in his Laſt Will, had he remembered his friendſhip he profeſſed for Mrs. Bracegirdle, whoſe admirable performance added ſpirit to his dramatic pieces; but he forgot her, and gratified his vanity by chuſing to make a rich ducheſs his ſole legatee, and executrix.

Mr. Congreve was the ſon of fortune, as well as of the muſes. He was early preferred to an affluent ſituation, and no change of miniſtry ever affected him, nor was he ever removed from any poſt he enjoyed, except to a better.

His place in the cuſtom-houſe, and his office of ſecretary in Jamaica, are ſaid to have brought him in upwards of 1200 l. a year; and he was ſo far an œconomiſt, as to raiſe from thence a competent eſtate. No man of his learning ever paſs'd thro' life with more eaſe, or leſs envy; and as in the dawn of his reputation he was very dear to the greateſt wits of his time, ſo during his whole life he preſerved the utmoſt reſpect of, and received continual marks of eſteem from, men of genius and letters, without ever being involved in any of their quarrels, or drawing upon himſelf the leaſt mark of diſtaſte, or, even diſſatisfaction. The greateſt part of the laſt twenty years of his life were ſpent in eaſe and retirement, and he gave himſelf no trouble about reputation. When the celebrated Voltaire was in England, he waited upon Congreve, and paſs'd ſome compliments upon him, as to the reputation and merit of his works; Congreve thanked him, but at the ſame time told that ingenious foreigner, he did not chuſe to be conſidered as an author, but only as a private gentleman, and in that light expected to be viſited. Voltaire anſwered,

anſwered, 'That if he had never been any thing 'but a private gentleman, in all probability, he 'had never been troubled with that viſit.'

Mr. Voltaire upon this occaſion obſerves, that he was not a little diſguſted with ſo unſeaſonable a piece of vanity:——This was indeed the higheſt inſtance of it, that perhaps can be produced. A man who owed to his wit and writings the reputation, as well as the fortune, he acquired, pretending to diveſt himſelf of human nature to ſuch a degree, as to have no conſciouſneſs of his own merit, was the moſt abſurd piece of vanity that ever entered into the heart of man; and of all vanity, that is the greateſt which maſks itſelf under the appearance of the oppoſite quality.

Towards the cloſe of his life, he was much troubled with the gout; and for this reaſon, in the ſummer of the year 1728, he made a tour to Bath, for the benefit of the waters, where he had the misfortune to be overturned in his chariot, from which time he complained of a pain in his ſide, which was ſuppoſed to ariſe from ſome inward bruiſe. Upon his return to London, he perceived his health gradually decline, which he bore with fortitude and reſignation.

On January the 19th, 1728-9, he yielded his laſt breath, about five o'clock in the morning, at his houſe in Surrey-ſtreet in the Strand, in the fifty-ſeventh year of his age. On the ſunday following, January 26, his corpſe lay in ſtate in the Jeruſalem-Chamber, from whence the ſame evening, between the hours of nine and ten, it was carried with great decency and ſolemnity to Henry the VIIth's Chapel; and after the funeral ſervice was performed, it was interred in the Abbey. The pall was ſupported by the duke of Bridgewater, earl of Godolphin, lord Cobham, lord Wilmington,

mington, the honourable George Berkley, Eſq; and Brigadier-general Churchill; and colonel Congreve followed his corpſe as chief mourner; ſome time after, a neat and elegant monument was erected to his memory, by Henrietta ducheſs of Marlborough.

Mr. Congreve's reputation is ſo extenſive, and his works ſo generally read, that any ſpecimen of his poetry may be deemed ſuperfluous. But finding an epiſtle of our author's in the Biographia Brittannica, not inſerted in his works, it may not be improper to give it a place here. It is addreſſed to the lord viſcount Cobham, and the ingenious authors inform us, that they copied it from a MS. very correct.

As in this poem there is a viſible alluſion to the meaſures, which the writer thought were too complaiſant to the French, it is evident it muſt have been penned but a very ſmall time before his death.

Of improving the preſent time.

Sincereſt critic of my proſe, or rhyme.
Tell how thy pleaſing Stowe employs thy time.
Say, Cobham, what amuſes thy retreat?
Or ſtratagems of war, or ſchemes of ſtate?
Doſt thou recall to mind, with joy or grief,
Great Marlbro's actions? that immortal chief,
Whoſe higheſt trophy, rais'd in each campaign,
More than ſuffic'd to ſignalize a reign.
Does thy remembrance riſing, warm thy heart
With glory paſt, where thou thyſelf had'ſt part;
Or do'ſt thou grieve indignant, now to ſee
The fruitleſs end of all thy victory?
To ſee th' audacious foe, ſo late ſubdu'd,
Diſpute thoſe terms for which ſo long they ſu'd,
As if Britannia now were ſunk ſo low,
To beg that peace ſhe wanted to beſtow.

Be

Be far, that guilt! be never known that ſhame!
That England ſhould retract her rightful claim!
Or ceaſing to be dreaded and ador'd,
Stain with her pen the luſtre of her ſword.
Or doſt thou give the winds, a-far to blow,
Each vexing thought, and heart-devouring woe,
And fix thy mind alone on rural ſcenes,
To turn the levell'd lawns to liquid plains;
To raiſe the creeping rills from humble beds,
And force the latent ſprings to lift their heads;
On watry columns capitals to rear,
That mix their flowing curls with upper air?
Or doſt thou, weary grown, late works neglect,
No temples, ſtatues, obeliſks erect;
But catch the morning breeze from fragrant meads.
Or ſhun the noon-tide ray in wholeſome ſhades;
Or lowly walk along the mazy wood,
To meditate on all that's wiſe and good:
For nature, bountiful, in thee has join'd,
A perſon pleaſing, with a worthy mind,
Not giv'n the form alone, but means and art,
To draw the eye, or to allure the heart.
Poor were the praiſe, in fortune to excel,
Yet want the way to uſe that fortune well.
While thus adorn'd, while thus with virtue crown'd,
At home in peace; abroad, in arms renown'd;
Graceful in form, and winning in addreſs,
While well you think, what aptly you expreſs;
With health, with honour, with a fair eſtate,
A table free, and elegantly neat.
What can be added more to mortal bliſs?
What can he want that ſtands poſſeſt of this?
What can the fondeſt wiſhing mother more,
Of heav'n attentive, for her ſon implore?
And yet, a happineſs remains unknown,
Or to philoſophy reveal'd alone;

A pre-

A precept which, unpractis'd, renders vain
Thy flowing hopes, and pleasure turns to pain.
Shou'd hope and fear thy heart alternate tear,
Or love, or hate, or rage, or anxious care,
Whatever passions may thy mind infest,
(Where is that mind which passions ne'er molest?)
Amidst the pangs of such intestine strife,
Still think the present day the last of life;
Defer not 'till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise;
Or shou'd to-morrow chance to chear thy sight,
With her enliv'ning, and unlook'd-for light.
How grateful will appear her dawning rays!
Its favours unexpected doubly please.
Who thus can think, and who such thoughts pursues,
Content may keep his life, or calmly lose.
All proofs of this, thou may'st thyself receive,
When leisure from affairs will give thee leave.
Come, see thy friend retir'd, without regret,
Forgetting care, or striving to forget,
In easy contemplation, soothing time
With morals much, and now and then with rhyme;
Not so robust in body as in mind,
And always undejected, tho' declin'd;
Not wond'ring at the world's new wicked ways,
Compar'd with those of our fore-father's days:
For virtue now is neither more or less,
And vice is only vary'd in the dress:
Believe it, men have ever been the same,
And OVID'S GOLDEN AGE is but a dream.

We shall conclude the life of this eminent wit, with the testimony of Mr. Pope in his favour, from the close of his postscript to the translation of Homer: It is in every respect so honourable, that it would be injurious to Mr. Congreve

to omit it.——His words are——'Inſtead of endeavouring to raiſe a vain monument to myſelf, let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendſhip with one of the moſt valuable men, as well as the fineſt writers of my age and country. One who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do juſtice to Homer, and one who I'm ſure ſincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him therefore, having brought this long work to a concluſion, I deſire to dedicate it, and have the honour and ſatisfaction of placing together in this manner, the names of Mr. Congreve and of

A. POPE.

Sir

Sir JOHN VANBRUGH.

THIS Gentleman was deſcended from an antient family in Cheſhire, which came originally from France; though by the name it would appear to be of Dutch extraction. He received a very liberal education, and became eminent for his poetry, and ſkill in architecture, to both which he diſcovered an early propenſion. It is ſomewhat remarkable in the Hiſtory of Poetry, that when the ſpirit of Tragedy, in a great meaſure, declined, when Otway and Lee were dead, and Dryden was approaching to old age, that Comedy ſhould then begin to flouriſh; at an Æra, which one would not have expected to prove auſpicious to the cauſe of mirth.

Much about the ſame time roſe Mr. Congreve, and Sir John Vanbrugh; who, without any invidious reflection on the genius of others, gave a new life to the ſtage, and reſtored it to reputation, which before their appearance had been for ſome time ſinking. Happy would it have been for the world, and ſome advantage to the memory of theſe comic writers, if they had diſcovered their wit, without any mixture of that licentiouſneſs, which while it pleaſed, tended to corrupt the audience.

The firſt ſtep our author made into life, was in the character of an enſign in the army. He was poſſeſſed of a very ready wit, and an agreeable elocution. He happened ſomewhere in his winter quarters, to contract an acquaintance with Sir Thomas Skipwith, and received a particular obligation from him. He had very early diſcovered a taſte for dramatic writing, to improve which he made ſome attempts in that way, and had the draft or out-lines of two plays lying by him, at the time his acquaintance commenced with Sir Thomas. This gentleman poſſeſſed a large ſhare in a Theatrical Patent, though he very little concerned himſelf in the conduct of it; but that he might not appear altogether remiſs, he thought to procure ſome advantage to the ſtage, by having our author's play, called the Relapſe, to be acted upon it. In this he was not diſappointed, for the Relapſe ſucceeded beyond the warmeſt expectation, and raiſed Vanbrugh's name very high amongſt the writers for the ſtage.

Tho' this play met with greater applauſe, than the author expected, yet it was not without its enemies. Theſe were people of the graver ſort, who blamed the looſeneſs of the ſcenes, and the unguarded freedom of the dialect. Theſe complaints induced Vanbrugh to make ſome obſervations upon them in his preface, which he thus begins, 'To go about 'to excuſe half the defects this abortive brat is 'come into the world with, would be to provoke 'the town with a long uſeleſs preface, when 'tis, I 'doubt, ſufficiently four'd already, by a tedious 'play.

'I do therefore, with all the humility of a re-'penting ſinner, confeſs it wants every thing—but 'length, and in that I hope the ſevereſt critics 'will be pleaſed to acknowledge, I have not been

'wanting. But my modeſty will ſure attone for 'every thing, when the world ſhall know it is ſo 'great, I am even to this day inſenſible of thoſe 'two ſhining graces, in the play (which ſome part 'of the town is pleaſed to compliment me with) 'blaſphemy and bawdy. For my part I cannot 'find them out; if there were any obſcene ex-'preſſions upon the ſtage, here they are in print; 'for I have dealt fairly, I have not ſunk a ſyllable, 'that could be ranged under that head, and yet I 'believe with a ſteady faith, there is not one 'woman of real reputation in town, but when 'ſhe has read it impartially over in her cloſet, 'will find it ſo innocent, ſhe'll think it no affront 'to her prayer book, to lay it upon the ſame 'ſhelf.'

Being encouraged by the ſucceſs of the Relapſe, he yielded to the ſollicitation of lord Hallifax, who had read ſome of the looſe ſheets of his Provok'd Wife, to finiſh that piece; and after throwing them into a proper form, gave the play to the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Though Sir John had a greater inclination to ſerve the other company, yet the requeſt of lord Hallifax, ſo eminent a patron of the poets, could not be reſiſted. Sir Thomas Skipwith was not offended at ſo reaſonable a compliance, and the Provok'd Wife was acted 1698, with ſucceſs. Some critics likewiſe objected againſt this, as a looſe performance; and that it taught the married women how to revenge themſelves on their huſbands, who ſhould offend them.

The play has indeed this moral, that ſuch huſbands as reſemble Sir John Brute, may expect that neglected beauty, and abuſed virtue, may be provoked to yield to the motives of revenge,

and that the forcible ſollicitations of an agreeable perſon, who not only demonſtrates a value, but a paſſion for what the poſſeſſor ſlights, may be ſufficiently prevalent with an injured wife to forfeit her honour.

Though this event may often fall out, that the brutality of a huſband produces the infidelity of a wife, yet it need not be ſhewn upon the ſtage; women are not generally ſo tame in their natures, as to bear neglect with patience, and the natural reſentments of the human heart will without any other monitor point out the method of revenge. Beſides, every huſband ought not to be deemed a brute, becauſe a too delicate, or ceremonious wife, ſhall, in the abundance of her caprice, beſtow upon him that appellation. Many women who have beheld this repreſentation, may have been ſtimulated to imitate lady Brute in her method of revenge, without having ſuffered her provocation. This play verifies the obſervation of Mr. Pope,

That Van wants grace, who never wanted wit.

The next play which Sir John Vanburgh introduced upon the ſtage was Æſop, a Comedy; in two Parts, acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane 1698. This was originally written in French, by Mr. Bourſart, about ſix years before; but the ſcenes of Sir Polidorus Hogſtye, the Players, the Senator, and the Beau, were added by our author. This performance contains a great deal of general ſatire, and uſeful morality; notwithſtanding which, it met with but a cold reception from the audience, and its run terminated in about 8 or 9 days. This ſeemed the more ſurpriſing to men of taſte, as the French comedy from which it was taken, was played to crowded audiences for a month together.

Sir

Sir John has rather improved upon the original by adding new ſcenes, than ſuffered it to be diminiſhed in a tranſlation, but the French and the Engliſh taſte was in that particular very different. We cannot better account for the ill ſucceſs of this excellent piece, than in the words of Mr. Cibber's Apology for his own Life, when ſpeaking of this play, he has the following obſervation; 'The character that delivers precepts of wiſdom, 'is, in ſome ſort, ſevere upon the auditor, for 'ſhewing him one wiſer than himſelf; but when 'folly is his object, he applauds himſelf for be-'ing wiſer than the coxcomb he laughs at, and 'who is not more pleaſed with an occaſion to 'commend, than to accuſe himſelf?'

Sir John Vanbrugh, it is ſaid, had great facility in writing, and is not a little to be admired for the ſpirit, eaſe, and readineſs, with which he produced his plays. Notwithſtanding his extraordinary expedition, there is a clear and lively ſimplicity in his wit, that is equally diſtant from the pedantry of learning, and the lowneſs of ſcurrility. As the face of a fine lady, with her hair undreſſed, may appear in the morning in its brighteſt glow of beauty; ſuch were the productions of Vanbrugh, adorned with only the negligent graces of nature.

Mr. Cibber obſerves, that there is ſomething ſo catching to the ear, ſo eaſy to the memory in all he wrote, that it was obſerved by the actors of his time, that the ſtile of no author whatſoever gave the memory leſs trouble than that of Sir John Vanbrugh, which he himſelf has confirmed by a pleaſing experience. His wit and humour was ſo little laboured, that his moſt entertaining ſcenes ſeemed to be no more than his common converſation committed to paper. As his conceptions

tions were so full of life and humour, it is not much to be wondered at, if his muse should be sometimes too warm to wait the slow pace of judgment, or to endure the drudgery of forming a regular Fable to them.

That Sir John was capable of a great force of thinking, appears abundantly clear from that scene between Æsop and a country gentleman, who comes to complain of the bad conduct of those in power. The dialogue is at once sensible and animated. Æsop shews him what he reckoned the oppressions of the administration, flowed from the prejudices of ignorance, contemplated through the medium of popular discontent. In the interview between the Beau and the Philosopher, there is the following pretty fable. The Beau observes to Æsop, 'It is is very well; it is very well, old 'spark; I say it is very well; because I han't a 'pair of plod shoes, and a dirty shirt, you think 'a woman won't venture upon me for husband. '—Why now to shew you, old father, how little 'you philosophers know the ladies.——I'll tell you 'an adventure of a friend of mine.'

A Band, a Bob-wig and a Feather
Attack'd a lady's heart together,
The band in a most learned plea,
Made up of deep philosophy,
Told her, if she would please to wed
A reverend beard, and take instead
Of vigorous youth,
Old solemn truth,
With books, and morals into bed,
How happy she would be.

The Bob, he talk'd of management,
What wond'rous blessings Heav'n sent

On

On care, and pains, and induſtry;
And truly he muſt be ſo free,
To own he thought your airy beaux,
With powdered wigs, and dancing ſhoes,
Were good for nothing (mend his ſoul)
But prate and talk, and play the fool.

He ſaid, 'twas wealth gave joy, and mirth,
And that to be the deareſt wife,
Of one who laboured all his life,
To make a mine of gold his own,
And not ſpend ſixpence when he'd done
Was Heaven upon earth.

When theſe two blades had done, d'ye ſee,
The Feather (as it might be me)
Steps out ſir from behind the ſkreen,
With ſuch an air and ſuch a mien,
Look you, old gentleman, in ſhort,
He quickly ſpoil'd the ſtateſman's ſport.

It prov'd ſuch ſunſhine weather,
That you muſt know at the firſt beck
The lady leapt about his neck,
And off they went together.

The reputation which Sir John gained by his comedies was rewarded with greater advantages, than what ariſe from the uſual profits of writing for the ſtage. He was appointed Clarencieux King at Arms, a place which he ſome time held, and at laſt diſpoſed of. In Auguſt 1716 he was appointed ſurveyor of the works at Greenwich Hoſpital; he was likewiſe made comptroller-general of his Majeſty's works, and ſurveyor of the gardens and waters, the profits of which places, collectively conſidered, muſt amount to a very conſiderable ſum.

In ſome part of our author's life (for we cannot juſtly aſcertain the time) he gratified an inclination of viſiting France. As curioſity no doubt induced him to paſs over to that country, he loſt no time in making ſuch obſervations as could enable him to diſcern the ſpirit, and genius of that polite people. His taſte for architecture excited him to take a ſurvey of the fortifications in that kingdom; but the ardour of his curioſity drew him into a ſnare, out of which he found great difficulty to eſcape. When he was one day ſurveying ſome fortifications with the ſtricteſt attention, he was taken notice of by an Engineer, ſecured by authority, and then carried priſoner to the Baſtile in Paris. The French were confirmed in ſuſpicions of his deſign, by ſeveral plans being found in his poſſeſſion at the time he was ſeized upon; but as the French, except in caſes of Hereſy, uſe their priſoners with gentleneſs and humanity, Sir John found his confinement ſo endurable, that he amus'd himſelf in drawing rude draughts of ſome comedies. This circumſtance raiſing curioſity in Paris, ſeveral of the nobleſſe viſited him in the Baſtile, when Sir John, who ſpoke their language with fluency and elegance, inſinuated himſelf into their favour by the vivacity of his wit, and the peculiarity of his humour. He gained ſo much upon their affections, that they repreſented him to the French King in an innocent light, and by that means procured his liberty ſome days before the ſollicitation came from England.

Sir John Vanbrugh formed a project of building a ſtately theatre in the Hay-market, for which he had intereſt enough to raiſe a ſubſcription of thirty perſons of quality at 100 l. each, in conſideration whereof, every ſubſcriber for his own life, ſhould be admitted to whatever entertainments

ments ſhould be publickly performed there, without farther payment for entrance.

On the firſt ſtone that was laid in this theatre, were inſcribed the words LITTLE WHIG, as a compliment to a lady of extraordinary beauty, then the celebrated toaſt, and pride of that party. In the year 1706 when this houſe was finiſhed, Mr. Betterton and his copartners put themſelves under the direction of Sir John Vanbrugh and Mr. Congreve; imagining that the conduct of two ſuch eminent authors would reſtore their ruined affairs; but they found their expectations were too ſanguine, for though Sir John was an expeditious writer, yet Mr. Congreve was too judicious to let any thing come unfiniſhed out of his hands; beſides, every proper convenience of a good theatre had been ſacrificed to ſhew the audience a vaſt triumphal piece of architecture, in which plays, by means of the ſpaciouſneſs of the dome, could not be ſucceſsfully repreſented, becauſe the actors could not be diſtinctly heard.

Not long before this time the Italian Opera began to ſteal into England, but in as rude a diſguiſe, and as unlike itſelf as poſſible; notwithſtanding which the new monſter pleaſed, though it had neither grace, melody, nor action to recommend it. To ſtrike in therefore with the prevailing faſhion, Vanbrugh and Congreve opened their New Theatre in the Hay-market, with a tranſlated Opera, ſet to Italian muſic, called The Triumph of Love, but it met with a cold reception, being performed only three days, to thin houſes.

Immediately upon the failure of the Opera, Vanbrugh produced his comedy called The Confederacy, greatly improved from the Bourgois à la mode of Dancour. The ſucceſs of this play was not equal to its merit; for it is written in an uncommon vein of humour, and abounds with the

moſt lively ſtrokes of raillery. The proſpects of gain from this theatre were ſo very u. promiſing, that Congreve, in a few months, gave up his ſhare and intereſt in the government wholly to Sir John Vanbrugh; who being now ſole proprietor of the houſe, was under a neceſſity to exert himſelf in its ſupport. As he had a happier talent for throwing the Engliſh ſpirit into his tranſlations of French plays, than any former author who had borrowed from them, he, in the ſame ſeaſon, gave the public three more of that kind, viz.

1. The Cuckold in Conceit, from the Cocu imaginaire of Moliere.

2. Squire Treelooby, from his Monſieur de Pourceaugnac.

3. The Miſtake, from the Depit Amoureux of the ſame Author *.

However well executed theſe pieces were, yet they came to the ear in the ſame undiſtinguiſhed utterance, by which almoſt all their plays had equally ſuffered; for as few could plainly hear, it was not likely a great many would applaud.

In this ſituation it appears, that nothing but the union of the two companies could reſtore the ſtage to its former reputation.

Sir John Vanbrugh therefore, tired of theatrical management, thought of diſpoſing of his whole farm to ſome induſtrious tenant, that might put it into better condition. It was to Mr. Owen Swiny, that in the exigence of his affairs, he made an offer of his actors under ſuch agreements of ſalary

* The two firſt were never printed from Sir John's manuſcript.

ſalary as might be made with them; and of his houſe, cloaths, and ſcenes, with the Queen's licenſe to employ them, upon payment of the caſual rent of five pounds every acting day, and not to exceed 700 l. per annum. With this propoſal Mr. Swiny complied, and governed that ſtage till another great theatrical revolution.

There are two plays of our author not yet mentioned, viz. The Falſe Friend, a Comedy; acted in 1698, and A Journey to London, a Comedy; which he left unfiniſhed. This laſt piece was finiſhed by Mr. Cibber to a very great advantage, and now is one of the beſt comedies in our language. Mr. Cibber, in his prologue, takes particular notice of our author's virtuous intention in compoſing this piece, which, he ſays, was to make ſome amends for thoſe looſe ſcenes, which in the fire of his youth he had with more regard to applauſe, than virtue, exhibited to the public: but this deſign will be beſt underſtood by inſerting the prologue.

PROLOGUE.

This play took birth from principles of truth,
To make amends for errors paſt, of youth.
A bard that's now no more, in riper days,
Conſcious review'd the licence of his plays:
And tho' applauſe his wanton muſe had fir'd,
Himſelf condemn'd what ſenſual minds admir'd.
At length he own'd that plays ſhould let you ſee
Not only what you are, but ought to be:
Though vice was natural, 'twas never meant,
The ſtage ſhould ſhew it, but for puniſhment!
Warm with that thought his muſe once more took flame,
Reſolv'd to bring licentious life to ſhame.

Such

Such was the piece, his lateſt pen deſign'd,
But left no traces of his plan behind.
Luxurious ſcenes, unprun'd, or half contriv'd;
Yet, through the maſs, his native fire ſurviv'd:
Rough as rich oar, in mines the treaſure lay,
Yet ſtill 'twas rich, and forms at length a play.
In which the bold compiler boaſts no merit,
But that his pains have ſav'd you ſcenes of ſpirit.
Not ſcenes that would a noiſy joy impart,
But ſuch as huſh the mind, and warm the heart.
From praiſe of hands, no ſure account he draws,
But fix'd attention is, ſincere applauſe.
If then (for hard you'll own the taſk) his art
Can to thoſe Embrion-ſcenes new life impart;
The living proudly would exclude his lays,
And to the buried bard reſign the praiſe.

Sir John indeed appears to have been often ſenſible of the immorality of his ſcenes; for in the year 1725 when the company of comedians was called upon, in a manner that could not be reſiſted, to revive the Provok'd Wife, the author, who was conſcious how juſtly it was expoſed to cenſure, thought proper to ſubſtitute a new ſcene in the fourth act, in place of another, in which, in the wantonneſs of his wit and humour, he had made a Rake talk like a Rake, in the habit of a Clergyman. To avoid which offence, he put the ſame Debauchee into the Undreſs of a Woman of Quality; for the character of a fine lady, it ſeems, is not reckoned ſo indelibly ſacred, as that of a Churchman. Whatever follies he expoſed in the petticoat kept him at leaſt clear of his former imputed

puted prophaneneſs, and appeared now to the audience innocently ridiculous.

This ingenious dramatiſt died of a quinſey at his houſe in Whitehall, on the 26th of March 1726. He was a man of a lively imagination, of a facetious, and engaging humour, and as he lived eſteemed by all his acquaintance, ſo he died without leaving one enemy to reproach his memory; a felicity which few men of public employments, or poſſeſſed of ſo diſtinguiſhed a genius, ever enjoyed. He has left behind him monuments of fame, which can never periſh but with taſte and politeneſs.

Sir RICHARD STEELE, Knt.

THIS celebrated genius was born in Ireland. His father being a counſellor at law, and private ſecretary to James duke of Ormond, he went over with his grace to that kingdom, when he was raiſed to the dignity of lord lieutenant *. Our author when but very young, came over into England; and was educated at the Charter-Houſe ſchool in London, where Mr. Addiſon was his ſchool-fellow, and where they contracted a friendſhip which continued firm till the death of that great man.

His inclination leading him to the army, he rode for ſome time privately in the guards; in which ſtation, as he himſelf tells us, in his Apology for his Writings, he firſt became an author, a way of life in which the irregularities of youth are conſidered as a kind of recommendation.

Mr. Steele was born with the moſt violent propenſion to pleaſure, and at the ſame time was maſter of ſo much good ſenſe, as to be able to diſcern the extreme folly of licentious courſes, their moral unfitneſs, and the many calamities they naturally produce. He maintained a perpetual ſtruggle between reaſon and appetite. He frequently fell into indulgencies, which coſt him many a pang of remorſe, and under the conviction of the danger of a vicious life, he wrote his Chriſtian Hero, with a deſign to fix

* General Dictionary, vol. ix. p. 395.

fix upon his own mind a ſtrong impreſſion of virtue and religion. But this ſecret admonition to his conſcience he judged too weak, and therefore in the year 1701 printed the book with his name prefixed, in hopes that a ſtanding evidence againſt himſelf in the eyes of the world, might the more forcibly induce him to lay a reſtraint upon his deſires, and make him aſhamed of vice, ſo contrary to his own ſenſe and conviction.

This piece was the firſt of any note, and is eſteem'd by ſome as one of the beſt of Mr. Steele's works; he gained great reputation by it, and recommended himſelf to the regard of all pious and good men. But while he grew in the eſteem of the religious and worthy, he ſunk in the opinion of his old companions in gaiety: He was reckoned by them to have degenerated from the gay, ſprightly companion, to the dull diſagreeable pedant, and they meaſured the leaſt levity of his words and actions with the character of a Chriſtian Hero. Thus he found himſelf ſlighted, inſtead of being encouraged for his declarations as to religion; but happily thoſe who held him in contempt for his defence of piety and goodneſs were characters, with whom to be at variance is virtue. But Mr. Steele, who could not be content with the ſuffrage of the Good only, without the concurrence of the Gay, ſet about recovering the favour of the latter by innocent means: He introduced a Comedy on the ſtage, called Grief A-la-Mode, in which, tho' full of incidents that move laughter, and inſpire chearfulneſs, virtue and vice appear juſt as they ought to do. This play was acted at the Theatre in Drury Lane 1702, and as nothing can make the town ſo fond of a man, as a ſucceſsful play; ſo this, with ſome other particulars enlarged on to his advantage, recommended him to king William, and his name to be provided for was in the laſt table-book worn by his majeſty.

He

He had before this time procured a captain's commiſſion in the lord Lucas's regiment, by the intereſt of lord Cutts, to whom he dedicated his Chriſtian Hero, and who likewiſe appointed him his ſecretary: His next appearance as a writer, was in the office of Gazetteer, in which he obſerves in the ſame apology for himſelf, he worked faithfully, according to order, without ever erring againſt the rule obſerved by all miniſters, to keep that paper very innocent, and inſipid. The reproaches he heard every Gazette-day againſt the writer of it, inſpired him with a fortitude of being remarkably negligent of what people ſaid, which he did not deſerve. In endeavouring to acquire this negligence, he certainly acted a prudent part, and gained the moſt important and leading advantage, with which every author ſhould ſet out.

Whoever writes for the public, is ſure to draw down envy on himſelf from ſome quarter or other, and they who are reſolved never to be pleaſed, conſider him as too aſſuming, and diſcover their reſentment by contempt. How miſerable is the ſtate of an author! It is his misfortune in common with the fair ſex,

To pleaſe too little, or to pleaſe too much.

If he happens to be a ſucceſsful writer, his friends who become then proud of his acquaintance, flatter him, and by ſoothing his vanity teach him to overrate his importance, and while he graſps at univerſal fame, he loſes by too vigorous an effort, what he had acquired by diligence and application: If he pleaſes too little, that is, if his works are not read, he is in a fair way of being a great loſer by his attempt to pleaſe.

Mr.

Mr. Steele ſtill continued to write plays. In the year 1703 his Comedy, entitled the Tender Huſband, or the Accompliſhed Fools, was acted at the Theatre in Drury-Lane; as his Comedy of the Lying-Lovers, or the Ladies Friendſhip, was likewiſe the year following, both with ſucceſs; ſo that his reputation was now fully eſtabliſhed.

In the year 1709 he began the Tatler, the firſt of which was publiſhed on Tueſday April the 12th, and the laſt on Tueſday January the 2d, 1710-11. This paper greatly increaſing his fame, he was preferred to be one of the commiſſioners of the ſtamp office. Upon laying down the Tatler, he ſet up, in concert with Mr. Addiſon, the Spectator, which was continued from March the 1ſt, 1710-11, to December the 6th 1712; and reſumed June 18th 1714, and continued till December the 20th, the ſame year.

The Guardian was likewiſe publiſhed by them, in 1713, and in the October of the ſame year, Mr. Steele began a political paper, entitled the Engliſhman.

In the Spectator, Mr. Steele's papers are marked with the letter T. and in them are contained the moſt pictureſque deſcriptions of low life, of which he was perfect maſter. Humour was his talent, though not ſo much confined to that caſt of writing to be incapable of painting very tender ſcenes; witneſs his Conſcious Lovers, which never fails to draw tears; and in ſome of his Spectators he has written in ſo feeling a manner, that none can read them without emotion.

He had a ſtrong inclination to find out the humours of low life, and to make himſelf maſter of them. When he was at Edinburgh, as one of the commiſſioners on the forfeited eſtates, he one day made a very ſplendid feaſt, and while his ſervants were ſurprized at the great prepara-

tions,

tions, and were expecting every moment to carry out his invitations to the company for whom they imagined it was prepared, he commanded them to go out to the ſtreet, and pick up whatever beggars, and poor people they ſaw, and invite them to his houſe: The ſervants obeyed, and Sir Richard ſoon ſaw himſelf at the head of 40 or 50 beggars, together with ſome poor decay'd tradeſmen. After dinner he plied them with punch and wine, and when the frolic was ended, he declared, that beſides the pleaſure of feeding ſo many hungry perſons, he had learned from them humour enough for a good comedy.

Our author was a man of the higheſt benevolence; he celebrates a generous action with a warmth that is only peculiar to a good heart; and however he may be blamed for want of œconomy, &c. yet was he the moſt agreeable, and if we may be allowed the expreſſion, the moſt innocent rake, that ever trod the rounds of indulgence.

He wrote ſeveral poetical pieces, particularly the Engliſhman's thanks to the duke of Marlborough, printed in 1711; a letter to Sir Miles Wharton, concerning Occaſional Peers, dated March 5th, 1713. The Guardian of Auguſt the 7th, 1713; and the importance of Dunkirk conſidered, in defence of that Guardian, in a letter to the bailiff of Stockbridge: The French Faith repreſented in the preſent ſtate of Dunkirk: The Criſis, a Letter to a Member of Parliament, concerning the bill to prevent the preſent Growth of Schiſm, dated May 28, 1714; and his Apology for himſelf and his Writings.

Theſe pieces ſhew how much he was diſpleaſed with the laſt meaſures of Queen Anne, and were written to combat the Tory miniſtry; to oppoſe which

which he ſet about procuring a ſeat in Parliament; for which purpoſe he reſigned his place of commiſſioner of the ſtamp-office, in June 1713, in a letter to the earl of Oxford, lord high treaſurer, and was choſen member of the Houſe of Commons, for the Borough of Stockbridge. But he did not long enjoy his ſeat in that houſe before he was expelled, on the 18th of March 1713, for writing the Engliſhman, being the cloſe of the paper ſo called; and the Criſis *.

In 1714 he publiſhed the Romiſh Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory of late years, and a paper intitled The Lover; the firſt of which appeared Thurſday February 25, 1714, and another intitled the Reader, which began on Thurſday April 22, the ſame year. In the ſixth Number of this laſt paper, he gave an account of his deſign of writing the Hiſtory of the Duke of Marlborough, from proper materials in his cuſtody: the relation to commence from the date of his grace's commiſſion, as captain-general, and plenipotentiary; and to end with the expiration of theſe commiſſions. But this noble deſign he lived not to execute, and the materials were afterwards returned to the ducheſs of Marlborough, who left them to Mr. Mallet, with a handſome gratuity for the execution of Sir Richard's deſign.

Soon after the acceſſion of king George the Iſt to the throne, Mr. Steele was appointed ſurveyor of the royal ſtables at Hampton-Court, and governor of the royal company of Comedians, by a patent, dated January 19, 1714-15. He was likewiſe put into the commiſſion of the peace for the county of Middleſex; and in April 1715 received the honour of knighthood from his majeſty. In the firſt parliament

* His expulſion was owing to the ſpleen of the then prevailing party; what they deſign'd as a diſgrace, prov'd an honour to him.

parliament of that king, he was choſen for Borough-brigg in Yorkſhire; and after the ſuppreſſing the Rebellion in the North, was appointed one of the commiſſioners of the forfeited eſtates in Scotland, where he received from ſeveral of the nobility and gentry of that part of the united kingdom the moſt diſtinguiſhing marks of reſpect. He contracted a friendſhip while in Scotland, with one Hart, a Preſbyterian miniſter in Edinburgh, whom he afterwards honoured with his correſpondence: This Hart he uſed merrily to ſtile the Hangman of the Goſpel, for though he was a facetious good-natur'd man, yet he had fallen into a peculiar way of preaching what he called the Terrors of the Law, and denounced anathemas from the pulpit without reſerve.

Sir Richard held frequent converſations with Hart, and other miniſters, concerning the reſtoration of epiſcopacy, the antient church-government of that nation, and often obſerved that it was pity, when the two kingdoms were united in language, in dreſs, in politics, and in all eſſential points, even in religion, ſhould yet be divided in the eccleſiaſtical adminiſtration, which ſtill ſerves to maintain a kind of alienation between the people. He found many of the Scots well diſpoſed towards prelacy; but the generality, who were taught to contemplate the church of England, with as much horror as that of Rome, could not ſoon be prevailed upon to return to it.

Sir Richard wiſhed well to the intereſts of religion, and as he imagined that Union would promote it, he had ſome thoughts of propoſing it at court, but the times were unfavourable. The Preſbyterians had lately appeared active againſt the rebels, and were not to be diſobliged; but ſuch is now the good underſtanding between the epiſcopal and preſbyterian parties, that a few conceſſions on the one ſide, and not many advances on the other, poſſibly might produce

an amicable coalition, as it is chiefly in form, rather than in articles of religion, in which they differ.

In the year 1715 he publiſhed an account of the ſtate of the Roman Catholic Religion throughout the World, tranſlated from an Italian manuſcript, with a dedication to the Pope, giving him a very particular account of the ſtate of religion amongſt the Proteſtants, and ſeveral other matters of importance, relating to Great-Britain; but this dedication is ſuppoſed to be written by another very eminent hand, more converſant in ſubjects of that nature than Sir Richard.

The ſame year our author publiſhed a Letter from the earl of Marr to the king, before his majeſty's arrival in England; with ſome remarks on my lord's ſubſequent conduct; and the year following a ſecond volume of the Engliſhman, and in 1718 an account of a Fiſh-Pool, which was a project of his for bringing fiſh to market alive, for which he obtained a patent.

In 1719 he publiſhed a pamphlet called the Spinſter, and a Letter to the Earl of Oxford, concerning the Bill of Peerage, which bill he oppoſed in the Houſe of Commons. Some time after, he wrote againſt the South-Sea-Scheme; his Criſis of poſterity; and another piece intitled, A Nation a Family; and on Saturday January the 2d, 1719-20, he began a paper called the Theatre, during the courſe of which his patent of governor of the Royal Company of Comedians, being ſuſpended by his majeſty, he publiſhed, The State of the Caſe.

In the year 1722, he brought his Conſcious Lovers on the ſtage, with prodigious ſucceſs. This is the laſt and moſt finiſhed of all Sir Richard's Comedies, and 'tis doubtful if there is upon the ſtage, any more inſtructing; that tends to convey a finer moral, or is better conducted in its deſign. We have already obſerved, that it is impoſſible to witneſs the tender ſcenes of this Comedy without

without emotion; that is, no man of feeling and humanity, who has experienced the delicate ſolicitudes of love and affection, can do it. Sir Richard has told us, that when one of the players told Mr. Wilks, that there was a General weeping for Indiana; he politely obſerved, that he would not fight the worſe for that; and indeed what a noble ſchool of morality would the ſtage be, if all thoſe who write for it would obſerve ſuch delicate chaſtity; they would then inforce an honourable and virtuous deportment, by the moſt inſinuating and eaſy means; they would ſo allure the audience by the amiable form of goodneſs repreſented in her native lovelineſs, that he who could reſiſt her charms, muſt be ſomething more than wicked.

When Sir Richard finiſhed this Comedy, the parts of Tom and Phillis were not then in it: He read it to Mr. Cibber, who candidly told him, that though he liked his play upon the whole, both in the caſt of the characters and execution of them; yet, that it was rather too grave for an Engliſh audience, who want generally to laugh at a Comedy, and without which in their opinion, the end is not anſwered. Mr. Cibber then propoſed the addition of ſome comic characters, with which Sir Richard agreed, and ſaw the propriety and force of the obſervation. This comedy (at Sir Richard's requeſt) received many additions from, and were greatly improved by Mr. Cibber.——Our author dedicated this work to the king, who made him a preſent of 500l.

Some years before his death, he grew paralytic, and retired to his ſeat at Langunner, near Caermarthen in Wales, where he died September the 1ſt, 1729; and was privately interred according to his own deſire, in the church of Caermarthen.

Beſides his writings above-mentionened, he began on Saturday the 17th of December, a weekly paper in quarto, called the Town-Talk, in a letter to a lady

a lady in the country; and another, intitled the Tea-Table: He had likewiſe planned a comedy which he intended to call The School of Action. ——As Sir Richard was beloved when living, ſo his loſs was ſincerely regretted at his death. He was a man of undiſſembled, and extenſive benevolence; a friend to the friendleſs, and as far as his circumſtances would permit, the father of every orphan: His works are chaſte, and manly, he himſelf admired virtue, and he drew her as lovely as ſhe is: of his works it may be ſaid, as Sir George Lyttleton in his prologue to Coriolanus obſerves of Thomſon, that there are not in them

> One corrupted, one immoral thought,
> A line which dying he could wiſh to blot.

He was a ſtranger to the moſt diſtant appearance of envy or malevolence, never jealous of any man's growing reputation, and ſo far from arrogating any praiſe to himſelf, from his conjunction with Mr. Addiſon, that he was the firſt who deſired him to diſtinguiſh his papers in the Spectator, and after the death of that great man was a faithful executor of his fame, notwithſtanding an aſperſion which Mr. Tickell was ſo unjuſt to throw upon him. Sir Richard's greateſt error was want of oeconomy, as appears from the two following inſtances related by the elegant writer of Mr. Savage's Life, to whom that gentleman communicated them.

'Savage was once deſired by Sir Richard, with 'an air of the utmoſt importance, to come very 'early to his houſe the next morning. Mr. Savage 'came as he had promiſed, found the chariot at 'the door, and Sir Richard waiting for him ready 'to go out. What was intended, and whither they

'were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was 'not willing to inquire, but immediately ſeated 'himſelf with Sir Richard: The coachman was 'ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmoſt 'expedition to Hyde-Park Corner, where they 'ſtopped at a petty tavern, and retired to a private 'room. Sir Richard then informed him, that he 'intended to publiſh a pamphlet, and that he deſired 'him to come thither, that he might write for him. 'They ſoon ſat down to the work, Sir Richard 'dictated, and Savage wrote, till the dinner which 'had been ordered, was put upon the table. Savage 'was ſurpriſed at the meanneſs of the entertainment, 'and after ſome heſitation, ventured to aſk for 'wine, which Sir Richard, not without reluctance 'ordered to be brought. They then finiſhed their 'dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet, which 'they concluded in the afternoon. Mr. Savage then 'imagined his taſk over, and expected that Sir 'Richard would call for the reckoning and return 'home; but his expectations deceived him, for Sir 'Richard told him he was without money and that 'the pamphlet muſt be ſold before the dinner could 'be paid for; and Savage was therefore obliged to 'go and offer their new production to ſale for two 'guineas, which with ſome difficulty he obtained. 'Sir Richard then returned home, having retired 'that day only to avoid his creditors, and com-'poſed the pamphlet only to diſcharge his rec-'koning.' As Savage has ſaid nothing to the contrary, it is reaſonable to conjecture that he had Sir Richard's permiſſion to uſe his name to the Bookſeller, to whom he made an offer of it for two guineas, otherwiſe it is very improbable that the pamphlet ſhould be ſold at all in ſo ſhort a time.

The other inſtance is equally uncommon with the former;

Sir

Sir Richard having invited to his houſe a great number of perſons of the firſt quality, they were ſurprized at the number of liveries which ſurrounded the table; and after dinner, when wine and mirth had ſet them free from the obſervation of rigid ceremony, one of them enquired of Sir Richard, how ſuch an expenſive train of domeſtics could be conſiſtent with his fortune? Sir Richard frankly confeſſed, that they were fellows of whom he would very willingly be rid. And being then aſked why he did not diſcharge them; he declared that they were Bailiffs who had introduced themſelves with an execution, and whom, ſince he could not ſend them away, he had thought it convenient to imbelliſh with liveries, that they might do him credit whilſt they ſtaid.

His friends were diverted with the expedient, and by paying the debt, diſcharged the attendance, having obliged Sir Richard to promiſe that they ſhould never find him again graced with a retinue of the ſame kind.

He married to his firſt wife a gentlewoman of Barbadoes, with whom he had a valuable Plantation there on the death of her brother, who was taken by the French at Sea as he was coming to England, and died in France. This wife dying without iſſue, he married Mary, the daughter of Jonathan Scurlock of Langunnoc in Carmarthanſhire, eſq; by whom he had one ſon, Eugene, who died young: of his two daughters, one only is living; which lady became ſole heireſs to a handſome eſtate in Wales. She was married, when young, to the hon. John Trevor, eſq; one of the judges of the principality of Wales; who ſince, by the death of his brother, has taken his ſeat in the Houſe of Lords, as Baron Trevor, &c.

ANDREW MARVEL, Esq; †

THIS ingenious gentleman was the son of Mr. Andrew Marvel, Minister and Schoolmaster of Kingston upon Hull in Yorkshire, and was born in that town in the year 1620 *. He was admitted into Trinity College in Cambridge December 14, 1633, where he had not been long before his studies were interrupted by the following accident:

Some Jesuits with whom he familiarly conversed, observing in him a genius beyond his years, used their utmost efforts to proselyte him to their faith, which they imagined they could more easily accomplish while he was yet young. They so far succeeded as to seduce him from the college, and carry him to London, where, after some months absence, his father found him in a Bookseller's shop, and prevailed upon him to return to the college.

He afterwards pursued his studies with the most indefatigable application, and in the year 1638, took the degree of bachelor of arts, and the same year was admitted scholar of the house, that is,

† A disappointment occasioned our throwing this life out of the chronlogical order. But we hope the candid reader will pardon a fault of this kind: we only wish he may find nothing of more consequence to accuse us of.

* Cook's Life of Andrew Marvel, Esq; prefixed to the first volume of Mr. Marvel's Works, London 1726.

of the foundation at Trinity College ‡. We have no farther account of him for ſeveral years after this, only that he travelled through the moſt polite parts of the world, but in what quality we are not certain, unleſs in that of ſecretary to the embaſſy at Conſtantinople.

While our author was in France, he wrote his poem entitled Cuidam, qui legendo Scripturam, deſcripſit Formam, Sapientiam, Sortemque Authoris. Illuſtriſſimo Viro Domino Lanceloto Joſepho de Maniban Grammatomanti.

The perſon to whom he addreſſes theſe verſes was an Abbot, famous for entering into the qualities of thoſe whom he had never ſeen, and prognoſticating their good, or bad fortune from an inſpection of their hand-writing.

During the troubles of the Republic we find him tutor to one Mr. Dutton, a young gentleman; as appears from an original letter of his to Oliver Cromwel. This letter ſent to ſo extraordinary a perſon by a man of Mr. Marvel's conſequence, may excite the reader's curioſity, with which he ſhall be gratified. It carries in it much of that ſtiffneſs and pedantry peculiar to the times, and is very different from the uſual ſtile of our author.

'May it pleaſe your LORDSHIP,

'It might perhaps ſeem fit for me to ſeek out words to give your excellence thanks for myſelf. But indeed the only civility, which it is fit for me to practiſe with ſo eminent a perſon, is to obey you, and to perform honeſtly this work which you have ſet me about. Therefore I ſhall uſe the time that your lordſhip is pleaſed to allow me for

‡ Life ubi ſupra.

writing, only to that purpoſe for which you have given me it, that is, to render you ſome account of Mr. Dutton. I have taken care to examine him ſeveral times in the preſence of Mr. Oxenbridge *, as thoſe who weigh and tell over money, before ſome witneſſes e'er they take charge of it; for I thought that there might be poſſibly ſome lightneſs in the coin, or error in the telling, which hereafter I might be bound to make good. Therefore Mr. Oxenbridge is the beſt to make your excellence an impartial relation thereof; I ſhall only ſay, that I ſhall ſtrive according to my beſt underſtanding to increaſe whatſoever talent he may have already. Truly he is of a gentle, and waxen diſpoſition; and, God be praiſed, I cannot ſay that he hath brought with him any evil impreſſion; and I hope to ſet nothing upon his ſpirit, but what ſhall be of a good ſculpture. He hath in him two things, which make youth moſt eaſily to be managed, modeſty, which is the bridle to vice, and emulation, which is the ſpur to virtue. And the care which your excellency is pleaſed to take of him, is no ſmall encouragement, and ſhall be repreſented to him; but above all, I ſhall labour to make him ſenſible of his duty to God, for then we begin to ſerve faithfully, when we conſider that he is our maſter; and in this both he and I owe infinitely to your lordſhip, for having placed in ſo godly a family as that of Mr. Oxenbridge, whoſe doctrine and example are like a book and a map, not only inſtructing the ear, but demonſtrating to the eye which way we ought to travel. I ſhall upon occaſion henceforward inform your excellency of any particularities in our little affairs. I have no more at preſent but to give thanks to

* Mr. John Oxenbridge, who was made fellow of Eton College during the civil war, but ejected at the Reſtoration; he died in New England, and was a very enthuſiaſtic perſon.

God

God for your lordship, and to beg grace of him, to approve myself

* * *.'

Mr. Marvel's first appearance in public business at home, was, in being assistant to Milton as Latin secretary to the Protector. He himself tells us, in a piece called The Rehearsal Transposed, that he never had any, not the remotest relation to public matters, nor correspondence with the persons then predominant, until the year 1657, when indeed, says he, 'I entered into an employment, 'for which I was not altogether improper, and 'which I considered to be the most innocent, and 'inoffensive towards his Majesty's affairs of any 'in that usurped, and irregular government, to 'which all men were then exposed; and this I 'accordingly discharged, without disobliging any 'one person, there having been opportunities, and 'endeavours since his Majesty's happy rerurn, to 'have discovered, had it been otherwise.'

A little before the Restoration, he was chosen by his native town, Kingston upon Hull, to sit in that Parliament which began at Westminster April 25, 1660, and again after the Restoration for that which began at the same place May 8, 1661. In this station our author discharged his trust with the utmost fidelity, and always shewed a peculiar regard for those he represented; for he constantly sent the particulars of every proceeding in the House, to the heads of the town for which he was elected; and to those accounts he always joined his own opinion. This respectful behaviour gained so much on their affections, that they allowed him an honourable pension to his death, all which time he continued in Parliament.

Mr. Marvel was not endowed with the gift of eloquence, for he ſeldom ſpoke in the houſe; but was however capable of forming an excellent judgment of things, and was ſo acute a diſcerner of characters, that his opinion was greatly valued, and he had a powerful influence over many of the Members without doors. Prince Rupert particularly eſteemed him, and whenever he voted agreeable to the ſentiments of Mr. Marvel, it was a ſaying of the oppoſite party, he has been with his tutor. The intimacy between this illuſtrious foreigner, and our author was ſo great, that when it was unſafe for the latter to have it known where he lived, on account of ſome miſchief which was threatened him, the prince would frequently viſit him in a diſguiſed habit. Mr. Marvel was often in ſuch danger of aſſaſſination, that he was obliged to have his letters directed to him in another name, to prevent any diſcovery that way. He made himſelf obnoxious to the government, both by his actions, and writings; and notwithſtanding his proceedings were all contrary to his private intereſt, nothing could ever ſhake his reſolution, of which the following is a notable inſtance, and tranſmits our author's name with luſtre to poſterity.

One night he was entertained by the King, who had often been delighted with his company: his Majeſty next day ſent the lord treaſurer Danby to find out his lodging; Mr. Marvel, then rented a room up two pair of ſtairs, in a little court in the Strand, and was writing when the lord treaſurer opened the door abruptly upon him. Surprized at the ſight of ſo unexpected a viſitor, Mr. Marvel told his lordſhip, that he believed he had miſtaken his way; the lord Danby replied, not now I have found Mr. Marvel: telling him that he came with a meſſage from his Majeſty, which was to know what he could do to ſerve him?

him? his answer was, in his usual facetious manner, that it was not in his Majesty's power to serve him: but coming to a serious explanation of his meaning, he told the lord treasurer, that he well knew the nature of courts, and that whoever is distinguished by a Prince's favour, is certainly expected to vote in his interest. The lord Danby told him, that his Majesty had only a just sense of his merits, in regard to which alone, he desired to know whether there was any place at court he could be pleased with. These offers, though urged with the greatest earnestness, had no effect upon him; he told the lord treasurer, that he could not accept it with honour, for he must either be ungrateful to the King by voting against him, or betray his country by giving his voice against its interest, at least what he reckoned so. The only favour therefore which he begged of his Majesty, was, that he would esteem him as dutiful a subject as any he had, and more in his proper interest in rejecting his offers, than if he had embraced them. The lord Danby finding no arguments would prevail, told him, the King had ordered a thousand pounds for him, which he hoped he would accept, 'till he could think what farther to ask of his Majesty. This last temptation was resisted with the same stedfastness of mind as the first.

The reader must have already taken notice that Mr. Marvel's chief support was the pension allowed him by his constituents, that his lodgings were mean, and consequently his circumstances at this time could not be affluent. His resisting these temptations therefore in such a situation, was perhaps one of the most heroic instances of patriotism the Annals of England can furnish. But his conduct will be still heightened into a more amiable light, when it is related, that as soon as the lord treasurer had taken his leave, he

was obliged to ſend to a friend to borrow a guinea.

As the moſt powerful allurements of riches, and honour, could never ſeduce him to relinquiſh the intereſt of his country, ſo not even the moſt immenſe dangers could deter him from purſuing it. In a private letter to a friend from Highgate, in which he mentions the inſuperable hatred of his foes to him, and their deſign of murthering him, he has theſe words; Præterea magis occidere metuo quam occidi, non quod vitam tanti æſtimem, ſed ne imparatus moriar, i. e. 'Beſides, I am more apprehenſive of killing, than 'being killed, not that I value life ſo much, but 'that I may not die unprepared.' Mr. Marvel did not remain an unconcerned member of the ſtate, when he ſaw encroachments made upon it both by the civil, and eccleſiaſtical powers. He ſaw that ſome of the biſhops had formed an idea of proteſtantiſm very different from the true one, and were making ſuch advances towards popery, as would ſoon iſſue in a reconciliation. Amongſt theſe eccleſiaſtics, none was ſo forward as Dr. Samuel Parker, who publiſhed at London 1672 in 8vo. biſhop Bramhal's Vindication of himſelf, and the Epiſcopal Clergy, from the Preſbyterian charge of Popery, as it is managed by Mr. Baxter in his Treatiſe on the Grotian Religion. Dr. Parker likewiſe preached up the doctrine of Non-reſiſtance, which ſlaviſh principle is admirably calculated to prepare the people for receiving any yoke. Marvel, whoſe talent conſiſted in drollery, more than in ſerious reaſoning, took his own method of expoſing thoſe opinions. He wrote a piece called The Rehearſal Tranſpoſed, in which he very ſucceſsfully ridiculed Dr. Parker. This ludicrous eſſay met with ſeveral anſwers, ſome ſerious, and others humorous; we ſhall not here enumerate all the Rejoinders, Replies, and Animadverſions upon it. Wood himſelf confeſſes, who

was

was an avowed enemy to Marvel, 'that Dr. 'Parker judged it more prudent rather to lay down 'the cudgels, than to enter the lists again, with 'an untowardly combatant, so hugely well versed, 'and experienced, in the then newly refined art 'of sporting, and jeering buffoonery.' And bishop Burnet tells us in the History of his own Time, 'That Dr. Parker, after he had for some years 'entertained the nation with several virulent 'books, was attacked by the livelieſt droll of the 'age, who wrote in a burlesque stile, but with so 'peculiar, and entertaining a conduct, that from 'the King down to the tradesman, his book was 'read with great pleasure. This not only hum-'bled Parker, but the whole party, for the author 'of The Rehearsal Transposed, had all the men 'of wit on his side.' Dr. Swift likewise in his Apology for the Tale of a Tub, speaking of the usual fate of common answerers to books, and how short-lived their labours are, observes, 'That 'there is indeed an exception, when any great ge-'nius thinks it worth his while to expose a fool-'ish piece; so we still read Marvel's answer to 'Parker with pleasure, though the book it an-'swers be sunk long ago.'

The next controversy in which we find Mr. Marvel engaged, was with an antagonist of the pious Dr. Croft, bishop of Hereford, who wrote a discourse entitled The Naked Truth, or A True State of the Primitive Church: By an humble Moderator. Dr. Turner, fellow of St. John's College, wrote Animadversions upon this book; Mr. Marvel's answer to these Animadversions, was entitled Mr. Smirk, or The Divine in Mode; being certain Annotations upon the Animadversi-ons on The Naked Truth, together with a Short Historical Essay concerning General Councils,

Creeds, and Impoſitions in Matters of Religion, printed 1676.

Our author's next work was An Account of the Growth of Popery, and Arbitrary Government in England; more particularly from the long prorogation of November 1675, ending February 15, 1676, 'till the meeting of Parliament July 15, 1677, printed in folio 1678. Our author in a letter dated June 10, 1678, wrote thus; 'There 'came out about Chriſtmas laſt here, a large book 'concerning the Growth of Popery, and Arbi- 'trary Government. There have been great re- 'wards offered in private, and conſiderable, in 'the Gazette, to any, who would inform of the 'author, and Printer, but not yet diſcovered. 'Three or four printed books ſince have deſcrib- 'ed (as near as was proper to go, the man be- 'ing a member of Parliament) Mr. Marvel to be 'the author, but if he had, he ſurely could not 'have eſcaped being queſtioned in Parliament, or 'ſome other place.' This book was ſo offenſive to the court at that time, that an order was publiſhed in theſe words,

'Whereas there have been lately printed, and 'publiſhed ſeveral ſeditious, and ſcandalous libels 'againſt the proceedings of both Houſes of Par- 'liament, and other his Majeſty's Courts of Juſtice, 'to the diſhonour of his Majeſty's government, and 'the hazard of the public peace, theſe are to give 'notice, that what perſon ſoever ſhall diſcover un- 'to one of the ſecretaries of ſtate, the printer, pub- 'liſher, author, or hander to the preſs of any of 'the ſaid libels, ſo that full evidence may be made 'thereof to a Jury, without mentioning the in- 'former, eſpecially one libel, entitled An Account 'of the Growth of Popery; and another called A 'Reaſonable Argument to all the Grand Juries, '&c. the diſcoverer ſhall be rewarded as follows; 'he ſhall have fifty pounds for ſuch diſcovery as

'aforeſaid,

'aforesaid, of the printer or publisher of it from 'the press, and for the hander of it to the press, 'one hundred pounds.'

Mr. Marvel begins this book with a panegyric on the constitution of the English government, shewing how happy the people are under such wholesome laws, which if faithfully observed, must make a people happy, and a monarch great. He observes, that the king and the subject are equally under the laws; and that the former is no longer king than he continues to obey them. 'So that, 'says he, the kings of England, are in nothing in-'ferior to other princes, save in being more abridg'd 'from injuring their own subjects, but have as 'large a field as any of external felicity, wherein 'to exercise their own virtue, and to reward and 'encourage it in others. In short there is nothing 'that comes nearer the divine perfection, than 'when the monarch, as with us, enjoys a capacity 'of doing all the good imaginable to mankind, 'under a disability of all that is evil.'

After slightly tracing popery from earlier times, he begins with the Dutch war in 1665; but dwells most upon the proceedings at Rome, from November 1675, to July 1677. He relates the occasion of the Dutch war, shews that the papists, and the French in particular, were the true springs of all our councils; and draws the following picture of popery.

'It is such a thing, as cannot but for want of a 'word to express it, be called a religion; nor is it 'to be mentioned with that civility, which is other-'wise decent to be used in speaking of the differ-'ences of human opinions about divine matters; 'were it either open Juadism, or plain Turkery, 'or honest Paganism, there is yet a certain Bona

'Fides

'Fides in the moſt extravagant belief, and the ſin-
'cerity of an erroneous profeſſion may render it
'more pardonable: But this is a compound of all
'the three, an extract of whatever is moſt ridiculous
'or impious in them, incorporated with more pecu-
'liar abſurdities of its own, in which thoſe were
'deficient; and all this deliberately contrived,
'and knowingly carried on, by the ſolid impoſture
'of prieſts, under the name of Chriſtianity.'

This great man died, not without ſtrong ſuſpicions of being poiſoned, Auguſt 16, 1678, in the 58th year of his age, and was interred in the church of St. Giles's in the Fields; and in the year 1688 the town of Kingſton upon Hull contributed a ſum of money to erect a monument over him, in St. Giles's church, for which an epitaph was compoſed by an able hand; but the miniſter of that church, piouſly forbad both the inſcription and monument to be placed there.

Mr. Wood tells us, that in his converſation, he was very modeſt, and of few words; and Mr. Cooke obſerves, 'that he was very reſerved among
'people he did not very well know; but a moſt
'delightful, and improving companion amongſt
'his friends.'

In the year 1680, his miſcellaneous poems were publiſhed, to which is prefixed this advertiſement.
'Theſe are to certify every ingenious reader, that
'all theſe poems, as alſo the other things in this
'book contained, are printed according to the exact
'copies of my late dear huſband, under his own
'hand writing, both found ſince his death, among
'his other papers.

Witneſs my hand,

MARY MARVEL.

But

But Mr. Cooke informs us, 'that theſe were publiſhed with a mercenary view; and indeed not at all to the honour of the deceaſed, by a woman with whom he lodged, who hoped by this ſtratagem to ſhare in what he left behind him.'

He was never married, and the ſame gentleman obſerves in another place, that in the editions of 1681, there are ſuch groſs errors, eſpecially in the Latin Poems, as make ſeveral lines unintelligible; and that in the volume of Poems on Affairs of State, the ſame miſtakes are as frequent; and in thoſe, ſome pieces are attributed to our author, which he never wrote. Moſt of his Poems printed in Dryden's Miſcellanies are ſo imperfect, that whole ſtanzas are omitted in many places.

Theſe Mr. Cooke has reſtored in his edition of the works of Andrew Marvel, Eſq; printed at London 1726, in two volumes, and corrected ſuch faults as in either of the two former editions obſcure the ſenſe: in this edition are alſo added, ſome poems from original manuſcripts. Great care has likewiſe been taken by Mr. Cooke, to retrench ſuch pieces as he was ſure were not genuine.

Mr. Marvel, conſidered as a ſtateſman, makes a more conſpicuous figure than any of the age in which he lived, the preceeding, or the ſubſequent: He poſſeſſed the firſt quality of a ſtateſman, that is, inviolable integrity, and a heart ſo confirmed againſt corruption, that neither indigence, a love of pomp, or even dangers the moſt formidable, could move his ſettled purpoſe, to purſue in every reſpect, the intereſt of his country.

That Marvel underſtood the true intereſt of his country, is abundantly clear, from the great reverence paid to his opinion, by ſuch perſons as were moſt able to diſcern, and moſt diſpoſed to promote its welfare.

He has ſucceeded to a miracle in the droll way of writing; and when he aſſumes a ſeverity, and writes ſeriouſly, his arguments and notions are far removed from imbecility.

As a poet, I cannot better delineate his character than in the words of Mr. Cooke, 'There are few 'of his poems (ſays he) that have not ſomething 'very pleaſing in them, and ſome he muſt be al-'lowed to have excelled in; moſt of them ſeem to 'be the effect of a lively genius, and manly ſenſe, 'but at the ſame time ſeem to want that correctneſs 'he was capable of making. His moſt finiſhed 'pieces are upon Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, and upon 'Blood's ſtealing the crown; the latter of which is 'very ſatirical.'

On BLOOD's ſtealing the Crown.

WHEN daring Blood, his rent to have re-
gain'd,
Upon the Engliſh diadem diſtrain'd;
He choſe the caſſoc, circingle, and gown,
The fitteſt maſk for one that robs the crown:
But his lay-pity underneath prevail'd,
And, while he ſav'd the keeper's life, he fail'd.
With the prieſt's veſtment had he but put on
The prelate's cruelty, the crown had gone.

'In his ſtate Poems, is contained much of the 'ſecret hiſtory of king Charles the IId, in which 'time they were all written. They were compoſed 'on various occaſions, and chiefly to expoſe a cor-'rupt miniſtry, and the violence of thoſe who 'were for perſecuting all who differed from them 'in opinion. He has ſeveral Poems in Latin, ſome 'of which he tranſlated into Engliſh, and one in 'Greek. They have each their proper merit; he 'diſcovers a great facility in writing the Latin 'tongue.'

There

There are some small pieces of his in prose, which ought not to escape observation. From his letter to Sir John Trott, there seems to have been a friendly correspondence between him and that gentleman. By his Familiar Letters, we may easily judge what part of his works are laboured, and what not. But of all his pieces in Prose, the King's Mock-Speech to both Houses of Parliament, has most of spirit, and humour. As it will furnish the best specimen of Mr. Marvel's genius for drollery, as well as the character of that prince and ministry, we shall here insert it, as a performance of the most exquisite humour we have ever seen.

His Majesty's most gracious Speech to both Houses of Parliament.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

'I Told you, at our last meeting, the winter was the fittest time for business, and truly I thought so, till my lord treasurer assured me the spring was the best season for sallads and subsidies. I hope therefore, that April will not prove so unnatural a month, as not to afford some kind showers on my parched exchequer, which gapes for want of them. Some of you, perhaps, will think it dangerous to make me too rich; but I do not fear it; for I promise you faithfully, whatever you give me I will always want; and although in other things my word may be thought a slender authority, yet in that, you may rely on me, I will never break it.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I can bear my straits with patience; but my lord treasurer does protest to me, that the revenue, as it now stands, will not serve him and me too. One of us must suffer for it, if you do not help me. I must speak freely to you, I am under bad circumstances,

ſtances, for beſides my harlots in ſervice, my Reformado Concubines lie heavy upon me. I have a paſſable good eſtate, I confeſs, but, God's-fiſh, I have a great charge upon't. Here's my lord treaſurer can tell, that all the money deſigned for next ſummer's guards muſt, of neceſſity, be applyed to the next year's cradles and ſwadling-cloths. What ſhall we do for ſhips then? I hint this only to you, it being your buſineſs, not mine. I know, by experience, I can live without ſhips. I lived ten years abroad without, and never had my health better in my life; but how you will be without, I leave to yourſelves to judge, and therefore hint this only by the by: I do not inſiſt upon it. There's another thing I muſt preſs more earneſtly, and that is this: It ſeems, a good part of my revenue will expire in two or three years, except you will be pleaſed to continue it. I have to ſay for't; pray why did you give me ſo much as you have done, unleſs you reſolve to give as faſt as I call for it? The nation hates you already for giving ſo much, and I'll hate you too, if you do not give me more. So that if you ſtick not to me, you muſt not have a friend in England. On the other hand, if you will give me the revenue I deſire, I ſhall be able to do thoſe things for your religion and liberty, that I have had long in my thoughts, but cannot effect them without a little more money to carry me through. Therefore look to't, and take notice, that if you do not make me rich enough to undo you, it ſhall lie at your doors. For my part, I waſh my hands on't. But that I may gain your good opinion, the beſt way is to acquaint you what I have done to deſerve it, out of my royal care for your religion and your property. For the firſt, my proclamation is a true picture of my mind. He that cannot, as in a glaſs, ſee my zeal for the church of England, does not deſerve any farther ſatisfaction, for I declare him willful, abominable, and not good. Some

may,

may, perhaps, be ſtartled, and cry, how comes this ſudden change? To which I anſwer, I am a changling, and that's ſufficient, I think. But to convince men farther, that I mean what I ſay, there are theſe arguments.

Firſt, I tell you ſo, and you know I never break my word.

Secondly, my lord treaſurer ſays ſo, and he never told a lye in his life.

Thirdly, my lord Lauderdale will undertake it for me; and I ſhould be loath, by any act of mine, he ſhould forfeit the credit he has with you.

If you deſire more inſtances of my zeal, I have them for you. For example, I have converted my natural ſons from Popery; and I may ſay, without vanity, it was my own work, ſo much the more peculiarly mine than the begetting them. 'Twould do one's heart good to hear how prettily George can read already in the Pſalter. They are all fine children, God bleſs 'em, and ſo like me in their underſtandings! But, as I was ſaying, I have, to pleaſe you, given a penſion to your favourite, my lord Lauderdale; not ſo much that I thought he wanted it, as that you would take it kindly. I have made Carwel ducheſs of Portſmouth, and marry'd her ſiſter to the earl of Pembroke. I have, at my brother's requeſt, ſent my lord Inchequin into Barbary, to ſettle the Proteſtant religion among the Moors, and an Engliſh intereſt at Tangier. I have made Crew biſhop of Durham, and, at the firſt word of my lady Portſmouth, Prideaux biſhop of Chicheſter. I know not, for my part, what factious men would have; but this I am ſure of, my predeceſſors never did any thing like this, to gain the good-will of their ſubjects. So much for your religion, and now for your

your property. My behaviour to the bankers is a public inſtance; and the proceedings between Mrs. Hyde and Mrs. Sutton, for private ones, are ſuch convincing evidences, that it will be needleſs to ſay any more to't.

I muſt now acquaint you, that, by my lord treaſurer's advice, I made a conſiderable retrenchment upon my expences in candles and charcoal, and do not intend to ſtop there, but will, with your help, look into the late embezzlements of my dripping-pans and kitchenſtuff; of which, by the way, upon my conſcience, neither my lord treaſurer, nor my lord Lauderdale, are guilty. I tell you my opinion; but if you ſhould find them dabling in that buſineſs, I tell you plainly, I leave 'em to you; for, I would have the world to know, I am not a man to be cheated.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I deſire you to believe me as you have found me; and I do ſolemnly promiſe you, that whatſoever you give me ſhall be ſpecially managed with the ſame conduct, truſt, ſincerity, and prudence, that I have ever practiſed, ſince my happy reſtoration.'

In order to ſhew the verſification of Mr. Marvel, we ſhall add a beautiful dialogue between the reſolved ſoul, and created pleaſure. It is written with a true ſpirit of poetry, the numbers are various, and harmonious, and is one of the beſt pieces, in the ſerious way, of which he is author.

A DIALOGUE

A Dialogue between the Reſolved Soul and Created Pleasure.

COURAGE, my Soul, now learn to weild
The weight of thine immortal ſhield.
Cloſe on thy head thy helmet bright;
Ballance thy ſword againſt the fight.
See where an army, ſtrong as fair,
With ſilken banners ſpreads the air.
Now, if thou be'ſt that thing divine,
In this day's combat let it ſhine;
And ſhew that nature wants an art
To conquer one reſolved heart.

PLEASURE.

Welcome the creation's gueſt,
Lord of earth, and heaven's heir;
Lay aſide that warlike creſt,
And of nature's banquet ſhare:
Where the Souls of fruits and flow'rs,
Stand prepar'd to heighten yours.

SOUL.

I ſup above, and cannot ſtay,
To bait ſo long upon the way.

PLEASURE.

On theſe downy pillows lye,
Whoſe ſoft plumes will thither fly:
On theſe roſes, ſtrew'd ſo plain
Leſt one leaf thy ſide ſhould ſtrain.

SOUL

SOUL.

My gentler reſt is on a thought,
Conſcious of doing what I ought.

PLEASURE.

If thou be'ſt with perfumes pleas'd,
Such as oft the gods appeas'd,
Thou in fragrant clouds ſhalt ſhow
Like another god below.

SOUL.

A Soul that knows not to preſume,
Is heaven's, and its own, perfume.

PLEASURE.

Every thing does ſeem to vye
Which ſhould firſt attract thine eye:
But ſince none deſerves that grace,
In this cryſtal view thy face.

SOUL.

When the creator's ſkill is priz'd,
The reſt is all but earth diſguis'd.

PLEASURE.

Hark how muſic then prepares,
For thy ſtay, theſe charming airs;
Which the poſting winds recall,
And ſuſpend the river's fall.

SOUL.

SOUL.

Had I but any time to loſe,
On this I would it all diſpoſe.
Ceaſe Tempter. None can chain a mind,
Whom this ſweet cordage cannot bind.

CHORUS.

Earth cannot ſhew ſo brave a ſight,
As when a ſingle Soul does fence
The batt'ry of alluring ſenſe,
And Heaven views it with delight.
Then perſevere; for ſtill new charges ſound;
And if thou overcom'ſt thou ſhalt be crown'd.

PLEASURE.

All that's coſtly, fair, and ſweet,
Which ſcatteringly doth ſhine,
Shall within one beauty meet,
And ſhe be only thine.

SOUL.

If things of ſight ſuch heavens be,
What heavens are thoſe we cannot ſee?

PLEASURE.

Whereſoe'er thy foot ſhall go
The minted gold ſhall lye;
Till thou purchaſe all below,
And want new worlds to buy.

SOUL.

SOUL.

Wer't not for price who'd value gold?
And that's worth nought that can be ſold.

PLEASURE.

Wilt thou all the glory have
That war or peace commend?
Half the world ſhall be thy ſlave,
The other half thy friend.

SOUL.

What friends, if to my ſelf untrue?
What ſlaves, unleſs I captive you?

PLEASURE.

Thou ſhalt know each hidden cauſe;
And ſee the future time:
Try what depth the centre draws;
And then to heaven climb.

SOUL.

None thither mounts by the degree
Of knowledge, but humility.

CHORUS.

Triumph, triumph, victorious Soul;
The world has not one pleaſure more:
The reſt does lye beyond the pole,
And is thine everlaſting ſtore.

We ſhall conclude the life of Mr. Marvel, by preſenting the reader with that epitaph, which was intended to be inſcribed upon his tomb, in which his character is drawn in a very maſterly manner.

Near this place
Lieth the body of ANDREW MARVEL, Eſq;
A man ſo endowed by nature,
So improved by education, ſtudy, and travel,
So conſummated, by experience and learning;
That joining the moſt peculiar graces of wit
With a ſingular penetration and ſtrength of judgment,
And exerciſing all theſe in the whole courſe of his life,
With unalterable ſteadineſs in the ways of virtue,
He became the ornament and example of his age,
Beloved by good men, fear'd by bad, admired by all,
Tho' imitated, alas! by few;
And ſcarce paralleled by any.
But a tombſtone can neither contain his character,
Nor is marble neceſſary to tranſmit it to poſterity.
It is engraved in the minds of this generation,
And will be always legible in his inimitable writings.
Nevertheleſs
He having ſerved near twenty-years ſucceſſively in parliament,
And that, with ſuch wiſdom, integrity, dexterity, and courage,
As became a true patriot,
The town of Kingſton upon Hull,
From whence he was conſtantly deputed to that Aſſembly,
..Lamenting in his death the public loſs,
Have erected this monument of their grief and gratitude,
1688.

He died in the 58th year of his age
On the 16th day of Auguſt 1678.

Heu fragile humanum genus! heu terreſtria vana!
Heu quem ſpectatum continet urna virum!

Mrs. ELIZABETH THOMAS.

THIS lady, who is known in the world by the poetial name of Corinna, ſeems to have been born for misfortunes; her very bittereſt enemies could never brand her with any real crime, and yet her whole life has been one continued ſcene of miſery *. The family from which ſhe ſprung was of a rank in life beneath envy, and above contempt. She was the child of an ancient, and infirm parent, who gave her life when he was dying himſelf, and to whoſe unhappy conſtitution ſhe was ſole heireſs. From her very birth, which happened 1675, ſhe was afflicted with fevers and defluxions, and being over-nurſed, her conſtitution was ſo delicate and tender, that had ſhe not been of a gay diſpoſition, and poſſeſſed a vigorous mind, ſhe muſt have been more unhappy than ſhe actually was. Her father dying when ſhe was ſcarce two years old, and her mother not knowing his real circumſtances, as he was ſuppoſed from the ſplendour of his manner of life to be very rich, ſome inconveniencies were incurred, in beſtowing upon him a pompous funeral, which in thoſe times was

* See the Memoirs of Mrs. Thomas's Life, prefixed to a volume of Letters between her and Mr. Gwynnet; the only account that is preſerved concerning her.

faſhion-

faſhionable. The mother of our poeteſs, in the bloom of eighteen, was condemned to the arms of this man, upwards of 60, upon the ſuppoſition of his being wealthy, but in which ſhe was ſoon miſerably deceived. When the grief, which ſo young a wife may be ſuppoſed to feel for an aged huſband, had ſubſided, ſhe began to enquire into the ſtate of his affairs, and found to her unſpeakable mortification, that he died not worth one thouſand pounds in the world. As Mrs. Thomas was a woman of good ſenſe, and a high ſpirit, ſhe diſpoſed of two houſes her huſband kept, one in town, the other in the county of Eſſex, and retired into a private, but decent country lodging. The chambers in the Temple her huſband poſſeſſed, ſhe ſold to her brother for 450 l. which, with her huſband's books of accounts, ſhe lodged in her truſtee's hands, who being ſoon after burnt out by the fire in the paper buildings in the Temple (which broke out with ſuch violence in the dead of night, that he ſaved nothing but his life) ſhe loſt conſiderably. Not being able to make out any bill, ſhe could form no regular demand, and was obliged to be determined by the honour of her huſband's clients, who, though perſons of the firſt faſhion, behaved with very little honour to her. The deceaſed had the reputation of a judicious lawyer, and an accompliſhed gentleman, but who was too honeſt to thrive in his profeſſion, and had too much humanity ever to become rich. Of all his clients, but one lady behaved with any appearance of honeſty. The counteſs dowager of Wentworth having then loſt her only daughter the lady Harriot (who was reputed the miſtreſs of the duke of Monmouth) told Mrs. Thomas, 'that ſhe knew ſhe had a large reckoning 'with the deceaſed, but, ſays ſhe, as you know not 'what to demand, ſo I know not what to pay; 'come, madam, I will do better for you than a

'random reckoning, I have now no child, and 'have taken a fancy to your daughter; give me 'the girl, I will breed her as my own, and pro-'vide for her as such when I die.' The widow thank'd her ladyship, but with a little too much warmth replied, 'she would not part with her child 'on any terms;' which the countess resented to such a degree, that she would never see her more, and dying in a few years, left 1500 l. per annum inheritance, at Stepney, to her chambermaid.

Thus were misfortunes early entailed upon this lady. A proposal which would have made her opulent for life, was defeated by the unreasonable fondness of her mother, who lived to suffer its dismal consequences, by tasting the bitterest distresses. We have already observed, that Mrs. Thomas thought proper to retire to the country with her daughter. The house where she boarded was an eminent Cloth-worker's in the county of Surry, but the people of the house proved very disagreeable. The lady had no conversation to divert her; the landlord was an illiterate man, and the rest of the family brutish, and unmannerly. At last Mrs. Thomas attracted the notice of Dr. Glysson, who observing her at church very splendidly dressed, sollicited her acquaintance. He was a valuable piece of antiquity, being then, 1684, in the hundredth year of his age. His person was tall, his bones very large, his hair like snow, a venerable aspect, and a complexion, which might shame the bloom of fifteen. He enjoyed a sound judgment, and a memory so tenacious, and clear, that his company was very engaging. His visits greatly alleviated the solitude of this lady. The last visit he made to Mrs. Thomas, he drew on, with much attention, a pair of rich Spanish leather gloves, emboss on the backs, and tops with gold embroidery, and fringed round with gold plate. The lady could not help expressing her

curiosity,

curioſity, to know the hiſtory of thoſe gloves, which he ſeemed to touch with ſo much reſpect. He anſwered, 'I do reſpect them, for the laſt 'time I had the honour of approaching my mi-'ſtreſs, Queen Elizabeth, ſhe pulled them from her 'own Royal hands, ſaying, here Glyſſon, wear 'them for my ſake. I have done ſo with venera-'tion, and never drew them on, but when I had a 'mind to honour thoſe whom I viſit, as I now do 'you; and ſince you love the memory of my 'Royal miſtreſs, take them, and preſerve them 'carefully when I am gone.' The Dr. then went home, and died in a few days.

This gentleman's death left her again without a companion, and an uneaſineſs hung upon her, viſible to the people of the houſe; who gueſſing the cauſe to proceed from ſolitude, recommended to her acquaintance another Phyſician, of a different caſt from the former. He was denominated by them a conjurer, and was ſaid to be capable of raiſing the devil. This circumſtance diverted Mrs. Thomas, who imagined, that the man whom they called a conjurer, muſt have more ſenſe than they underſtood. The Dr. was invited to viſit her, and appeared in a greaſy black Grogram, which he called his Scholar's Coat, a long beard, and other marks of a philoſophical negligence. He brought all his little mathematical trinkets, and played over his tricks for the diverſion of the lady, whom, by a private whiſper, he let into the ſecrets as he performed them, that ſhe might ſee there was nothing of magic in the caſe. The two moſt remarkable articles of his performance were, firſt lighting a candle at a glaſs of cold water (performed by touching the brim before with phoſphorus, a chymical fire which is preſerved in water and burns there) and next reading the ſmalleſt print by a candle of ſix in the pound, at a hundred yards diſtance in the open air, and darkeſt night. This

was performed by a large concave-glaſs, with a deep pointed focus, quick-ſilvered on the back-ſide, and ſet in tin, with a ſocket for a candle, ſconce faſhion, and hung up againſt a wall. While the flame of the candle was diametrically oppoſite to the centre, the rays equally diverging, gave ſo powerful a light as is ſcarce credible; but on the leaſt variation from the focus, the charm ceaſed. The lady diſcerning in this man a genius which might be improved to better purpoſes than deceiving the country people, deſired him not to hide his talents, but to puſh himſelf in the world by the abilities of which he ſeemed poſſeſſed. 'Madam, ſaid he, I am now a fiddle to 'aſſes, but I am finiſhing a great work which will 'make thoſe aſſes fiddle to me.' She then aſked what that work might be? He replied, 'his life 'was at ſtake if it took air, but he found her 'a lady of ſuch uncommon candour, and good 'ſenſe, that he ſhould make no difficulty in com-'mitting his life and hope to her keeping.' All women are naturally fond of being truſted with ſecrets; this was Mrs. Thomas's failing: the Dr. found it out, and made her pay dear for her curioſity. 'I have been, continued he, many years 'in ſearch of the Philoſopher's Stone, and long 'maſter of the ſmaragdine-table of Hermes Triſ-'megiſtus; the green and red dragons of Raymond 'Lully have alſo been obedient to me, and the 'illuſtrious ſages themſelves deign to viſit me; 'yet is it but ſince I had the honour to be known 'to your ladyſhip, that I have been ſo fortunate 'as to obtain the grand ſecret of projection. I 'tranſmuted ſome lead I pulled off my window 'laſt night into this bit of gold.' Pleaſed with the ſight of this, and having a natural propenſion to the ſtudy, the lady ſnatched it out of the philoſopher's hand, and aſked him why he had not made more? He replied, 'it was all the lead I could 'find.

'find.' She then commanded her daughter to bring a parcel of lead which lay in the closet, and giving it to the Chymist, desired him to transmute it into gold on the morrow. He undertook it, and the next day brought her an ingot which weighed two ounces, which with the utmost solemnity he avowed was the very individual lead she gave him, transmuted to gold.

She began now to engage him in serious discourse; and finding by his replies, that he wanted money to make more powder, she enquired how much would make a stock that would maintain itself? He replied, one fifty pounds after nine months would produce a million. She then begged the ingot of him, which he protested had been transmuted from lead, and flushed with the hopes of success, hurried to town to examine whether the ingot was true gold, which proved fine beyond the standard. The lady now fully convinced of the truth of the empyric's declaration, took fifty pounds out of the hands of a Banker, and entrusted him with it.

The only difficulty which remained, was, how to carry on the work without suspicion, it being strictly prohibited at that time. He was therefore resolved to take a little house in another county, at a few miles distance from London, where he was to build a public laboratory, as a professed Chymist, and deal in such medicines as were most vendible, by the sale of which to the apothecaries, the expence of the house was to be defrayed during the operation. The widow was accounted the housekeeper, and the Dr. and his man boarded with her; to which she added this precaution, that the laboratory, with the two lodging rooms over it, in which the Dr. and his man lay, was a different wing of the building from that where she and her little daughter, and maid-servant resided; and as she knew some time

muſt elapſe before any profit could be expected, ſhe managed with the utmoſt frugality. The Dr. mean time acted the part of a tutor to miſs, in Arithmetic, Latin, and Mathematics, to which ſhe diſcovered the ſtrongeſt propenſity. All things being properly diſpoſed for the grand operation, the vitriol furnace was ſet to work, which requiring the moſt intenſe heat for ſeveral days, unhappily ſet fire to the houſe; the ſtairs were conſumed in an inſtant, and as it ſurprized them all in their firſt ſleep, it was a happy circumſtance that no life periſhed. This unlucky accident was 300 l. loſs to Mrs. Thomas: yet ſtill the grand project was in a fair way of ſucceeding in the other wing of the building. But one misfortune is often followed by another. The next Sunday evening, while ſhe was reading to, and inſtructing her little family, a ſudden, and a violent report, like a diſcharge of cannon was heard; the houſe being timber, rocked like a cradle, and the family were all thrown from their chairs on the ground. They looked with the greateſt amazement on each other, not gueſſing the cauſe, when the operator pretending to revive, fell to ſtamping, tearing his hair, and raving like a madman, crying out undone, undone, loſt and undone for ever. He ran directly to the Athanor, when unlocking the door, he found the machine ſplit quite in two, the eggs broke, and that precious amalgamum which they contained was ſcattered like ſand among the aſhes. Mrs. Thomas's eyes were now ſufficiently opened to diſcern the impoſture, and, with a very ſerene countenance, told the empyric, that accidents will happen, but means might be fallen upon to repair this fatal diſappointment. The Dr. obſerving her ſo ſerene, imagined ſhe would grant him more money to compleat his ſcheme, but ſhe ſoon diſappointed his expectation, by ordering him to be gone, and made him a preſent of five guineas,

left

leſt his deſperate circumſtances ſhould induce him to take ſome violent means of providing for himſelf.

Whether deluded by a real hope of finding out the Philoſopher's Stone, or from an innate principle of villainy, cannot be determined, but he did not yet ceaſe his purſuit, and ſtill indulged the golden deluſion. He now found means to work upon the credulity of an old miſer, who, upon the ſtrength of his pretenſions, gave him his daughter in marriage, and embarked all his hoarded treaſure, which was very conſiderable, in the ſame chimerical adventure. In a word, the miſer's ſtock was alſo loſt, the empyric himſelf, and the daughter reduced to beggary. This unhappy affair broke the miſer's heart, who did not many weeks ſurvive the loſs of his caſh. The Dr. alſo put a miſerable end to his life by drinking poiſon, and left his wife with two young children in a ſtate of beggary. But to return to Mrs. Thomas.

The poor lady ſuffered on this occaſion a great deal of inward anguiſh; ſhe was aſhamed of having reduced her fortune, and impoveriſhed her child by liſtening to the inſinuations of a madman. Time and patience at laſt overcame it; and when her health, which by this accident had been impaired, was reſtored to her, ſhe began to ſtir amongſt her huſband's great clients. She took a houſe in Bloomſbury, and by means of good œconomy, and an elegant appearance, was ſuppoſed to be better in the world than ſhe really was. Her huſband's clients received her like one riſen from the dead: They came to viſit her, and promiſed to ſerve her. At laſt the duke of Montague adviſed her to let lodgings, which way of life ſhe declined, as her talents were not ſuited for dealing with ordinary lodgers; but added ſhe, 'if I knew 'any family who deſired ſuch a conveniency, I 'would readily accommodate them.' I take you at your word, replied the duke, 'I will become

'your ſole tenant: Nay don't ſmile, for I am 'in earneſt, I love a little freedom more than 'I can enjoy at home, and I may come ſome-'times and eat a bit of mutton, with four or five 'honeſt fellows, whoſe company I delight in.' The bargain was bound, and proved matter of fact, though on a deeper ſcheme than drinking a bottle: And his lordſhip was to paſs in the houſe for Mr. Freeman of Hertfordſhire.

In a few days he ordered a dinner for his beloved friends, Jack and Tom, Will and Ned, good honeſt country-fellows, as his grace called them. They came at the time appointed; but how ſurprized was the widow, when ſhe ſaw the duke of Devonſhire, the lords Buckingham, and Dorſet, and a certain viſcount, with Sir William Dutton Colt, under theſe feign'd names. After ſeveral times meeting at this lady's houſe, the noble perſons, who had a high opinion of her integrity, entruſted her with the grand ſecret, which was nothing leſs than the project for the Revolution.

Tho' theſe meetings were held as private as poſſible, yet ſuſpicions aroſe, and Mrs. Thomas's houſe was narrowly watched; but the meſſengers, who were no enemies to the cauſe, betrayed their truſt, and ſuffered the noblemen to meet unmoleſted, or at leaſt without any dread of apprehenſion.

The Revolution being effected, and the ſtate came more ſettled, that place of rendezvous was quitted: The noblemen took leave of the lady, with promiſes of obtaining a penſion, or ſome place in the houſhold for her, as her zeal in that cauſe highly merited; beſides ſhe had a very good claim to ſome appointment, having been ruined by ſhutting up the Exchequer. But alas! court promiſes proved an aerial foundation, and theſe noble peers never thought of her more. The duke

of

of Montague indeed made offers of ſervice, and being captain of the band of penſioners, ſhe aſked him to admit Mr. Gwynnet, a gentleman who had made love to her daughter, into ſuch a poſt. This he promiſed, but upon theſe terms, that her daughter ſhould aſk him for it. The widow thanked him, and not ſuſpecting that any deſign was covered under this offer, concluded herſelf ſure of ſucceſs: But how amazed was ſhe to find her daughter (whom ſhe had bred in the moſt paſſive ſubjection) and who had never diſcovered the leaſt inſtance of diſobedience, abſolutely refuſe to aſk any ſuch favour of his grace. She could be prevailed upon neither by flattery, nor threatning, and continuing ſtill obſtinate in her reſolution; her mother obliged her to explain herſelf, upon the point of her refuſal. She told her then, that the duke of Montague had already made an attack upon her, that his deſigns were diſhonourable; and that if ſhe ſubmitted to aſk his grace one favour, he would reckon himſelf ſecure of another in return, which he would endeavour to accompliſh by the baſeſt means. This explanation was too ſatisfactory: Who does not ſee the meanneſs of ſuch an ungenerous conduct? He had made uſe of the mother as a tool, for carrying on political deſigns; he found her in diſtreſs, and as a recompence for her ſervices, and under the pretence of mending her fortune, attempted the virtue of her daughter, and would provide for her, on no other terms, but at the price of her child's innocence.

In the mean time, the young Corinna, a poetical name given her by Mr. Dryden, continued to improve her mind by reading the politeſt authors: Such extraordinary advances had ſhe made, that upon her ſending ſome poems to Mr. Dryden, entreating his peruſal, and impartial ſentiments thereon, he was pleaſed to write her the following letter.

Fair CORINNA,

'I have ſent your two poems back again, after 'having kept them ſo long from you: They were 'I thought too good to be a woman's; ſome of my 'friends to whom I read them, were of the ſame 'opinion. It is not very gallant I muſt confeſs to 'ſay this of the fair ſex; but, moſt certain it is, 'they generally write with more ſoftneſs than 'ſtrength. On the contrary, you want neither 'vigour in your thoughts, nor force in your expreſ-'ſion, nor harmony in your numbers; and me-'thinks, I find much of Orinda in your manner, '(to whom I had the honour to be related, and 'alſo to be known) but I am ſo taken up with my 'own ſtudies, that I have not leiſure to deſcend to 'particulars, being in the mean time, the fair 'Corinna's

'Moſt humble, and

'Moſt faithful ſervant

Nov. 12, 1699. JOHN DRYDEN.

Our amiable poeteſs, in a letter to Dr. Talbot, Biſhop of Durham, has given ſome farther particulars of her life. We have already ſeen that ſhe was addreſſed upon honourable terms, by Mr. Gwynnet, of the Middle Temple, ſon of a gentleman in Glouceſterſhire. Upon his firſt diſcovering his paſſion to Corinna, ſhe had honour enough to remonſtrate to him the inequality of their fortune, as her affairs were then in a very perplexed ſituation. This objection was ſoon ſurmounted by a lover, eſpecially as his father had given him poſſeſſion of the greateſt part of his eſtate, and leave to pleaſe himſelf. Mr. Gwynnet no ſooner obtained this, than he came to London, and claimed Corinna's promiſe of marriage: But her mother being then in a very weak condition,

condition, ſhe could not abandon her in that diſtreſs, to die among ſtrangers. She therefore told Mr. Gwynnet, that as ſhe had not thought ſixteen years long in waiting for him, he could not think ſix months long in expectation of her. He replied, with a deep ſigh, 'Six months at this time, my 'Corinna, is more than ſixteen years have been; 'you put it off now, and God will put it off for 'ever.'——It proved as he had foretold; he next day went into the country, made his will, ſickened, and died April the 16th, 1711, leaving his Corinna the bequeſt of ſix-hundred pounds; and adds ſhe, 'Sorrow has been my food ever ſince.'

Had ſhe providentially married him, ſhe had been ſecure from the inſults of poverty; but her duty to her parent was more prevalent than conſiderations of convenience. After the death of her lover, ſhe was barbarouſly uſed: His brother, ſtifled the will, which compelled her to have recourſe to law; he ſmothered the old gentleman's conveyance deed, by which he was enabled to make a bequeſt, and offered a large ſum of money to any perſon, who would undertake to blacken Corinna's character; but wicked as the world is, he found none ſo compleatly abandoned, as to perjure themſelves for the ſake of his bribe. At laſt to ſhew her reſpect to the memory of her deceaſed lover, ſhe conſented to an accommodation with his brother, to receive 200 l. down, and 200 l. at the year's end. The firſt payment was made, and diſtributed inſtantly amongſt her mother's creditors; but when the other became due, he bid her defiance, ſtood ſuit on his own bond, and held out four terms. He carried it from one court to another, till at laſt it was brought to the bar of the Houſe of Lords; and as that is a tribunal, where the chicanery of lawyers can have no weight, he thought proper to pay the money without a hearing: The gentlemen of the long-

robe

robe had made her ſign an inſtrument, that they ſhould receive the money and pay themſelves: After they had laid their cruel hands upon it, of the 200 l. the poor diſtreſſed lady received but 131. 16s. which reduced her to the neceſſity of abſconding from her creditors, and ſtarving in an obſcure corner, till ſhe was betrayed by a falſe friend, and hurried to jail.

Beſides all the other calamities of Corinna, ſhe had ever a bad ſtate of health, occaſioned by an accident too curious to be omitted.

In the year 1730 her caſe was given into the college of phyſicians, and was reckoned a very ſurprizing one. It is as follows.

'In April 1711 the patient ſwallowed the middle bone of the wing of a large fowl, being above three inches long; ſhe had the end in her mouth, and ſpeaking haſtily it went forcibly down in the act of inſpiration. After the firſt ſurprize, feeling no pain ſhe thought no more of it; in a few days after, ſhe complained what ſhe eat or drank lay like a ſtone in her ſtomach, and little or nothing paſs'd through her. After three weeks obſtruction, ſhe fell into a moſt violent bloody flux, attended with a continual pain at the pit of her ſtomach, convulſions, and ſwooning fits; nor had ſhe any eaſe but while her ſtomach was diſtended with liquids, ſuch as ſmall beer, or gruel: She continued in this miſery, with ſome little intervals, till the Chriſtmaſs following, when ſhe was ſeized with a malignant fever, and the convulſions encreaſed to ſo high a degree, that ſhe crowed like a cock, and barked like a dog, to the affrightment of all who ſaw her, as well as herſelf. Dr. Colebatch being called to her relief, and ſeeing the almoſt incredible quantity of blood ſhe voided, ſaid it was impoſſible ſhe could live, having voided

all

'all her bowels. He was however prevailed with 'to uſe means, which he ſaid could only be by 'fetching off the inner coat of her ſtomach, by a 'very ſtrong vomit; he did ſo, and ſhe brought 'the hair-veel in rolls, freſh and bleeding; this 'diſlodged the bone, which ſplit length ways, one 'half paſs'd off by ſiege, black as jet, the cartila-'ginous part at each end conſumed, and ſharp on 'each ſide as a razor; the other part is ſtill lodged 'within her. In this raw and extream weak con-'dition, he put her into a ſalivation, unknown to 'her mother or herſelf, to carry off the other part, 'which ſhocked them to ſuch a degree, that they 'ſent for Dr. Garth, who with much difficulty, 'and againſt his judgment, was prevailed on to 'take it off, and uſing a healing galenical method, 'ſhe began to recover ſo much ſtrength as to be 'turned in her bed, and receive nouriſhment: 'But ſhe ſoon after was ſeized with the Iliac Paſſion, 'and for eleven days, her excrements came up-'wards, and no paſſage could be forced through 'her, till one day by Dr. Garth, with quick-ſilver. 'After a few weeks it returned again, and the 'ſame medicine repeated, upon which ſhe recovered, 'and for ſome months was brought to be in a tole-'rable ſtate of health, only the region of the ſpleen 'much ſwelled; and at ſome times, when the 'the bone moved outwards, as it viſibly did to 'ſight and touch, was very painful.——In July '1713, on taking too ſtrong a purge, a large impoſt-'hume bag came away by ſtool, on which it was 'ſuppoſed, the cyſtus, which the bone had worked 'for itſelf, being come away, the bone was voided 'alſo; but her pains continued ſo extraordinary, ſhe 'willingly ſubmitted to the decree of four ſurgeons, 'who agreed to make an inciſion in the left ſide 'of the abdomen, and extract the bone; but 'one of the ſurgeons utterly rejecting the opera-'tion, as impracticable, the bone being lodged in

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'the colon, ſent her to Bath, where ſhe found ſome 'relief by pumping, and continued tolerably well 'for ſome years, even to bear the fatigue of an 'eight years ſuit at law, with an unjuſt executor; 'ſave that in over-walking, and ſudden paſſion, 'ſhe uſed to be pained, but not violent; and once 'or twice in a year a diſcharge of clean gall, with 'ſome portions of a ſkin, like thin kid leather, 'tinged with gall, which ſhe felt break from the 'place, and leave her ſore within; but the bone 'never made any attempt out-wards after the firſt 'three years. Being deprived of a competent for-'tune, by croſs accidents, ſhe has ſuffered all the 'extremities of a cloſe impriſonment, if want 'of all the neceſſaries of life, and lying on the 'boards for two-years may be termed ſuch, during 'which time ſhe never felt the bone. But on her 'recovering liberty, and beginning to uſe exerciſe, 'her ſtomach, and belly, and head ſwelled to a 'monſtrous degree, and ſhe was judged in a gal-'loping dropſy; but no proper medicines taking 'place, ſhe was given over as incurable, when 'nature unexpectedly helped itſelf, and in twelve 'hours time by ſtool, and vomit, ſhe voided about 'five gallons of dirty looking water, which greatly 'relieved her for ſome days, but gathered again as 'the ſwelling returned, and always abounded with 'a hectic, or ſuffocating aſthma in her ſtomach, and 'either a canine appetite or loathing. She has 'lately voided ſeveral extraneous membranes dif-'ferent from the former, and ſo frequent, that it 'keeps her very low, ſome of which ſhe has 'preſerved in ſpirits, and humbly implores your 'honours judgment thereon.'

Under all theſe calamities, of which the above is a juſt repreſentation, did poor Corinna labour; and it is difficult to produce a life crouded with greater evils. The ſmall fortune which her father left her

her, by the imprudence of her mother, was ſoon ſquandered: She no ſooner began to taſte of life, than an attempt was made upon her innocence. When ſhe was about being happy in the arms of her amiable lover Mr. Gwynnet, he was ſnatched from her by an immature fate. Amongſt her other misfortunes, ſhe laboured under the diſpleaſure of Mr. Pope, whoſe poetical majeſty ſhe had innocently offended, and who has taken care to place her in his Dunciad. Mr. Pope had once vouchſafed to viſit her, in company with Henry Cromwel, Eſq; whoſe letters by ſome accident fell into her hands, with ſome of Pope's anſwers. As ſoon as that gentleman died, Mr. Curl found means to wheedle them from her, and immediately committed them to the preſs. This ſo enraged Pope, that tho' the lady was very little to blame, yet he never forgave her.

Not many months after our poeteſs had been releaſed from her gloomy habitation, ſhe took a ſmall lodging in Fleet ſtreet, where ſhe died on the 3d of February 1730, in the 56th year of her age, and was two days after decently interred in the church of St. Bride's.

Corinna, conſidered as an authoreſs, is of the ſecond rate, ſhe had not ſo much wit as Mrs. Behn, or Mrs. Manley, nor had ſo happy a power of intellectual painting; but her poetry is ſoft and delicate, her letters ſprightly and entertaining. Her Poems were publiſhed after her death, by Curl; and two volumes of Letters which paſs'd between her and Mr. Gwynnet. We ſhall ſelect as a ſpecimen of her poetry, an Ode addreſſed to the ducheſs of Somerſet, on her birth-day.

An

An ODE, &c.

I.

GREAT, good, and fair, permit an humble muſe,
To lay her duteous homage at your feet:
Such homage heav'n itſelf does not refuſe,
But praiſe, and pray'rs admits, as odours ſweet.

II.

Bleſt be forever this auſpicious day,
Which gave to ſuch tranſcendent virtue birth:
May each revolving year new joys diſplay,
Joys great as can ſupported be on earth.

III.

True heireſs of the Finch and Hatton line,
Formed by your matchleſs parents equal care
(The greateſt ſtateſman he, yet beſt divine,
She bright example of all goodneſs here).

IV.

And now incircled in the deareſt tye,
To godlike Seymour, of connubial love;
Seymour illuſtrious prince, whoſe family
Did heretofore the kingly race improve.

V.

Adorns the nation ſtill, and guards the throne,
In noble Somerſet, whoſe generous breaſt,
Concenters all his anceſtors in one,
That were in church, and ſtate, and arms profeſt.

VI. Yet

VI.

Yet 'midſt the plaudits of a grateful land,
His heaven-born ſoul reviews his priſtine ſtate;
And in obedience to divine command,
Numberleſs poor are feaſted at his gate.

VII.

Thrice happy greatneſs, true philoſophy,
That does ſo well the uſe of riches know,
And can by charity tranſpire the ſky,
Encompaſs'd round with ſplendour here below.

VIII.

O may poſterity from ſuch a pair,
Enjoy a progeny almoſt divine,
Great as their ſire, and as their mother fair,
And good as both, till laſt extent of time.

ELIJAH FENTON.

THIS worthy gentleman was born at Shelton, near Newcaſtle under the Line, in Staffordſhire *. In this county, though there are ſeveral families of the name of Fenton, yet they are all branches from one ſtock, which is a very antient and opulent family: Our author's mother being immediately deſcended from one Mare, an officer in William the Conqueror's army.

Our poet was the youngeſt of twelve children, and was intended by his parents for the miniſtry: He was ſent to the univerſity of Cambridge, where he embraced the principles very oppoſite to the government, by which he became diſqualified for entering into holy orders. We find him ſoon after his quitting the univerſity, ſecretary to the earl of Orrery, but how long he remained in that ſtation we cannot aſcertain. After he quitted the ſervice of this noble peer, it was his cuſtom to perform a viſit annually to his eldeſt brother's houſe in the country, who poſſeſſed an eſtate of 1000 l. per annum. He was careſſed in the country, by all his relations, to whom he endeared himſelf, by his affable and genteel behaviour. Mr. Fenton was a man of the moſt tender humanity, and diſcovered it upon every proper occaſion: A gentleman reſident in that county, who has tranſmitted to us ſome account of Mr. Fen-

* See Jacob. p. 55.

ton,

ton, has given us the following inſtance of his humane diſpoſition.

He had a great number of ſiſters, ſome of whom were leſs happy in their marriages than others; one in particular was expoſed to many misfortunes, by the indiſcretion and extravagance of her huſband. It is the cuſtom of ſome people to make very great diſtinctions between their rich and poor relations; Mr. Fenton's brother was of this ſtamp, and it ſeems treated his unfortunate ſiſter with leſs ceremony than the reſt. One day, while Mr. Fenton, was at his brother's houſe, he obſerved the family going to dinner without this ſiſter, who was in town, and had as good a right to an invitation, as any of the reſt who dined there as a compliment to him. He could not help diſcovering his diſpleaſure at ſo unnatural a diſtinction, and would not ſit down to table till ſhe was ſent for, and in conſequence of this ſlight ſhewn her by the reſt of the family, Mr. Fenton treated her with more tenderneſs and complaiſance than any of his ſiſters.

Our author carried through life a very fair reputation, he was beloved and eſteemed by Mr. Pope, who honoured him with a beautiful epitaph. Mr. Fenton after a life of eaſe and tranquility, died at Eaſt-Hampſtead-Park, near Oakingham, the 13th of July 1730, much regretted by all men of taſte, not being obnoxious to the reſentment even of his brother writers.

In the year 1723, Mr. Fenton introduced upon the ſtage his Tragedy of Mariamne, built upon the ſtory related of her in the third volume of the Spectator, Numb. 171, which the ingenious author collected out of Joſephus. As this ſtory ſo fully diſplays the nature of the paſſion of jealouſy, and diſcovers ſo extraordinary a character as that of Herod, we ſhall here inſert it, after which we ſhall conſider with what ſucceſs Mr. Fenton has managed the plot.

In

In a former paper, the author having treated the paſſion of jealouſy in various lights, and marked its progreſs through the human mind, concludes his animadverſions with this ſtory, which he ſays may ſerve as an example to whatever can be ſaid on that ſubject.

'Mariamne had all the charms that beauty, 'birth, wit, and youth could give a woman, and 'Herod all the love that ſuch charms are able to raiſe 'in a warm and amorous diſpoſition. In the midſt of 'his fondneſs for Mariamne, he put her brother 'to death, as he did her father not many years 'after. The barbarity of the action was repre-'ſented to Mark Anthony, who immediately ſum-'moned Herod into Egypt, to anſwer for the crime 'that was laid to his charge: Herod attributed the 'ſummons to Anthony's deſire of Mariamne, whom 'therefore before his departure, he gave into the cuſ-'tody of his uncle Joſeph, with private orders to 'put her to death, if any ſuch violence was offered 'to himſelf. This Joſeph was much delighted 'with Mariamne's converſation, and endeavoured 'with all his art and rhetoric to ſet out the exceſs 'of Herod's paſſion for her; but when he ſtill 'found her cold and incredulous, he inconſiderately 'told her, as a certain inſtance of her lord's affection, 'the private orders he had left behind him, which 'plainly ſhewed, according to Joſeph's interpreta-'tion, that he could neither live nor die without 'her. This barbarous inſtance of a wild unreaſon-'able paſſion quite put out for a time thoſe little 'remains of affection, ſhe ſtill had for her lord: 'Her thoughts were ſo wholly taken up with the 'cruelty of his orders, that ſhe could not conſider 'the kindneſs which produced them; and there-'fore repreſented him in her imagination, rather 'under the frightful idea of a murderer, than a 'lover.

'Herod

'Herod was at length acquitted, and dismiss'd 'by Mark Anthony, when his soul was all in flames 'for his Mariamne; but before their meeting he was 'not a little alarmed at the report he had heard 'of his uncle's conversation and familiarity with 'her in his absence. This therefore was the first 'discourse he entertained her with, in which she 'found it no easy matter to quiet his suspicions. 'But at last he appeared so well satisfied of her 'innocence; that from reproaches, and wranglings, 'he fell to tears and embraces. Both of them 'wept very tenderly at their reconciliation, and 'Herod pour'd out his whole soul to her in the 'warmest protestations of love and constancy; when 'amidst all his sighs and languishings, she asked 'him, whether the private orders he left with his 'uncle Joseph were an instance of such an enflamed 'affection? The jealous king was immediately 'roused at so unexpected a question, and concluded 'his uncle must have been too familiar with her, 'before he would have discovered such a secret. 'In short he put his uncle to death, and very diffi-'cultly prevailed on himself to spare Mariamne.

'After this he was forced on a second journey 'into Egypt, when he committed his lady to the 'care of Sohemus, with the same private orders he 'had before given his uncle, if any mischief befel 'himself: In the mean time Mariamne had so won 'upon Sohemus, by her presents and obliging be-'haviour, that she drew all the secret from him, 'with which Herod had entrusted him; so that 'after his return, when he flew to her, with all the 'transports of joy and love, she received him coldly 'with sighs and tears, and all the marks of indif-'ference and aversion. This reception so stirred up 'his indignation, that he had certainly slain her 'with his own hands, had not he feared he him-

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'ſelf ſhould become the greater ſufferer by it. It 'was not long after this, when he had another 'violent return of love upon him; Mariamne was 'therefore ſent for to him, whom he endeavoured 'to ſoften and reconcile with all poſſible conjugal 'careſſes, and endearments; but ſhe declined his 'embraces, and anſwered all his fondneſs, with bit-'ter invectives for the death of her father and 'her brother.

'This behaviour ſo incenſed Herod, that he 'very hardly refrained from ſtriking her; when 'in the heat of their quarrel, there came in a 'witneſs, ſuborned by ſome of Mariamne's ene-'mies, who accuſed her to the king of a deſign 'to poiſon him. Herod was now prepared to hear 'any thing in her prejudice, and immediately or-'dered her ſervant to be ſtretched upon the rack; 'who in the extremity of his tortures confeſt, that 'his miſtreſſes averſion to the king aroſe from 'ſomething Sohemus had told her; but as for any 'deſign of poiſoning, he utterly diſowned the leaſt 'knowledge of it. This confeſſion quickly proved 'fatal to Sohemus, who now lay under the ſame 'ſuſpicions and ſentence, that Joſeph had before 'him, on the like occaſion. Nor would Herod 'reſt here; but accuſed her with great vehemence 'of a deſign upon his life, and by his authority 'with the judges had her publickly condemned 'and executed.

'Herod ſoon after her deceaſe grew melancholy 'and dejected, retiring from the public adminiſtra-'tion of affairs, into a ſolitary foreſt, and there 'abandoned himſelf to all the black conſiderations, 'which naturally ariſe from a paſſion made up of 'love, remorſe, pity and deſpair. He uſed to rave 'for his Mariamne, and to call upon her in his diſ-'tracted fits; and in all probability, would have

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'ſoon followed her, had not his thoughts been 'ſeaſonably called off from ſo ſad an object, by 'public ſtorms, which at that time very nearly 'threatened him.'

Mr. Fenton in the conduct of this deſign, has ſhewn himſelf a very great maſter of ſtage propriety. He has ſoftened the character of Herod, well knowing that ſo cruel a tyrant as the ſtory makes him, could not be born upon the Engliſh ſtage. He has altered the character of Sohemus, from an honeſt confident, to a crafty enterpriſing ſtateſman, who to raiſe his maſter to the throne of Judea, murthered the natural heir. He has introduced in his drama, a character under the name of Salome, the king's ſiſter, who bore an implacable hatred to Mariamne; and who in league with Sohemus purſues her revenge, at no leſs a price than that of her brother's and the queen's life.

After the wars, which had ſubſiſted between Cæſar and Anthony, had ſubſided, and the world fell to the ſhare of the former; Herod is repreſented as having juſt returned from Rome, where, as an hoſtage to the emperor, he has ſtipulated to ſend his younger ſon there, and Flaminius, a noble Roman accompanies him into Jewry, to carry off the young prince. The day in which this dramatic action begins, is upon a grand feſtival, appointed in honour of Herod's ſafe return from Rome, and being ſtill permitted to enjoy his kingdom. The hard condition of ſending the prince to Rome, greatly affects the heart of the queen, whom the poet has drawn a moſt tender mother. This throws a cloud over the ceremony, and furniſhes an opportunity for Sohemus and Salome, to ſet their infernal engines at work; who, in conjunction with Sameas the king's cup bearer, contrive to poiſon the king and queen at the feaſt. But the poiſoned cup is firſt taſted by Hazeroth, a young lord related

lated to the queen, and the ſudden effect which it has upon him diſcovers the villainy.

The queen's abſence from the feaſt proves a fatal circumſtance, and as managed by Sohemus, fixes the appearance of guilt upon her. While Herod was abſent at Rome, Sohemus made addreſſes to Arſinoe, a Roman lady, confidant to Mariamne; to whom in the ardour of his paſſion he revealed the ſecret entruſted to him by Herod, of putting Mariamne to death, in caſe he by any calamitous accident ſhould loſe his life. Arſinoe from a motive of affection communicated this to Mariamne; as an inſtance of the violent paſſion which Herod had for her. This ſhe did immediately before her departure for Rome, with Flaminius the Roman envoy, who proved to be the lord of her wiſhes, whom ſhe imagined to have been killed in fighting againſt Mark Anthony. Mariamne thrown into this imminent danger, orders Arſinoe to be intercepted, whoſe return clears up her innocence, as ſhe declares that no correſpondence had ever been carried on between the queen and Sohemus, of whom he was now jealous, as Mariamne had upbraided him with his cruel reſolutions of putting her to death, entruſted to that miniſter. Herod is ſatisfied of her innocence, by the evidence of Arſinoe; but as he had before given the cruel orders for putting the queen to death, ſhe, to prevent the execution of ſuch barbarity, drank poiſon. The Queen is conducted in by the high prieſt in the agonies of death, which gives ſuch a ſhock to Herod, that not able to ſurvive her, he dies in the ſight of the audience.

Sohemus, who knew what tortures would be reſerved for him, kills himſelf, after having ſacrificed Sameas, by whoſe treachery the plot was diſcovered, and who in his falling ſtabs Salome to the heart, as the laſt effort of his revenge.

As the plan of this play is regular, ſimple, and intereſting, ſo are the ſentiments no leſs maſterly, and

and the characters graphically distinguished. It contains likewise many beautiful strokes of poetry.

When Narbal, a lord of the queen's party, gives an account to Flaminius the Roman general, of the queen's parting with her son; he says,

——— A while she stood,
Transform'd by grief to marble, and appear'd
Her own pale monument;

Flaminius consistent with his character as a soldier, answers,

Give me, ye gods! the harmony of war,
The trumpet's clangor, and the clash of arms,
That concert animates the glowing breast,
To rush on death; but when our ear is pierc'd
With the sad notes which mournful beauty yields;
Our manhood melts in symphathising tears.

The character of Sameas the king's cup-bearer, is one of the most villainous ever shewn upon a stage; and the poet makes Sohemus, in order to give the audience a true idea of him, and to prepare them for those barbarities he is to execute, relate the following instance of his cruelty.

——— Along the shore
He walk'd one evening, when the clam'rous rage
Of tempests wreck'd a ship: The crew were sunk,
The master only reach'd the neighb'ring strand,
Born by a floating fragment; but so weak
With combating the storm, his tongue had lost
The faculty of speech, and yet for aid
He faintly wav'd his hand, on which he wore
A fatal jewel. Sameas, quickly charm'd
Both by its size, and lustre, with a look
Of pity stoop'd, to take him by the hand;

Then cut the finger off to gain the ring,
And plung'd him back to periſh in the waves;
Crying, go dive for more.—I've heard him boaſt
Of this adventure.

In the 5th act, when Herod is agitated with the rage of jealouſy, his brother Pheroras thus addreſſes him,

Sir, let her crime
Eraſe the faithful characters which love
Imprinted on your heart,

HEROD. Alas! the pain
We feel, whene'er we diſpoſſeſs the ſoul
Of that tormenting tyrant, far exceeds
The rigour of his rule.

PHERORAS. With reaſon quell
That haughty paſſion; treat it as your ſlave:
Reſume the monarch.

The obſervation, which Herod makes upon this, is very affecting. The poet has drawn him ſo tortured with his paſſion, that he ſeems almoſt ſufficiently puniſhed, for the barbarity of cutting off the father and brother of Mariamne,

HEROD. Where's the monarch now?
The vulgar call us gods, and fondly think
That kings are caſt in more than mortal molds;
Alas! they little know that when the mind
Is cloy'd with pomp, our taſte is pall'd to joy;
But grows more ſenſible of grief or pain.
The ſtupid peaſant with as quick a ſenſe
Enjoys the fragrance of a roſe, as I;
And his rough hand is proof againſt the thorn,
Which rankling in my tender ſkin, would ſeem
A viper's tooth. Oh bliſsful poverty!

Nature

Nature, too partial! to thy lot aſſigns
Health, freedom, innocence, and downy peace,
Her real goods; and only mocks the great
With empty pageantries! Had I been born
A cottager, my homely bowl had flow'd
Secure from pois'nous drugs; but not my wife!
Let me, good heav'n! forget that guilty name,
Or madneſs will enſue.

Some critics have blamed Mariamne, for yielding her affections to Herod, who had embrued his hands in her father and brother's blood; in this perhaps ſhe cannot be eaſily defended, but the poet had a right to repreſent this as he literally found it in hiſtory; and being the circumſtance upon which all the others depended. Tho' this play is one of the moſt beautiful in our language, yet it is in many places expoſed to juſt criticiſm; but as it has more beauties than faults, it would be a kind of violence to candour to ſhew the blemiſhes.

The life of Fenton, like other poets who have never been engaged in public buſineſs, being barren of incidents, we have dwelt the longer on his works, a tribute which his genius naturally demanded from us.

Mr. Fenton's other poetical works were publiſhed in one volume 1717, and conſiſt chiefly of the following pieces.

An Ode to the Sun, for the new year 1707, as a ſpecimen of which we ſhall quote the three following ſtanza's.

I.

Begin celeſtial ſource of light,
To gild the new revolving ſphere;
And from the pregnant womb of night;
Urge on to birth the infant year.

Rich with auſpicious luſtre riſe,
Thou faireſt regent of the ſkies,
Conſpicuous with thy ſilver bow!
To thee, a god, 'twas given by Jove
To rule the radiant orbs above,
To Gloriana this below.

II.

With joy renew thy deſtin'd race,
And let the mighty months begin:
Let no ill omen cloud thy face,
Thro' all thy circle ſmile ſerene.
While the ſtern miniſters of fate
Watchful o'er the pale Lutetia wait,
To grieve the Gaul's perfidious head;
The hours, thy offspring heav'nly fair,
Their whiteſt wings ſhould ever wear,
And gentle joys on Albion ſhed.

III.

When Ilia bore the future fates of Rome,
And the long honours of her race began,
Thus, to prepare the graceful age to come,
They from thy ſtores in happy order ran.
Heroes elected to the liſt of fame,
Fix'd the ſure columns of her riſing ſtate:
'Till the loud triumphs of the Julian name
Render'd the glories of her reign compleat,
Each year advanc'd a rival to the reſt,
In comely ſpoils of war, and great atchievements dreſt.

Florelio, a Paſtoral, lamenting the death of the marquis of Blandford.

Part of the fourteenth chapter of Iſaiah Paraphraſed.

Verſes

Verſes on the Union.

Cupid and Hymen.

Clivia, a ſmall Poem of humour againſt a Prude.

The Fair Nun, a Tale.

An Epiſtle addreſſed to Mr. Southern, written in the year 1711.

The eleventh Book of Homer's Odyſſey, tranſlated in Milton's ſtile.

The Widow's Will; a Tale.

A-La-Mode, a very humorous repreſentation of a fond, doating Huſband, injured by his Wife.

Sappho to Phaon. A Love Epiſtle, tranſlated from Ovid.

Phaon to Sappho.

A Tale deviſed in the pleaſant manner of Chaucer; in which the Poet imitates that venerable old Bard, in the obſolete Language of his Verſe.

Verſes addreſſed to Mr. Pope.

The Platonic Spell.

Marullus de Neæra.

Marullus imitated.

Joannis Secundi Baſium I.

Kiſſes. Tranſlated from Secundus. I know not if all poetry ever exceeded the ſmoothneſs and delicacy of thoſe lines. They flow with an irreſiſtable enchantment, and as the inſerting them will ſhew the ſpirit both of the original and tranſlation, we ſhall make no further apology for doing it.

When Venus, in the ſweet Idalian ſhade,
A violet couch for young Aſcanius made;
Their op'ning gems, th' obedient roſes bow'd
And veil'd his beauties with a damaſk cloud:
While the bright goddeſs with a gentle ſhow'r,
Of nectar'd dews, perfum'd the bliſsful bow'r.
Of ſight inſatiate, ſhe devours his charms.
'Till her ſoft breaſt re-kindling ardour warms:

New joys tumultuous in her boſom rowl,
And all Adonis ruſheth on her ſoul.
Tranſported with each dear reſembling grace,
She cries, Adonis !——Sure I ſee thy face !
Then ſtoops to claſp the beauteous form, but fears
He'd wake too ſoon, and with a ſigh forbears ;
Yet, fix'd in ſilent rapture, ſtands to gaze,
Kiſſing each flow'ring bud that round him plays.
Swell'd with the touch, each animated roſe
Expands ; and ſtrait with warmer purple glows :
Where infant kiſſes bloom, a balmy ſtore !
Redoubling all the bliſs ſhe felt before.
Sudden, her ſwans career along the ſkies,
And o'er the globe the fair celeſtial flies.
Then, as where Ceres paſs'd, the teeming plain,
Yellow'd with wavy crops of golden grain ;
So fruitful kiſſes fell where Venus flew ;
And by the power of genial magic grew :
A plenteous harveſt ! which ſhe deign'd t'impart
To ſooth an agonizing love-ſick heart.
All hail, ye Roſeat kiſſes ! who remove
Our cares, and cool the calenture of love.
Lo ! I your poet in melodious lays,
Bleſs your kind pow'r ; enamour'd of your praiſe :
Lays ! form'd to laſt, 'till barb'rous time invades
The muſes hill, and withers all their ſhades.
Sprung from the Guardian * of the Roman name,
In Roman numbers live ſecure of fame.

Joannis Secundi Baſum IId. tranſlated.
An Epiſtle to Thomas Lambard Eſq;
An Ode to the right hon. John lord Gower.

* Venus.

An

An EPITAPH

On Mr. ELIJAH FENTON,

At EAST-HAMPSTEAD in BERKS, 1730.

This modeſt ſtone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly ſay, here lies an honeſt man:
A Poet, bleſs'd beyond a Poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept ſacred from the proud and great:
Foe to loud praiſe, and friend to learned eaſe,
Content with ſcience in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From nature's temp'rate feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd
Thank'd Heav'n, that he had liv'd, and that he died.

BARTON BOOTH, Esq;

IT is but justice to the memory of this great actor to give him a place among the poets, if he had been less considerable in that province than he really was; for he appears early to have understood the Latin classics, and to have succeeded in occasional pieces, and little odes, beyond many persons of higher name in poetry. Mr. Booth was descended from a very ancient, and honourable family, originally seated in the County Palatine of Lancaster. His father, John Booth, esq; was a man of great worth and honour; and though his fortune was not very considerable, he was extremely attentive to the education of his children, of whom Barton (the third) was born in 1681.

When about nine years of age, he was put under the tuition of the famous Dr. Busby, head-master of Westminster school, under whom some of the ablest men have been educated, that in the last and present age have done honour to the nation. The sprightliness of Booth's parts early recommended him to the notice of Dr. Busby: he had a strong passion for learning, and a peculiar turn for Latin poetry, and by studying the best authors in it, he fixed many of the finest passages so firmly in his memory, that he was able to repeat them with such propriety, and graceful action, with so fine a tone of voice, and pe-

* N. B. As Mr. Theophilus Cibber is publishing (in a work entirely undertaken by himself) The Lives, and Characters of all our Eminent Actors, and Actresses, from Shakespear, to the present time; he leaves to the other gentlemen, concerned in this collection, the accounts of some players who could not be omitted herein, as Poets.

culiar

culiar emphasis, that it was taken notice of by the whole school.

In consequence of this happy talent, when, according to the custom of the school, a Latin play was to be acted, a considerable part thereof was given to young Booth, who drew by the melody of his voice, and the gracefulness of his action, the applause of all the spectators, a circumstance which first fired him with theatrical ambition, much against the inclination of his father, who intended him for the church, and was therefore careful of his education. This propension in our young Roscius, recommended him still more to the favour of Dr. Busby, who bestowed the most lavish encomiums upon him: Busby was himself a great admirer of theatrical elocution, and admirably fitted by nature for the stage; when he was young he obtained great applause in a part he performed in a play of Cartwright's, and from that moment held theatrical accomplishments in the highest esteem.

When Booth had reached the age of eighteen, and the time approached when he was to have been sent to the university, he resolved to run any risk, rather than enter upon a course of life inconsistent with the liveliness of his temper, and the natural bent of his inclinations. It happened that there was then in London one Mr. Ashbury, who had been long master of a company at Dublin, with whom young Booth became acquainted, and finding that under his direction there was no danger of his getting a livelihood, he quitted all other views, stole away from school, and went over to Ireland with Mr. Ashbury in 1698 *.

He very soon distinguished himself on the stage at Dublin, where he had great natural advantages over most of his cotemporaries, especially in tra-

* History of the English stage.

gedy; he had a grave countenance, a good perſon, an air of dignity, a melodious voice, and a very manly action. He ſpoke juſtly, his cadence was grateful to the ear, and his pronunciation was ſcholaſtically correct and proper. He ſo far inſinuated himſelf into the favour of Engliſh gentlemen in Ireland, and found his reputation growing to ſo great a heighth, that he returned home in 1701, to make a trial of his talents on the Britiſh ſtage. He accordingly applied to lord Fitzharding, of the bedchamber to Prince George of Denmark, and was by him recommended to Mr. Betterton, who took him under his care, and gave him all the aſſiſtance in his power, of which Mr. Booth greatly profited.

Never were a tutor and pupil better met; the one was capable of giving the beſt inſtructions in his own performance, and the other had a promptneſs of conception, a violent propenſity, and a great genius. The firſt part Booth performed in London was Maximus in Valentinian, a play of Beaumont and Fletcher's originally, but altered, and brought upon the ſtage by the earl of Rocheſter. The reception he met with exceeded his warmeſt hopes, and the favour of the town had a happy effect upon him, in inſpiring him with a proper degree of confidence without vanity. The Ambitious Step-mother, a tragedy written by Mr. Rowe, in which that author has thrown out more fire, and heat of poetry, than in any other of his plays, was about this time introduced upon the ſtage; the part of Artaban was aſſigned to Booth, in which he raiſed his character to ſuch a heighth, as to be reckoned only ſecond to his great maſter.

In the year 1704 he married Miſs Barkham, daughter to Sir William Barkham of Norfolk, bart. who lived with him ſix years, and died without iſſue.

In

In the theatrical revolutions which happened in those days, Mr. Booth, notwithstanding his great capacity, and reputation with the town, had very little share. He adhered constantly to Mr. Betterton, while he could be of any service to him, and when his tutor retired from the management of the stage, he trusted to his merit, and the taste of the public, in which he was never deceived.

Mr. Booth was particularly turned for tragedy, he never could bear those parts which had not strong passion to inspire him; and Mr. Cibber observes, that he could not so well melt in the lover, as rage in the jealous husband. Othello was his master-piece, but in all his parts he was often subject to a kind of indolence, which some people imagined he affected, to shew that even in his lazy fits he was superior to every body upon the stage; *as if secure of all beholders hearts, neglecting he could take them* *. The late ingenious Mr. Whitingham, who perfectly understood theatrical excellence, and who was, beyond any man I ever knew, distinct, and accurate in his relations of things, often told me, that such was the dignity of Booth's appearance, such his theatrical ease, and gracefulness, that had he only crossed the stage without uttering a word, the house would be in a roar of applause.

We come now to that period of time, when Mr. Booth's sole merit raised him to the greatest height, and procured for him that reward he had long deserved. The tragedy of Cato, which had been written in the year 1703, or at least four acts of it, was brought upon the stage in 1712, chiefly on a political principle; the part of Cato was given to Booth, for the managers were very well satisfied that nobody else could perform it. As party prejudice never ran higher than at that time, the excellency of the

* Dryden's All for Love.

play

play was diſtinguiſhed by the ſurprizing conteſts between both factions, which ſhould applaud it moſt, ſo the merit of the actor received the ſame marks of approbation, both parties taking care to ſhew their ſatisfaction, by beſtowing upon him moſt liberal preſents, the particulars of which are already inſerted in the life of Addiſon. The run of Cato being over at London, the managers thought fit to remove to Oxford in the ſummer, where the play met with ſo extraordinary a reception, that they were forced to open the doors at noon, and the houſe was quite full by one o'clock. The ſame reſpect was paid it for three days together, and though the univerſal applauſe it met with at London, ſurpaſſed any thing that had been remembered of that kind, yet the tribute of praiſe it received from this famous univerſity, ſurpaſſed even that. Booth, whoſe reputation was now at its heighth, took the advantage of it, and making his application to lord Bolingbroke, then at the head of the miniſtry, he procured a new licence, recalling all former ones, and Mr. Booth's name was added to thoſe of Cibber, Dogget, and Wilks. Tho' none of the managers had occaſion to be pleaſed with this act of juſtice done to Booth's merit, at the expence of, what they deemed, their property, yet none of them carried their reſentment ſo high as Mr. Dogget, who abſolutely refuſed to accept of any conſideration for his ſhare in the ſcenes and clothes; this obſtinacy had however no other effect, than depriving him of his ſhare, which brought him in 1000 l. a year; though Mr. Cibber informs us, that this was only a pretence, and that the true reaſon of quitting the ſtage, was, his diſlike to another of the managers, whoſe humour was become inſupportable. This perſon we conjecture to have been Mr. Wilks, who, according to Cibber's account, was capricious in his temper, though he had otherwiſe great merit as a player, and was a good

a good man, morally considered; some instances of the generosity and noble spirit of Wilks, are taken notice of in the life of Farquhar.

A few years after Mr. Booth rose to the dignity of manager, he married the celebrated Miss Santlowe, who, from her first appearance as an actress in the character of the Fair Quaker of Deal, to the time she quitted the stage, had always received the strongest marks of public applause, which were repeated when after a retreat of some years, she appeared there again. By her prudence in managing the advantages that arose to her from her reputation as an actress, and her great diligence in her profession, she acquired a considerable fortune, which was very useful to Mr. Booth, who, from the natural turn of his temper, though he had a strict regard to justice, was not much inclined to saving.

During the few years they lived together, there was the greatest harmony between them, and after the death of Booth, his disconsolate widow, who is yet alive, quitted the stage, and devoted herself entirely to a private course of life. By degrees the health of Mr. Booth began to decline, so that it was impossible for him to continue to act with so much diligence as usual, but at whatever time he was able to return to the stage, the town demonstrated their respect for him by crowding the house. Being attacked by a complication of distempers, he paid the debt to nature May 10, 1733. A copy of his Will was printed in the London Magazine for 1733, p. 126, in which we find he testified his esteem for his wife, to whom he left all his fortune, for reasons there assigned, which he declared amounted to no more than two thirds of what he had received from her on the day of marriage. His character as an actor, has been celebrated by the best judges, and was never questioned by any.

And

And here we cannot reſiſt the opportunity of ſhewing Mr. Booth in that full, and commanding light in which he is drawn by the late ingenious Aaron Hill, eſq; who had long experience in the affairs of the ſtage, and could well diſtinguiſh the true merits of an actor. His words are,

'Two advantages diſtinguiſhed him in the 'ſtrongeſt light from the reſt of his fraternity: 'he had learning to underſtand perfectly what it 'was his part to ſpeak, and judgment to know 'how far it agreed, or diſagreed with his cha-'racter. Hence aroſe a peculiar grace, which 'was viſible to every ſpectator, though few were 'at the pains of examining into the cauſe of their 'pleaſure. He could ſoften, and ſlide over, with 'a kind of elegant negligence, the improprieties 'in the part he acted, while, on the contrary, 'he would dwell with energy upon the beauties, 'as if he exerted a latent ſpirit which had been 'kept back for ſuch an occaſion, that he might 'alarm, awaken, and tranſport in thoſe places on-'ly, where the dignity of his own good ſenſe 'could be ſupported by that of his author. A 'little reflexion upon this remarkable quality, 'will teach us to account for that manifeſt lan-'guor which has ſometimes been obſerved in his 'action, and which was generally, though I think 'falſly, imputed to the natural indolence of his 'temper. For the ſame reaſon, though in the 'cuſtomary round of his buſineſs, he would con-'deſcend to ſome parts in comedy; he ſeldom ap-'peared in any of them with much advantage 'to his character. The paſſions which he found 'in comedy, were not ſtrong enough to excite 'his fire, and what ſeemed want of qualification, 'was only the abſence of impreſſion. He had a 'talent at diſcovering the paſſions where they 'lay hid in ſome celebrated parts, by the injudi-'cious practice of other actors; when he had diſ-

covered,

'covered, he ſoon grew able to expreſs them; 'and his ſecret of his obtaining this great leſſon 'of the theatre, was an adaption of his look to 'his voice, by which artful imitation of nature, 'the variations in the ſound of his words, gave 'propriety to every change in his countenance, 'ſo that it was Mr. Booth's peculiar felicity to be 'heard and ſeen the ſame, whether as the *pleaſed*, 'the *grieved*, the *pitying*, the *reproachful*, or the '*angry*. One would be almoſt tempted to borrow 'the aid of a very bold figure, and to expreſs 'this excellence more ſignificantly, beg permiſſion 'to affirm, that the blind might have ſeen him 'in his voice, and the deaf have heard him in 'his viſage. His geſture, or as it is commonly 'called his action, was but the reſult, and ne-'ceſſary conſequence of his dominion over his 'voice and countenance; for having by a con-'currence of two ſuch cauſes, impreſſed his ima-'gination with ſuch a ſtamp, and ſpirit of paſ-'ſion, he ever obeyed the impulſe by a kind of 'natural dependency, and relaxed, or braced ſuc-'ceſſively into all that fine expreſſiveneſs with 'which he painted what he ſpoke, without re-'ſtraint, or affectation.'

But it was not only as a player that Mr. Booth excelled; he was a man of letters alſo, and an author in more languages than one. He had a taſte for poetry which we have obſerved diſcovered itſelf when he was very young, in tranſlations of ſome Odes of Horace; and in his riper years he wrote ſeveral ſongs, and other original poems, which did him honour. He was alſo the author of a maſque, or dramatic entertainment, called Dido and Æneas, which was very well received upon the ſtage, but which however did not excite him to produce any thing of the ſame kind afterwards. His maſter-piece was a Latin inſcription to the memory of a celebrated actor, Mr. William

William Smith, one of the greateſt men of his profeſſion, and of whom Mr. Booth always ſpoke in raptures. It is a misfortune that we can give no particular account of the perſon this excellent inſcription referred to, but it is probable he was of a good family, ſince he was a Barriſter at Law of Gray's-Inn, before he quitted that profeſſion for the ſtage.

The inſcription is as follows,

Scenicus eximius
Regnante Carolo ſecundo:
Bettertono Coætaneus & Amicus,
Necnon propemodum Æqualis.
Haud ignobili ſtirpe oriundus,
Nec literarum rudis humaniorum.
Rem ſenicam
Per multos feliciter annos adminiſtravit;
Juſtoque moderamine & morum ſuavitate,
Omnium intra Theatrum
Obſervantiam, extra Theatrum Laudem,
Ubique benevolentiam & amorem ſibi conciliavit.

In Engliſh thus;

An excellent player
In the reign of Charles the Second;
The cotemporary, and friend of Betterton,
and almoſt his equal.
Deſcended of no ignoble family,
Nor deſtitute of polite learning.
The buſineſs of the ſtage
He for many years happily managed,
And by his juſt conduct, and ſweetneſs of manners
Obtained the reſpect of all within the theatre,
The applauſe of thoſe without,
And the good will, and love of all mankind.

Such

Such the life and character of Mr. Booth, who deservedly stood very high in the esteem of mankind, both on account of the pleasure which he gave them, and the native goodness of heart which he possessed. Whether considered as a private gentleman, a player, a scholar, or a poet, Mr. Booth makes a very great figure, and his extraordinary excellence in his own profession, while it renders his memory dear to all men of taste, will ever secure him applause amongst those happy few, who were born to instruct, to please, and reform their countrymen.

Dr. GEORGE SEWEL.

THIS ingenious gentleman was the eldeſt ſon of Mr. John Sewel, treaſurer, and chapter-clerk of the college of Windſor, in which place our poet was born. He received his education at Eton ſchool, was afterwards ſent to the univerſity of Cambridge, and took the degree of bachelor of phyſic at Peter-houſe College. He then paſſed over to Leyden, and ſtudied under the famous Boerhaave, and afterwards returned to London, where for ſeveral years he practiſed as a Phyſician. He had a ſtrong propenſion for poetry, and has favoured the world with many performances much applauded. In the year 1719 he introduced upon the ſtage his tragedy of Sir Walter Raleigh, taken from the hiſtorical account of that great man's fate. He was chiefly concerned in writing the fifth volume of the Tatler, and the ninth of the Spectator. He tranſlated, with ſome other gentlemen, the Metamorphoſes of Ovid, with very great ſucceſs, and rendered the Latin poems of Mr. Addiſon into Engliſh. Dr. Sewel made an attempt, which he had not leiſure to execute, of tranſlating Quillet's Callipedia, which was afterwards done by Rowe. He is the author of ſeveral miſcellanous poems, of which the following is as accurate an account as we could poſſibly obtain.

On

On Conſcience, Beauty, the Force of Muſic, Song of Troilus, &c. dedicated to the Duke of Newcaſtle.

To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, upon his going into Germany 1712. This poem begins thus,

Go, mighty prince, and thoſe great nations ſee,
Which thy victorious arms made free;
View that fam'd column, where thy name's engrav'd,
Shall tell their children who their empire ſav'd.
Point out that marble where thy worth is ſhewn
To every grateful country but thy own.

A Deſcription of the Field of Battle, after Cæſar was Conqueror at Pharſalia, from the Seventh Book of Lucan.

The Patriot.

Tranſlations from Lucan, occaſioned by the Tragedy of Cato.

The Fifth Elegy of the Firſt Book of Tibullus, tranſlated, and addreſſed to Delia.

An Apology for Loving a Widow.

The Fifth Pſalm Paraphraſed.

A Poetical Epiſtle, written from Hampſtead to Mr. Thornhill, upon Mr. Addiſon's Cato.

An Epiſtle to Mr. Addiſon on the Death of the Earl of Hallifax. This poem begins thus,

And ſhall great Hallifax reſign to fate,
And not one bard upon his aſhes wait?
Or is with him all inſpiration fled,
And lye the muſes with their patron dead?
Convince us, Addiſon, his ſpirit reigns,
Breathing again in thy immortal ſtrains:
To thee the liſt'ning world impartial bends,
Since Hallifax and envy now are friends.

Cupid's

Cupid's Proclamation, or a Defence of Women; a Poem from Chaucer.

Dr. Sewel, in his ſtate principles, was inclined to the cauſe of the Tories, and takes every occaſion to combat with the biſhop of Saliſbury, who had ſo eminently appeared in the cauſe of the Whigs.

The following is a liſt of his proſe works, in which there are ſome letters addreſſed to, and animadverſions upon that eminent prelate's works.

The Clergy, and the Preſent Miniſtry defended; being a Letter to the Biſhop of Saliſbury, occaſioned by his Lordſhip's new Preface to his Paſtoral Caſe, 8vo. 1713, third Edition that year. In a fourth Edition (ſame date) this is called Mr. Sewel's Firſt Letter to the Biſhop of Saliſbury, the Clergy, &c.

A Second Letter to the Biſhop of Saliſbury, upon the Publication of his new Volume of Sermons, wherein his Lordſhip's Preface concerning the Revolution, and the Caſe of the Lord Ruſſel are examined, &c. 8vo. 1713.

Remarks upon a Pamphlet entitled Obſervations upon the State of the Nation 1712-13, third Edition; to which is added a Poſtſcript to the Vindicator of the Earl of Nottingham, 8vo. 1714.

An Introduction to the Life and Writings of G——t Lord Biſhop of S——m, &c. being a Third Letter to the Biſhop of Saliſbury, 8vo. 1716.

A Vindication of the Engliſh Stage, exemplified in the Cato of Mr. Addiſon. In a Letter to a Nobleman, 8vo. 1716.

Schiſm

Schiſm deſtructive of the Government, both in Church and State; being a Defence of the Bill intitled An Act to prevent the Growth of Schiſm; wherein all the Objections againſt it, and particularly thoſe in 'Squire Steele's Letter are fully Refuted. Humbly offered to the Conſideration of the Houſe of Lords, 8vo. 1714, ſecond Edition.

More News from Saliſbury, viz. 1. An Examination of ſome Parts of the Biſhop of Sarum's Sermon and Charge, &c. 8vo. 1714.

The Reaſons for writing againſt the Biſhop of Saliſbury, 8vo. 1714.

The Life of Mr. John Philips, Author of the Poem on Cyder.

Dr. Sewel died at Hampſtead in Middleſex, where, in the latter part of his life, he had practiſed phyſic, on the 8th of February 1726, and was buried there. He ſeems to have been a man of an amiable diſpoſition, and to have poſſeſſed a very conſiderable genius.

ANTHONY HAMMOND, Esq;

THIS gentleman was descended from a good family, of Somersham-Place, in the county of Huntingdon, and was born in the year 1668 *. When he arrived at a proper age, he was chosen member of Parliament, and did not remain long in the house before he distinguished himself as a very eminent speaker. Having espoused the court interest, his zeal and merit recommended him to very considerable public employments, particularly that of being one of the commissioners of the royal navy, which place he quitted in the year 1712. The ingenious Mr. Southern in his dedication of his Innocent Adultery, to Mr. Hammond, speaks thus of him. 'If generosity with friendship, learning with good sense, true wit and humour, with good-nature, be accomplishments to qualify a gentleman for a patron, I am sure I have hit right in Mr. Hammond.'

Our author obliged the public with a Miscellany of Original Poems, by the Most Eminent Hands; in which himself had no small share. In this miscellany are several poetical performances of Mrs. Martha Fowkes, a lady of exquisite taste in the belle accomplishments.

* Coxeter's Miscellaneous Notes.

As to Mr. Hammond's own pieces, he acknowleges in his preface, that they were written at very different times, and particularly owned by him, leſt they ſhould afterwards be aſcribed to other perſons; as the Ode on Solitude, was falſely aſcribed to the earl of Roſcommon, and other pieces of his, were likewiſe given to other authors.

This author wrote the Life of Walter Moyle Eſq; prefixed to his works.——Mr. Hammond died about the year 1726.

The Revd. Mr. LAWRENCE EUSDEN.

THIS gentleman was deſcended from a very good family in the kingdom of Ireland, but received his education at Trinity-college in Cambridge. He was honoured with the encouragement of that eminent patron of the poets the earl of Halifax, to whom he conſecrated the firſt product of his Muſe. He enjoyed likewiſe the patronage of the duke of Newcaſtle, who being lord chamberlain, at the death of Mr. Rowe, preferred him to the Bays.

Mr. Euſden was for ſome part of his life chaplain to Richard lord Willoughby de Brook: In this peaceful ſituation of life, one would not expect Mr. Euſden ſhould have any enemies, either of the literary, or any other ſort. But we find he has had many, amongſt whom Mr. Pope is the moſt

formidable both in power and keenneſs. In his Dunciad, Book I. Line 101. where he repreſents Dulneſs taking a view of her ſons, he ſays

She ſaw old Pryn, in reſtleſs Daniel ſhine,
And Euſden eke out Blackmore's endleſs line.

Mr. Oldmixon likewiſe in his Art of Logic and Rhetoric, page 413, affirms, 'That of all the 'Galimatias he ever met with, none comes up to 'ſome verſes of this poet, which have as much of 'the ridiculum and the fuſtian in them, as can well 'be jumbled together, and are of that ſort of non-'ſenſe, which ſo perfectly confounds all ideas, that 'there is no diſtinct one left in the mind. Fur-'ther he ſays of him, that he hath propheſy'd his 'own poetry ſhall be ſweeter than Catullus, Ovid 'and Tibullus; but we have little hope of the ac-'compliſhment of it from what he hath lately 'publiſhed.' Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not ſpared a reflexion, that the placing the laurel on the head of one who wrote ſuch verſes, will give poſterity a very lively idea of the juſtice and judgment of thoſe who beſtowed it.

Mr. Oldmixon no doubt by this reflexion inſinuates, that the laurel would have better become his own brows than Euſden's; but it would perhaps have been more decent for him to acquieſce in the opinion of the duke of Buckingham (Sheffield) who in his Seſſion of the Poets thus mentions Euſden.

—In ruſh'd Euſden, and cry'd, who ſhall have it,
But I the true Laureat to whom the king gave it?
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
But vow'd that till then, he ne'er heard of his name.

The

The truth is, Mr. Euſden wrote an Epithalamium on the marriage of his grace the duke of Newcaſtle, to the right honourable the lady Henrietta Godolphin; which was conſidered as ſo great a compliment by the duke, that in gratitude for it, he preferred him to the laurel. Nor can I at preſent ſee how he could have made a better choice: We ſhall have occaſion to find, as we enumerate his writings, that he was no inconſiderable verſifier, and though perhaps he had not the brighteſt parts; yet as we hear of no moral blemiſh imputed to him, and as he was dignified with holy-orders, his grace acted a very generous part, in providing for a man who had conferred an obligation on him. The firſt rate poets were either of principles very different from the government, or thought themſelves too diſtinguiſhed to undergo the drudgery of an annual Ode; and in this caſe Euſden ſeems to have had as fair a claim as another, at leaſt a better than his antagoniſt Oldmixon. He ſucceeded indeed a much greater poet than himſelf, the ingenious Mr. Rowe, which might perhaps draw ſome ridicule upon him.

Mr. Cooke, in his Battle of the Poets, ſpeaks thus of our author.

Euſden, a laurel'd bard, by fortune rais'd
By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.

A fate which ſome critics are of opinion muſt befall the very poet himſelf, who is thus ſo ready to expoſe his brother.

The chief of our author's poetical writings are theſe,

To the lord Hallifax, occaſioned by the tranſlating into Latin his lordſhip's Poem on the Battle of the Boyne.

On the duke of Marlborough's victory at Oudenard.

A Letter to Mr. Addiſon.

On the king's acceſſion to the throne.

To the reverend doctor Bentley, on the opening of Trinity-College Chapel, Cambridge.

On a Lady, who is the moſt beautiful and witty when ſhe is angry.

This poem begins with theſe lines.

Long had I known the ſoft, inchanting wiles,
Which Cupid practiſed in Aurelia's ſmiles.
'Till by degrees, like the fam'd Aſian taught,
Safely I drank the ſweet, tho' pois'nous draught.
Love vex'd to ſee his favours vainly ſhown,
The peeviſh Urchin murthered with a frown.

Verſes at the laſt public commencement at Cambridge, ſpoken by the author.

The Court of Venus, from Claudian.

The Speech of Pluto to Proſerpine.

Hero and Leander, tranſlated from the Greek of Muſæus.

This Piece begins thus,

Sing Muſe, the conſcious torch, whoſe mighty flame,
(The ſhining ſignal of a brighter dame)
Thro' trackleſs waves, the bold Leander led,
To taſte the dang'rous joys of Hero's bed:
Sing the ſtol'n bliſs, in gloomy ſhades conceal'd,
And never to the bluſhing morn reveal'd.

A Poem on the Marriage of his grace the duke of Newcaſtle to the right honourable Henrietta Godolphin, which procured him, as we have obſerved already, the place of laureat.

The

The lord Roſcommon's Eſſay on tranſlated verſe, rendered into Latin.

An Epiſtle to Sir Robert Walpole.

Three Poems; I. On the death of the late king; II. On the Acceſſion of his preſent majeſty. III. On the Queen.

On the arrival of Prince Frederic.

The origin of the Knights of the Bath, inſcribed to the Duke of Cumberland.

An Ode for the Birth-Day, in Latin and Engliſh, printed at Cambridge.

He died at his rectory at Coneſby in Lincolnſhire, the 27th of September, 1730.

The Revd. Mr. LAWRENCE EACHARD.

THIS Gentleman, who has been more diſtinguiſhed as an hiſtorian than a poet, was the ſon of a clergyman, who by the death of his elder brother, became maſter of a good eſtate in Suffolk.

He received his education at the univerſity of Cambridge, entered into holy-orders, and was preſented to the living of Welton and Elkington in Lincolnſhire, where he ſpent above twenty years of his life; and acquired a name by his writings, eſpecially the Hiſtory of England. This hiſtory was attacked by Dr. Edmund Calamy, in a letter to the author; in which, according to the Dr. the true principles of the Revolution, the Whigs and the Diſſenters are vindicated; and many perſons of diſtinction cleared from Mr Eachard's aſperſions.

Mr. John Oldmixon, who was of very oppoſite principles to Eachard, ſeverely animadverted upon him in his Critical Hiſtory of England, during the reigns of the Stuarts; but as Oldmixon was a hireling, and a man ſtrongly biaſſed by party prejudices, little credit is due to his teſtimony: Which is moreover accompanied with a perpetual torrent of abuſe. Mr. Eachard's gereral Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, from the nativity of Chriſt to the firſt eſtabliſhment of Chriſtianity by human laws, under the emperor Conſtantine the Great, has been much eſteemed.

Our

Our author was in the year 1712 inſtalled archdeacon of Stowe, and prebend of Lincoln. He publiſhed a tranſlation of Terence's Comedies, tranſlated by himſelf and others; but all reviſed and corrected by him and Sir Roger L'Eſtrange: To which is prefixed the life of Terence. Beſides theſe, Mr. Eachard has tranſlated three Comedies from Plautus, viz.

AMPHITRYON.
EPIDICUS.
RUDENS.

With critical remarks upon each play. To which he has prefixed a judicious parallel between Terence and Plautus; and for a clearer deciſion of the point, that Terence was the more polite writer of Comedy, he produces the firſt act of Plautus's Aulularia, and the firſt act of his Miles Glorioſus, againſt the third act of Terence's Eunuch. It ought to be obſerved (ſays Mr. Eachard) 'That Plautus was ſomewhat 'poor, and made it his principal aim to pleaſe, and 'tickle the common people; and ſince they were 'almoſt always delighted with ſomething new, 'ſtrange, and unuſual, the better to humour them, 'he was not only frequently extravagant in his ex-'preſſions, but likewiſe in his characters too, and 'drew them often more vicious, more covetous, 'and more fooliſh than they really were, and this 'ſo ſet the people a gazing and wondering. With 'theſe ſort of characters many of our modern 'Comedies abound, which makes them too much 'degenerate into farce, which ſeldom fails of plea-'ſing the mob.'

Mr. Eachard has, in juſtice to Mr. Dryden, given us ſome inſtances of his improvement of Amphi-

tryon, and concludes them with this juſt remark in compliment to our nation; 'We find that many 'fine things of the antients, are like ſeeds, that 'when planted on Engliſh ground, by a poet's ſkil-'ful hand, thrive and produce excellent fruit.'

Theſe three plays are printed in a pocket-volume, dedicated to Sir Charles Sedley; to which is prefixed a recommendatory copy of verſes, by Mr. Tate.

Mr. Eachard died in the year 1730.

Mr. JOHN OLDMIXON

WAS deſcended from the antient family of the Oldmixons, of Oldmixon near Bridgewater in Somerſetſhire *. We have no account of the education of this gentleman, nor the year in which he was born. The firſt production we meet with of his was Amyntas, a paſtoral, acted at the Theatre-Royal, taken from the Amynta of Taſſo. The preface informs us, that it met with but ill ſucceſs, for paſtoral, though never ſo well written, is not fit for a long entertainment on the Engliſh Theatre: But the original pleaſed in Italy, where the performance of the muſical compoſer is generally more regarded than that of the poet. The Prologue was written by Mr. Dennis.

* See Jacob's Lives of the Poets, p. 197.

Mr.

Mr. Oldmixon's next piece was entitled the Grave, or Love's Paradiſe; an Opera repreſented at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 1700. In the preface, the author acquaints the critics, 'That this 'play is neither tranſlation, nor parody; that the 'ſtory is intirely new; that 'twas at firſt intended 'for a paſtoral, tho' in the three laſt acts the dignity of the character raiſed it into the form of a 'tragedy.' The ſcene a Province, of Italy, near the Gulph of Venice. The Epilogue was written by Mr. Farquhar.

Our author's next dramatic piece is entitled; The Governor of Cyprus, a Tragedy, acted at the Theatre-Royal in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, dedicated to her grace the ducheſs of Bolton.

Mr. Oldmixon, in a Proſe Eſſay on Criticiſm, unjuſtly cenſures Mr. Addiſon, whom alſo, in his imitation of Bouhour's Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he miſrepreſents in plain matter of fact: For in page 45 he cites the Spectator, as abuſing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the leaſt hint of it; and in page 304 is ſo injurious as to ſuggeſt, that Mr. Addiſon himſelf wrote that Tatler, Numb. XLIII. which ſays of his own ſimile, 'That it is as great as ever entered into the 'mind of man.' This ſimile is in Addiſon's poem, entitled the Campaign. Where, ſays the author of the Letter, 'The ſimile of a miniſtering Angel, 'ſets forth the moſt ſedate, and the moſt active 'courage, engaged in an uproar of nature, a con-'fuſion of elements, and a ſcene of divine venge-'ance.'

'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty ſoul was prov'd,
That, in the ſhock of charging hoſts unmov'd,
Amidſt confuſion, horror, and deſpair,
Examin'd all the dreadful ſcenes of war;

In peaceful thought, the field of death ſurvey'd
To fainting ſquadrons ſent the timely aid,
Inſpir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an Angel by divine command,
With riſing tempeſts ſhakes a guilty land,
Such as of late, o'er pale Britannia paſt,
Calm and ſerene, he drives the furious blaſt,
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm.

That this letter could not be written by Mr. Addiſon, there is all the evidence the nature of the thing will admit, to believe; for firſt, Sir Richard Steele avow'd it to be his, and in the next place, it is not probable that Mr. Addiſon himſelf had ſo high an opinion of this ſimile, as to call it as great as ever entered into the thought of man; for it has in reality no uncommon greatneſs in it. The image occurs a thouſand times in the book of Pſalms; ſo that it has not novelty to recommend it, and the manner of its being expreſſed, is no way extraordinary. The high terms in which it is celebrated, is the language of friendſhip, not of judgment. It is very probable Sir Richard Steele, warm'd with a favourite ſubject, and zealous for the fame of Addiſon, might expreſs himſelf thus hyperbolically concerning it; but Mr. Addiſon was too judicious a critic, to think or ſpeak of it in theſe terms, and was beſides too cautious to run the riſk of doing it himſelf in ſo public a manner. In a word, Mr. Oldmixon was an envious man, and we have ſeen with how little ground of reſentment he railed againſt Euſden, becauſe that gentleman was preferred to the Laurel.

Mr. Oldmixon joined the general cry of the underling writers againſt Mr. Pope; and wrote many letters in the Flying Poſt, with an intention to reduce his reputation, with as little ſucceſs as his other antagoniſts

antagoniſts had done. In his proſe Eſſay on Criticiſm, and in the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on Pope, for which he has received a place in his Dunciad.

When that eminent ſatyriſt in his ſecond Book, line 270, repreſents the Dunces diving for the Prize of Dulneſs, he in a particular manner dignifies Oldmixon, for he makes him climb a lighter, that by leaping from it, he may ſink the deeper in the mud.

In naked majeſty Oldmixon ſtands,
And, Milo-like, ſurveys his arms and hands,
Then ſighing thus: 'And am I now threeſcore?
'Ah why, ye Gods! ſhould two and two make
'four?
He ſaid and climb'd a ſtranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyſs, and plung'd down-right.
The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to ſink the deeper, roſe the higher.

Mr. Oldmixon wrote a hiſtory of the Stuarts in folio, and a Critical Hiſtory of England, in two volumes octavo. The former of theſe pieces was undertaken to blacken the family of the Stuarts. The moſt impartial writers and candid critics, on both ſides, have held this work in contempt, for in every page there breathes a malevolent ſpirit, a diſpoſition to rail and calumniate: So far from obſerving that neutrality and diſpaſſionate evenneſs of temper, which ſhould be careſully attended to by every hiſtorian, he ſuffers himſelf to be tranſported with anger: He reviles, wreſts particular paſſages, and frequently draws forced concluſions. A hiſtory written in this ſpirit has no great claim to a reader's faith. The reigns of the Stuarts in England were no doubt chequer'd with many evils; and yet it is certainly true, that a man

who can ſit deliberately down to ſearch for errors only, muſt have a ſtrong propenſion to calumny, or at leaſt take delight in triumphing over the weakneſs of his fellow-creatures, which is ſurely no indication of a good heart.

Mr. Oldmixon, being employ'd by biſhop Kennet, in publiſhing the Hiſtorians in his collection, he perverted Daniel's Chronicle in numberleſs places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the firſt of theſe, advanced a particular fact, to charge three eminent perſons of interpolating the lord Clarendon's Hiſtory; which fact has been diſproved by the biſhop of Rocheſter, Dr. Atterbury, then the only ſurvivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falſified produced ſince, after almoſt ninety years, in that noble author's own hand.

He was all his life a virulent Party-Writer, and received his reward in a ſmall poſt in the revenue at Liverpool, where he died in an advanced age, but in what year we cannot learn.

Mr. Oldmixon, beſides the works we have mentioned, was author of a volume of Poems, publiſhed in 1714.

The Life of Arthur Maynwaring, Eſq; prefixed to the works of that author, by Mr. Oldmixon.

England's Hiſtorical Epiſtles (Drayton's revived.)

The Life of queen Anne.

LEONARD WELSTED, Esq;

THIS gentleman was descended from a very good family in Leicestershire, and received the rudiments of his education in Westminster school. We are informed by major Cleland, author of a Panegyric on Mr. Pope, prefixed to the Dunciad, that he was a member of both the universities.

In a piece said to have been written by Mr. Welsted, called The Characters of the Times, printed in 8vo. 1728, he gives this account of himself; 'Mr. Welsted had in his youth raised so great 'expectations of his future genius, that there was 'a kind of struggle between the two universities, 'which should have the honour of his educa- 'tion; to compound this, he civilly became 'a member of both, and after having passed 'some time at the one, he removed to the 'other. From thence he returned to town, 'where he became the darling expectation of all 'the polite writers, whose encouragement he ac- 'knowledged in his occasional poems, in a man- 'ner that will make no small part of the fame 'of his protectors. It also appears from his 'works, that he was happy in the patronage of 'the most illustrious characters of the present age. 'Encouraged by such a combination in his fa- 'vour, he published a book of poems, some in 'the Ovidian, some in the Horatian manner, in 'both

'both which the moſt exquiſite judges pronounced 'he even rivalled his maſters. His love verſes 'have reſcued that way of writing from contempt. 'In his tranſlations he has given us the very 'ſoul and ſpirit of his author. His Odes; his 'Epiſtles; his Verſes; his Love-Tales; all are 'the moſt perfect things in all poetry.'

If this repreſentation of our author's abilities were juſt, it would ſeem no wonder, if the two univerſities ſhould ſtrive with each other for the honour of his education, but it is certain the world have not coincided with this opinion of Mr. Welſted; who, by the way, can hardly be thought the author of ſuch an extravagant ſelf-approbation, unleſs it be an irony, which does not ſeem improbable.

Our author, however, does not appear to have been a mean poet; he had certainly from nature an exceeding fine genius, but after he came to town he became a votary to pleaſure, and the applauſes of his friends, which taught him to overvalue his talents, perhaps ſlackened his diligence, and by making him truſt ſolely to nature, ſlight the aſſiſtance of art.

In the year 1718 he wrote the Triumvirate, or a Letter in Verſe from Palemon to Celia from Bath, which was meant as a ſatire againſt Mr. Pope. He wrote ſeveral other occaſional pieces againſt this gentleman, who, in recompence of his enmity, has mentioned him twice in his Dunciad. In book ii. l. 200. where he repreſents the poets flattering their patrons with the fulſome ſtrains of panegyric, in order to procure from them that which they very much wanted, viz. money, he ſhews Welſted as unſucceſsful.

But Welſted moſt the poet's healing balm,
Strives to extract from his ſoft giving palm;
Unlucky Welſted! thy unfeeling maſter,
The more thou tickleſt, gripes his fiſt the faſter.

Mr.

Mr. Welsted was likewise characterised in the Treatise of the Art of Sinking, as a Didapper, and after as an Eel. He was likewise described under the character of another animal, a Mole, by the author of the following simile, which was handed about at the same time.

Dear Welsted, mark in dirty hole
That painful animal a Mole:
Above ground never born to go,
What mighty stir it keeps below?
To make a molehill all this strife!
It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
How proud a little dirt to spread!
Conscious of nothing o'er its head.
'Till lab'ring on, for want of eyes,
It blunders into light——and dies.

But mentioning him once was not enough for Mr. Pope. He is again celebrated in the third book, in that famous Parody upon Denham's Cooper's Hill,

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'er flowing full.
Denham.

Which Mr. Pope has thus parodied;

Flow Welsted, flow; like thine inspirer, beer,
Tho' stale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear;
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; and foaming, tho' not full.

How far Mr. Pope's insinuation is true, that Mr. Welsted owed his inspiration to beer, they who read

read his works may determine for themſelves. Poets who write ſatire often ſtrain hard for ridiculous circumſtances, in order to expoſe their antagoniſts, and it will be no violence to truth to ſay, that in ſearch of ridicule, candour is frequently loſt.

In the year 1726 Mr. Welſted brought upon the ſtage a comedy called The Diſſembled Wanton, or My Son get Money. He met with the patronage of the duke of Newcaſtle, who was a great encourager of polite learning; and we find that our author had a very competent place in the Ordnance-Office.

His poetical works are chiefly theſe,

The Duke of Marlborough's Arrival, a Poem; printed in fol. 1709, inſcribed to the Right Hon. the Earl of Dorſet and Middleſex.

A Poem to the Memory of Mr. Philips, inſcribed to Lord Bolingbroke, printed in fol. 1710.

A Diſcourſe to the Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole; to which is annexed Propoſals for Tranſlating the whole Works of Horace, with a Specimen of the Performance, viz. Lib. Iſt. Ode 1, 3, 5 and 22, printed in 4to. 1727.

An Ode to the Hon. Major General Wade, on Occaſion of his diſarming the Highlands, imitated from Horace.

To the Earl of Clare, on his being created Duke of Newcaſtle. An Ode on the Birth-Day of his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales. To the Princeſs, a Poem. Amintor and the Nightingale, a Song

a Song. These four were printed together in 1716.

Of False Fame, an Epistle to the Right Hon. the Earl of Pembroke, 8vo. 1732.

A Letter to his Grace the Duke of Chandois.

To the Duke of Buckingham, on his Essay on Poetry.

Several small pieces in the Free Thinker.

Epistles, Odes, &c. written on several Subjects; with a Dissertation concerning the Perfection of the English Language.

Mr. Welsted has translated Longinus's Treatise on the Sublime.

JAMES MORE SMYTH, Esq;

THIS gentleman was son of Arthur More, esq; one of the lords commissioners of trade, in the reign of Queen Anne; his mother was the daughter of Mr. Smyth, a man of considerable fortune, who left this his grandson a handsome estate, on which account he obtained an Act of Parliament to change his name to Smyth.

Our author received his education at Oxford, and while he remained at the university he wrote a comedy called The Rival Modes, his only dramatic performance. This play was condemned in the representation, but he printed it in 1727, with the following motto, which the author of the Notes to the Dunciad, by way of irony, calls modest.

Hic cœstus, artemque repono.

Upon the death of our author's grandfather, he enjoyed the place of paymaster to the band of gentlemen-pensioners, in conjunction with his younger brother, Arthur More; of this place his mother procured the reversion from his late Majesty during his father's lifetime. Being a man of a gay disposition, he insinuated himself into the favour of his grace the duke of Wharton, and being, like him, destitute of prudence, he joined with that volatile great man in writing a paper called the Inquisitor, which breathed so much the spirit of Jacobitism, that the publisher thought

thought proper to ſacrifice his profit to his ſafety, and diſcontinue it.

By uſing too much freedom with the character of Pope, he provoked that gentleman, who with great ſpirit ſtigmatized him in his Dunciad. In his ſecond book Mr. Pope places before the eyes of the dunces the phantom of a poet. He ſeems willing to give ſome account of the poſſibility of dulneſs making a wit, which can be done no otherwiſe than by chance. The lines which have relation to Mr. More are ſo elegantly ſatyric, that it probably will not diſpleaſe our readers to find them inſerted here.

A poet's form ſhe plac'd before their eyes,
And bad the nimbleſt racer ſeize the prize;
No meagre muſe-rid mope, aduſt and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own looſe ſkin,
But ſuch a bulk as no twelve bards could raiſe,
Twelve ſtarv'ling bards of theſe degenerate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair,
She form'd this image of well-bodied air,
With pert, flat eyes, ſhe window'd well its head,
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead,
And empty words ſhe gave, and ſounding ſtrain,
But ſenſeleſs, lifeleſs! idol void and vain!
Never was daſh'd out at one lucky hit,
A fool ſo juſt a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics ſaid, and courtiers ſwore,
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More.

Though theſe lines of Pope are ſufficiently ſatirical, yet it ſeems they very little affected Mr. More. A gentleman intimately acquainted with him informs us, that he has heard Mr. More ſeveral times repeat thoſe lines, without diſcovering

ing

ing any chagrin; and he uſed to obſerve, that he was now ſecure of being tranſmitted to poſterity: an honour which, ſays he, I could never have arrived at, but by Pope's means. The cauſe of the quarrel between this gentleman and that great poet ſeems to have been this.

In a letter publiſhed in the Daily Journal March 18, 1728, written by Mr. More, he has the following words, 'Upon reading the third volume of 'Pope's Miſcellanies, I found five lines which I 'thought excellent, and happening to praiſe them, 'a gentleman produced a modern comedy, the 'Rival Modes, publiſhed laſt year, where were 'the ſame verſes to a tittle. Theſe gentlemen 'are undoubtedly the firſt plagiaries that pretend 'to make a reputation, by ſtealing from a man's 'works in his own life-time, and out of a public 'print.' But it is apparent from the notes to the Dunciad, that Mr. More himſelf borrowed the lines from Pope; for in a letter dated January 27, 1726, addreſſed to Mr. Pope, he obſerves, 'That theſe verſes 'which he had before given him leave to inſert in 'the Rival Modes, would be known for his, ſome 'copies being got abroad. He deſires, neverthe-'leſs, that ſince the lines in his comedy have been 'read to ſeveral, Mr. Pope would not deprive it 'of them.'

As a proof of this circumſtance, the teſtimony of lord Bolingbroke is adduced, and the lady of Hugh Bethel, eſq; to whom the verſes were originally addreſſed, who knew them to be Mr. Pope's long before the Rival Modes was compoſed.

Our author further charges Mr. Pope with being an enemy to the church and ſtate. 'The Me-'moirs of a Pariſh Clerk, ſays he, was a very 'dull, and unjuſt abuſe of the biſhop of Sarum '(who wrote in defence of our religion and conſti-'tution) who has been dead many years.' 'This 'alſo,

'also, continues the author of the Notes to the 'Dunciad, is likewise untrue, it being known to 'divers, that these Memoirs were written at the 'seat of the lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire, before 'the death of bishop Burnet, and many years be-'fore the appearance of that history, of which 'they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true 'it is that Mr. More had such a design, and 'was himself the man who pressed Dr. Arbuth-'not, and Mr. Pope to assist him therein; and 'that he borrowed those Memoirs of the latter, 'when that history came forth, with intent to 'turn them to such abuse, but being able to ob-'tain from Pope but one single hint, and either 'changing his mind, or having more mind than a-'bility, he contented himself to keep the said 'Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his 'acquaintance. A noble person there is, into 'whose company Pope once chanced to introduce 'him, who well remembered the conversation of 'Mr. More to have turned upon the contempt 'he had for that reverend prelate, and how full 'he was of a design he declared himself to have 'of exposing him; this noble person is the earl of 'Peterborough.'

Thus Mr. Pope was obliged to represent this gentleman as a plagiary, or to pass for one himself. His case indeed, as the author of the notes to the Dunciad observes, was like that of a man who, as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had stolen his handkerchief. 'Sir, said 'the thief, finding himself detected, do not expose 'me, I did it for mere want; be so good but to 'take it privately out of my pocket again, and 'say nothing.' The honest man did so, but the 'other cried out, See, gentlemen! what a thief 'we have among us! look, he is stealing my 'handkerchief.'

The

The plagiariſm of this perſon gave occaſion to the following epigram;

More always ſmiles whenever he recites;
He ſmiles (you think) approving what he writes;
And yet in this no vanity is ſhown;
A modeſt man may like what's not his own.

The ſmaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author, are, An Epigram on the Bridge at Blenheim, by Dr. Evans; Coſmelia, by Mr. Pitt, Mr. Jones, &c. The Saw-Pit, a Simile, by a Friend; and ſome unowned Letters, Advertiſements, and Epigrams againſt Mr. Pope in the Daily Journal. He died in the year 1734, and as he wrote but one comedy unſucceſsfully, and no other pieces of his meeting with any applauſe, the reader will probably look upon him as a man of little genius; he had a power however of rendering his converſation agreeable by a facetious and gentleman-like manner, without any of the ſtiffneſs of the ſcholar, or the uſual petulance of a poet. He always lived in affluent circumſtances, and by mixing with genteel company, his habit of elegance was never loſt, a fate which too frequently happens to thoſe, who, notwithſtanding the brighteſt parts, are excluded the circle of politeneſs by the oppreſſions of poverty. In this light Mr. Pope muſt have conſidered him, or he, who was one of the politeſt men of the age, as well as the greateſt poet, would never have introduced him to the earl of Peterborough. It does not appear that Mr. More had parts otherwiſe ſufficient to entitle him to the notice of Pope, and therefore he muſt have conſidered him only as a gentleman. Had he poſſeſſed as much prudence, as politeneſs, he would have avoided by all means

means incurring the diſpleaſure of Pope, who, as he was the warmeſt friend, was likewiſe a very powerful and implacable enemy. In this controverſy, however, it is evident enough that Mr. Moore was the aggreſſor, and it is likewiſe certain that his puniſhment has been equal to his offence.

He died October 18, 1734, at Whiſter, near Iſleworth in Middleſex, for which county he was a juſtice of peace.

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

THIS celebrated critic was born in London in the year 1657, his father being a Sadler, and an eminent citizen *.

He received his early education at Harrow on the Hill, under the pious and learned Dr. William Horn, having for his ſchoolfellows many young noblemen, who afterwards made a conſiderable figure in the ſtate. He removed from Harrow to Caius College in Cambridge, where he was admitted January 13, 1675, in the 18th year of his age. In due time Mr. Dennis took the degree of bachelor of arts, and after quitting the univerſity he indulged a paſſion which he had entertained for travelling, and ſet out for France and

* Jacob's Lives of the Poets.

taly. In the courſe of his travels he, no doubt, made ſuch obſervations upon the government and genius of the people whom he viſited, as enabled him to make a juſt compariſon between foreign ſtates and his own country. In all probability, while he was in France and Italy, he conceived an abhorrence of deſpotic government, the effects of which he then had an opportunity more intimately to diſcern; for he returned home ſtill more confirmed in Whig principles, by which his political conduct was ever governed.

Our author in his early years became acquainted with ſome of the brighteſt geniuſes which then illuminated the regions of wit, ſuch as Dryden, Wycherly, Congreve, and Southern. Their converſation was in itſelf ſufficient to divert his mind from the acquiſition of any profitable art, or the exerciſe of any profeſſion. He ranked himſelf amongſt the wits, and from that moment held every attainment in contempt, except what related to poetry, and taſte.

Mr. Dennis, by the inſtances of zeal which he gave for the Proteſtant ſucceſſion in the reign of King William, and Queen Anne, obtained the patronage of the duke of Marlborough, who procured him the place of one of the Queen's waiters in the Cuſtom-houſe, worth 120 l. per annum, which Mr. Dennis held for ſix years. During the time he attended at the Cuſtom-houſe, he lived ſo profuſely, and managed his affairs with ſo little oeconomy, that in order to diſcharge ſome preſſing demands, he was obliged to diſpoſe of his place. When the earl of Hallifax, with whom he had the honour of being acquainted, heard of Mr. Dennis's deſign, he ſent for him, and in the moſt friendly manner, expoſtulated with him upon the folly, and raſhneſs of diſpoſing of his place, by which (ſays his lordſhip) you will ſoon become a beggar. Mr. Dennis repreſented his

his exigences, and the preſſing demands that were then made upon him: which did not however ſatisfy his lordſhip, who inſiſted if he did ſell it, it ſhould be with ſome reverſion to himſelf for the ſpace of forty years, a term which the earl had no notion Mr. Dennis could exceed. But he was miſtaken in his calculation upon our poet's conſtitution, who out-lived the term of forty years ſtipulated when he ſold his place, and fulfilled in a very advanced age, what his lordſhip had propheſied would befal him. This circumſtance our author hints at in his dedication of his poem on the Battle of Ramellies, to lord Hallifax, 'I have 'lately, ſays he, had very great obligations to 'your lordſhip, you have been pleaſed to take 'ſome care of my fortune, at a time when I moſt 'wanted it, and had the leaſt reaſon to expect it 'from you.' This poem on the Battle of Ramellies is a cold unſpirited performance; it has neither fire, nor elevation, and is the true poetical ſiſter of another poem of his, on the Battle of Blenheim, addreſſed to Queen Anne, and for which the duke of Marlborough rewarded him, ſays Mr. Coxeter, with a preſent of a hundred guineas. In theſe poems he has introduced a kind of machinery; good and bad angels intereſt themſelves in the action, and his hero, the duke of Marlborough, enjoys a large ſhare of the cœleſtial protection.

Mr. Dennis had once contracted a friendſhip * with Sir Richard Steele, whom he afterwards ſeverely attacked. Sir Richard had promiſed that he would take ſome opportunity of mentioning his works in public with advantage, and endeavour to raiſe his reputation. When Sir Richard

* Which friendſhip he ill repaid. Sir Richard once became bail for Dennis, who hearing that Sir Richard was arreſted on his account, cried out, 'Sdeath! Why did not he 'keep out of the way, as I did?

engaged in a periodical paper. there was a fair occaſion of doing it, and accordingly in one of his Spectators he quotes the following couplet, which he is pleaſed to call humorous, but which however is a tranſlation from Boileau.

One fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And ſhakes his empty noddle at his brother.

The citation of this couplet Mr. Dennis imagined, was rather meant to affront him, than pay a compliment to his genius, as he could diſcover nothing excellent in the lines, and if there was, they being only a tranſlation, in ſome meaſure abated the merit of them. Being fired with reſentment at this affront, he immediately, in a ſpirit of fury, wrote a letter to the Spectator, in which he treated him with very little ceremony, and informed him, that if he had been ſincere in paying a compliment to him, he ſhould have choſen a quotation from his poem on the Battle of Ramellies; he then points out a particular paſſage, of which he himſelf had a very high opinion, and which we ſhall here inſert as a ſpecimen of that performance.

A cœleſtial ſpirit viſits the duke of Marlborough the night before the battle, and after he has ſaid ſeveral other things to him, goes on thus,

A wondrous victory attends thy arms,
Great in itſelf, and in its ſequel vaſt;
Whoſe ecchoing ſound thro' all the Weſt ſhall run,
Tranſporting the glad nations all around,
Who oft ſhall doubt, and oft ſuſpend their joy,
And oft imagine all an empty dream;
The conqueror himſelf ſhall cry amaz'd,
'Tis not our work, alas we did it not;
The hand of GOD, the hand of GOD is here!

For

For thee, ſo great ſhall be thy high renown,
That fame ſhall think no muſic like thy name;
Around the circling globe it ſhall be ſpread,
And to the world's laſt ages ſhall endure;
And the moſt lofty, moſt aſpiring man,
Shall want th' aſſurance in his ſecret prayers
To ask ſuch high felicity and fame,
As Heav'n has freely granted thee; yet this
That ſeems ſo great, ſo glorious to thee now,
Would look how low, how vile to thy great mind,
If I could ſet before th' aſtoniſh'd eyes,
Th' exceſs of glory, and th' exceſs of bliſs
That is prepar'd for thy expiring ſoul,
When thou arriv'ſt at everlaſting day.

The quotation by Mr. Dennis is longer, but we are perſuaded the reader will not be diſpleaſed that we do not take the trouble to tranſcribe the whole, as it does not improve, but rather grows more languid. How ſtrangely are people deceived in their own productions! In the language of ſincerity we cannot diſcover a poetical conception, one ſtriking image, or one animated line in the above, and yet Mr. Dennis obſerves to Sir Richard Steele, that theſe are the lines, by quoting which, he would really have done him honour.

But Mr. Dennis's reſentment did not terminate here; he attempted to expoſe a paper in the Spectator upon dramatic conduct, in which the author endeavours to ſhew that a poet is not always obliged to diſtribute poetical juſtice on this very reaſonable account, that good and evil happen alike to all men on this ſide the grave. To this propoſition our critic objects, 'that it is not only a very falſe, but 'a dangerous aſſertion, that we neither know what 'men really are, nor what they ſuffer. Beſides, 'ſays he, let it be conſidered, that a man is a 'creature, who is created immortal, and a crea-

'ture consequently that will find a compensation 'in futurity, for any seeming inequality in his 'destiny here; but the creatures of a poetical 'creator, are imaginary, and transitory; they have 'no longer duration than the representation of 'their respective fables, and consequently if they 'offend, they must be punished during that repre-'sentation, and therefore we are very far from 'pretending, that poetical justice is an equal re-'presentation of the justice of the Almighty.' In support of this opinion our critic produces the example of Euripides, and the best poets amongst the ancients, who practised it, and the authority of Aristotle, who established the rule. But nature, or Shakespear, which is another word for nature, is by no means in favour of this equal distribution. No character can be represented in tragedy absolutely perfect, as no such character exists; but a character which possesses more virtues than vices, may be upon the whole amiable, and yet with the strictest propriety may be made the chief sufferer in the drama. If any passion strongly predominates in the heart of man, it will often expose him to such snares, entangle him in such difficulties, and oppress him with such wants, that in the very nature of things, he must sink under the complicated weight of misery. This may happen to a character extremely amiable, the passion which governs him may be termed unhappy, but not guilty, or if it should partake the nature of guilt, fallible creatures cannot always combat with success against guilty passions.

The drama being an imitation of nature, the poet causes a composition of characters formed in his imagination to be represented by players; these characters charm, or displease, not only for what they do; during the representation of the fable, but we love, or hate them for what they have done before their appearance; and we dread, or warmly

warmly expect the conſequences of their reſolutions after they depart the ſtage. The illuſion would not be ſufficiently ſtrong, if we did not ſuppoſe the dramatic perſons equally accountable to the powers above us, as we are ourſelves. This Shakeſpear has taken care forcibly to impreſs upon his audience, in making the ghoſt of the murthered king of Denmark, charge his ſon not to touch his mother's life, but leave her to heaven; and the reflexions of her own conſcience to goad and ſting her.

Mr. Dennis's reaſoning, upon the whole amounts to this, that no perfect character ſhould ſuffer in the drama; to which it may be anſwered, that no perfect character ever did ſuffer in the drama; becauſe no poet who draws from nature, ever introduced one, for this very good reaſon, that there are none in exiſtence.

Mr. Dennis, who was reſtleſs in attacking thoſe writers, who met with ſucceſs, levelled ſome more criticiſms againſt the Spectators; and amongſt the reſt endeavoured to expoſe Mr. Addiſon's Illuſtrations of the Old Ballad, called Chevy Chace; of which we ſhall only ſay, that he performed this taſk more ſucceſsfully than he executed his Animadverſions upon Poetical Juſtice.

We have already taken notice of the warm attachment Mr. Dennis always had to the Whig-Intereſt, and his particular zeal for the Hanoverian ſucceſſion. He wrote many letters and pamphlets, for the adminiſtration of the earl of Godolphin, and the duke of Marlborough, and never failed to laſh the French with all the ſeverity natural to him.

When the peace (which the Whigs reckoned the moſt inglorious that ever was made) was about to be ratified, Mr. Dennis, who certainly over-rated his importance, took it into his imagination, that when

the terms of peace ſhould be ſtipulated, ſome perſons, who had been moſt active againſt the French, would be demanded by that nation as hoſtages; and he imagined himſelf of importance enough to be made choice of, but dreaded his being given up to the French, as the greateſt evil that could befall him. Under the influence of this ſtrong deluſion, he actually waited on the duke of Marlborough, and begg'd his grace's interpoſition, that he might not be ſacrificed to the French, for ſays he, 'I have always been their enemy.' To this ſtrange requeſt, his grace very grave'y replied, 'Do not fear, Mr. Dennis; you ſhall not be given 'up to the French; I have been a greater enemy to 'them than you, and you ſee I am not afraid of 'being ſacrificed, nor am in the leaſt diſturbed.' Mr. Dennis upon this retired, well ſatisfied with his grace's anſwer, but there ſtill remained upon his ſpirits a dread of his becoming a prey to ſome of the enemies of Great Britain.

He ſoon after this retired into the country, to ſpend ſome time at a friend's houſe. While he was walking one day by the ſea-ſide, he ſaw a ſhip in full ſail approaching towards the ſhore, which his diſtracted imagination dictated, was a French ſhip ſent to carry him off. He hurried to the gentleman's houſe with the utmoſt precipitation, upbraided him with treachery, as being privy to the attempts of the French againſt his life, and without ceremony quitted his houſe, and poſted to London, as faſt as he could.

Mr. Dennis, who never cared to be an unconcerned ſpectator, when any buſineſs of a public or important nature was in agitation, entered the liſts with the celebrated Mr. Sacheverel, who in the year 1702 publiſhed at Oxford a piece called the Political Union, the purport of which was to ſhew, that the Church and the State are invariably connected, and that the one cannot ſubſiſt without the other.

other. Mr. Dennis in anſwer to this, in a letter to a member of parliament, with much zeal, force of argument, and leſs ferocity than uſual, endeavours to overthrow the propoſition, and ſhew the danger of prieſtcraft, both to religion and government.

In this letter he very ſenſibly obſerves, 'That 'ſince the very ſpirit of the chriſtian religion, is 'the ſpirit of union and charity, it follows by con-'ſequence, that a ſpirit of diviſion, is a ſpirit of 'malice, and of the Devil. A true ſon of the 'church, is he who appears moſt for union, who 'breathes nothing but charity; who neglects all 'worldly greatneſs to bear his maſter's yoke; and 'who has learned of him to be meek and lowly 'of heart.'

He ſhews that the moderate part of the Church of England are the trueſt church; and that violent party which differs from the moderate ought to be called Diſſenters, becauſe they are at a greater diſtance from charity, which is the characteriſtic of a true church, than any Diſſenters. By which, ſays he, 'It appears that Mr. Sacheverel has made a rod to whip himſelf, for if only the true Church of England is to remain, and if the moderate part is the true church, the moſt violent ought the leaſt to be tolerated, becauſe they differ from charity; and conſequently are more ready to diſturb the public peace.'

In 1703 he publiſhed propoſals for putting a ſpeedy end to the war, by ruining the commerce of the French and Spaniards, and ſecuring our own without any additional expence to the nation. This was thought a very judicious, and well deſigned plan.

In 1706 our author publiſhed an Eſſay on the Italian Opera, in which, with an irreſiſtable force, he ſhews the extreme danger that a generous nation is expoſed to, by too much indulging effeminate

muſic. In the preface he quotes a paſſage from Boileau, in which that ſatiriſt expreſſes himſelf with much ſeverity againſt emaſculating diverſions; and the Italian muſic in particular.

He obſerves, 'That the modern Italians have the very ſame ſun and ſoil with the antient Romans, and yet are their manners directly oppoſite. Their men are neither virtuous, wiſe, or valiant, and they who have reaſon to know their women, never truſt them out of their ſight. 'Tis impoſſible to give any reaſon for ſo great a difference between the antient Romans, and the modern Italians, but only luxury; and the reigning luxury of modern Italy, is that ſoft and effeminate muſic, which abounds in the Opera.'

In this Eſſay Mr. Dennis remarks, that entertainments entirely made up of muſic can never inſtruct the mind, nor promote one excellent purpoſe in human nature. 'Perhaps, ſays he, 'the pride and vanity that is in mankind, may 'determine the generality to give into muſic, at the 'expence of poetry. Men love to enjoy their 'pleaſures entirely, and not to have them reſtrained 'by awe, or curbed by mortification. Now there 'are but few judicious ſpectators at our dramatic 'repreſentations, ſince none can be ſo, but who 'with great endowments of nature have had a 'very generous education; and the reſt are fre-'quently mortified, by paſſing fooliſh judgments: 'But in muſic the caſe is vaſtly different; to judge 'of that requires only uſe, and a fine ear, which 'the footman oft has a great deal finer than his 'maſter. In ſhort, a man without common ſenſe 'may very well judge of what a man writes with-'out common-ſenſe, and without common-ſenſe 'compoſes.' He then inquires what the conſequence will be if we baniſh poetry, which is, that taſte, politeneſs, erudition and public ſpirit will fall with it, and all for a Song.

The

The declenſion of poetry in Greece and Rome was ſoon followed by that of liberty and empire; according to Roſcommon in his Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe.

True poets are the guardians of a ſtate,
And when they fail, portend approaching fate:
For that which Rome to conqueſt did inſpire,
Was not the Veſtal, but the Muſes fire;
Heav'n joins the bleſſings, no declining age
E'er felt the raptures of poetic rage.

In 1711 Mr. Dennis publiſhed an Eſſay upon Public Spirit, being a ſatire in proſe, upon the Manners and Luxury of the Times, the chief ſources of our preſent Parties and Diviſions. This is one of the moſt finiſhed performances of our author; the intention is laudable, and the execution equal to the goodneſs of the deſign. He begins the Eſſay, with a definition of the love of our country, ſhews how much the phraſe has been proſtituted, and how ſeldom underſtood, or practiſed in its genuine ſenſe. He then obſerves how deſtructive it is to indulge an imitation of foreign faſhions; that faſhions are often followed by the manners of a people from whom they are borrowed; as in the beginning of king Charles the IId's reign. After the general diſtraction which was immediately conſequent upon the Reſtoration, lord Halifax informs us, the people began to ſhake off their ſlavery in point of dreſs, and to be aſhamed of their ſervility in that particular; 'and that they might 'look the more, ſays his lordſhip, like a diſtinct 'people, they threw off their faſhions, and put on 'veſts: The French did not like this independence, 'this ſlight ſhewn to their taſte, as they thought it 'portended no good to their politics, conſidering 'that it is a natural introduction, firſt to make the 'world their aſſes, that they may afterwards make

'them their ſlaves. They ſent over the ducheſs of 'Portſmouth, who, beſides many other commiſſions, 'bore one to laugh us out of our veſts, which ſhe 'performed ſo effectually, that in a moment we 'were like ſo many footmen, who had quitted their 'maſters livery, we took it again, and returned to 'our old ſervice. So that the very time of doing 'this gave a very critical advantage to France, 'ſince it looked like an evidence of returning to 'their intereſts, as well as their faſhions.'

After giving this quotation from the marquis of Halifax, he proceeds to inveigh againſt the various kinds of luxury, in which people of faſhion indulge themſelves.

He obſerves that luxury has in a particular manner been deſtructive to the ladies: 'That artificial 'dainties raiſe in their conſtitutions fierce ebulli-'tions, and violent emotions, too rude for the de-'licate texture of their fibres; and for half the 'year together, they neither take any air, nor 'uſe any exerciſe to remove them. From hence 'diſtempers of body and mind; from hence an in-'finity of irregular deſires, unlawful amours, in-'trigues, vapours, and whimſies, and all the nu-'merous, melancholy croud of deep hyſterical 'ſymptoms; from hence it comes to paſs that the 'fruit of their bodies lie in them like plants in 'hot-beds; from hence it proceeds that our Britiſh 'maids, who in the time of our Henrys, were not 'held marriageable till turned of twenty, are now 'become falling ripe at twelve, and forced to pre-'matureneſs, by the heat of adventitious fire. Nor 'has luxury only changed our natures, but tranſ-'formed our ſexes: We have men that are more 'ſoft, more languid, and more paſſive than women. 'On the other ſide we have women, who, as it were

'were in revenge, are maſculine in their deſires, 'and maſculine in their practices.'

In a pretty advanced age Mr. Dennis, who then laboured under ſevere neceſſities, publiſhed two volumes of Letters, by ſubſcription, which are by far the moſt entertaining part of his writings. They have more ſprightlineſs and force in them than, from reading his other works, we would be diſpoſed to imagine. They are addreſſed to perſons diſtinguiſhed by their fortune, genius, and exalted ſtation; the duke of Marlborough, the lord Lanſdowne, earl of Godolphin, earl of Halifax, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Prior, Mr. Wycherley, Henry Cromwel, Eſq; Walter Moyle, Eſq; and Sir Richard Blackmore. He entitles them Letters, Moral and Critical. The Critical are chiefly imployed upon Mr. Addiſon's Cato, which he cenſures in ſome places with great juſtice, and critical propriety: In other places he only diſcovers ſpleen, and endeavours to burleſque noble paſſages, merely from reſentment to the author.

There is likewiſe publiſhed amongſt theſe letters, an enquiry into the genius and writings of Shakeſpear. He contends for Shakeſpear's ignorance of the antients, and obſerves, that it would derogate much from his glory to ſuppoſe him to have read, or underſtood them, becauſe if he had, his not practiſing their art, and not reſtraining the luxuriance of his imagination would be a reproach to him. After beſtowing the higheſt panegyric upon Shakeſpear, he ſays, 'That he ſeems to have been the 'very original of our Engliſh tragical harmony; 'that is the harmony of blank verſe, diverſified 'often by diſſyllable and triſyllable terminations. 'For that diverſity diſtinguiſhes it from heroic har'mony, and bringing it nearer to common uſe, 'makes it more proper to gain attention, and more 'fit for action, and dialogue. Such verſes we

'make when we are writing proſe, we make ſuch 'verſe in common converſation.'

One of the reaſons Mr. Dennis aſſigns for Shakeſpear's want of learning, is, that Julius Cæſar, in the play which goes by his name, makes but a third rate figure, and had he (ſays the author) conſulted the Latin writers, he could not have been guilty of ſuch an error; but this is far from being concluſive, which might as well be owing to his having a contempt for Cæſar's character, and an enthuſiaſtic admiration for thoſe of Brutus and Caſſius.

Another proſe Eſſay of Mr. Dennis's, which does him very great honour, is his Grounds of Criticiſm in Poetry. Amongſt many maſterly things, which he there advances, is the following. 'The 'antient poets (ſays he) derived that advantage 'which they have over the moderns, to the con-'ſtituting their ſubjects after a religious manner; 'and from the precepts of Longinus, it appears 'that the greateſt ſublimity is to be derived from 'religious ideas.'

Mr. Dennis then obſerves, that one of the principal reaſons, that has made the modern poetry ſo contemptible, is, that by diveſting itſelf of religion, it is fallen from its dignity, and its original nature and excellence; and from the greateſt production in the mind of man, it is dwindled to an extravagant, and vain amuſement. When ſubjects are in themſelves great, the ideas of the writer muſt likewiſe be great; and nothing is in its nature ſo dignified as religion. This he illuſtrates by many examples from Milton, who when he raiſes his voice to heaven, and ſpeaks the language of the divinity, then does he reach the true ſublime; but when he deſcends to the more trifling conſideration of human things, his wing is neceſſarily depreſſed, and his ſtrains are leſs tranſporting.

We

We ſhall now take a view of Mr. Dennis, in that part of his life and writings, in which he makes a leſs conſiderable figure, by expoſing himſelf to the reſentment of one ſo much his ſuperior; and who, after a long provocation, at laſt let looſe his rage againſt him, in a manner that no time can obliterate. Mr. Dennis we have already obſerved, waged a perpetual war with ſucceſsful writers, except thoſe few who were his friends; but never engaged with ſo much fury, and leſs juſtice, againſt the writings of any poet, as thoſe of Mr. Pope.

Some time after the death of Dryden, when Pope's reputation began to grow, his friends who were ſanguine in his intereſt, were imprudent enough to make compariſons, and really aſſert, that Pope was the greateſt poet of the two: Dennis, who had made court to Dryden, and was reſpected by him, heard this with indignation, and immediately exerted all the criticiſm and force of which he was maſter, to reduce the character of Pope. In this attempt he neither has ſucceeded, nor did he purſue it like a gentleman.

In his reflexions on Pope's Eſſay on Criticiſm, he uſes the following unmannerly epithets. 'A young 'ſquab, ſhort gentleman, whoſe outward form tho' 'it ſhould be that of a downright monkey, would 'not differ ſo much from human ſhape, as his un-'thinking, immaterial part does from human un-'derſtanding.——He is as ſtupid and as venemous 'as an hunch-backed toad.——A book through 'which folly and ignorance, thoſe brethren ſo lame, 'and impotent, do ridiculouſly look very big, and 'very dull, and ſtrut, and hobble cheek by jowl, 'with their arms on kimbo, being led, and ſup-'ported, and bully-backed, by that blind Hector 'impudence.' The reaſons which our critic gives for this extraordinary fury are equally ridiculous.

'I

'I regard him (ſays he) as an enemy, not ſo 'much to me, as to my king, to my country, and 'to my religion. The epidemic madneſs of the 'times has given him reputation, and reputation 'is power; and that has made him dangerous. 'Therefore I look on it as my duty to king George, 'and to the liberties of my country, more dear than 'life to me, of which I have now been 40 years a 'conſtant aſſertor, &c. I look upon it as my duty 'I ſay to do,——Reader obſerve what,——To 'pull the lion's ſkin from this little aſs, which po-'pular error has thrown round him, and ſhew that 'this little author, who has been lately ſo much 'in vogue, has neither ſenſe in his thoughts, nor 'Engliſh in his expreſſions. See his Remarks on 'Homer, Pref. p. 2. and p. 91.

Speaking of Mr. Pope's Windſor-Forreſt, he ſays, 'It is a wretched rhapſody, impudently writ in 'emulation of Cooper's-Hill. The author of it is 'obſcure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, 'is barbarous.'

After theſe provocations, it is no wonder that Pope ſhould take an opportunity of recording him in his Dunciad; and yet he had ſome eſteem for our author's learning and genius. Mr. Dennis put his name to every thing he wrote againſt him, which Mr. Pope conſidered as a circumſtance of candour. He pitied him as a man ſubject to the dominion of invidious paſſions, than which no ſeverer ſenſations can tear the heart of man.

In the firſt Book of his Dunciad, line 103, he repreſents Dullneſs taking a view of her ſons; and thus mentions Dennis,

She ſaw ſlow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.

He

He mentions him again ſlightly in his ſecond Book, line 230, and in his third Book, line 165, taking notice of a quarrel between him and Mr. Gildon, he ſays,

Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-ſtarr'd rage
Divides a friendſhip long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads, with reaſon, wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool, is barbr'ous civil war,
Embrace, embrace, my ſons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile poets, with true critic's gore.

Our author gained little by his oppoſition to Pope, in which he muſt either have violated his judgment, or been under the influence of the ſtrongeſt prejudice that ever blinded the eyes of any man; for not to admire the writings of this excellent poet, is an argument of a total depravation of taſte, which in other reſpects does not appear to be the caſe of Mr. Dennis.

We ſhall now take a view of our author in the light of a dramatiſt. In the year 1697 a comedy of his was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, called A Plot and No Plot, dedicated to the Earl of Sunderland. The ſcope of this piece is to ridicule the credulity and principles of the Jacobites, the moral of which is this, 'That there 'are in all parties, perſons who find it their in-'tereſt to deceive the reſt, and that one half of 'every faction makes a property in fee-ſimple of 'the other, therefore we ought never to believe 'any thing will, or will not be, becauſe it is a-'greeable, or contrary to our humours, but becauſe 'it is in itſelf likely, or improbable. Credulity 'in men, engaged in a party, proceeds oftner 'from pride than weakneſs, and it is the hardeſt 'thing in the world to impoſe upon a humble 'man.'

In

In 1699 a tragedy called Rinaldo and Armida was acted at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, dedicated to the Duke of Ormond. Scene the top of a mountain in the Canaries. The hint of the chief characters is owing to Taſſo's Gieruſalemme, but the manners of them being by our author thought unequal in that great Italian, he has taken the liberty to change them, and form his characters more agreeable to the ſubject. The reaſons for doing it are expreſſed in the preface and prologue to the play.

Our author's next tragedy was upon the ſubject of Iphigenia, daughter to Agamemnon King of Argos, acted at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn 1704. Iphigenia was to have been ſacrificed by her father, who was deluded by the fraud of Calchas, who proclaimed throughout the Grecian fleet, that the offended gods demanded of Agamemnon the ſacrifice of his daughter to Lucina, and 'till that oblation was offered, the fleet would remain wind-bound. Accordingly, under pretence of marrying her to Achilles, ſhe was betrayed from Argos, but her mother, Clytemneſtra, diſcovering the cheat, by a ſtratagem prevented its execution, and effected her reſcue without the knowledge of any one but her huſband Agamemnon. A Grecian virgin being ſacrificed in her place, Iphigenia is afterwards wrecked on the Coaſt of Scythia, and made the Prieſteſs of Diana. In five years time her brother Oreſtes, and his friend Pylades, are wrecked on the ſame ſhore, but ſaved from ſlaughter by the Queen of Scythia, becauſe ſhe loved Oreſtes. Oreſtes, on the other hand, falls in love with the Prieſteſs of Diana; they attempt an eſcape, and to carry off the image of the Goddeſs, but are prevented. The Queen then dooms Oreſtes to the altar, but Pylades, from his great friendſhip, perſonates Oreſtes, and dif-

diſconcerts the deſign. The ſtory and incidents of this play are intereſting and moving, but Mr. Dennis has not wrought the ſcenes much in the ſpirit of a tragedian: This was a ſubject admirably ſuited for the talents of Otway. The diſcovery of Oreſtes's being the brother of Iphigenia is both ſurprizing and natural, and though the ſubject is not well executed, yet is this by far the moſt affecting tragedy of our author; it is almoſt impoſſible to read it without tears, though it abounds with bombaſt.

The fourth play introduced upon the ſtage by Mr. Dennis, 1704, was, a tragedy called Liberty Aſſerted, dedicated to Anthony Henley, eſq; to whom he ſays he was indebted for the happy hint upon which it was formed. Soon after this he wrote another tragedy upon the ſtory of Appius and Virginia, which Mr. Maynwaring, in a letter to Mr. Dennis, calls one of our beſt modern tragedies; it is dedicated to Sidney Earl of Godolphin.

He altered Shakeſpear's Merry Wives of Windſor, and brought it on the ſtage under the title of The Comical Gallant. Prefixed to this, is a large account of Taſte in Poetry, and the Cauſes of its Degeneracy addreſſed to the Hon. George Granville, Eſq; afterwards Lord Lanſdowne.

Our author's next dramatic production was Coriolanus, the Invader of his Country, or the Fatal Reſentment, a Tragedy; altered from Shakeſpear, and acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. This piece met with ſome oppoſition the firſt night; and on the fourth another play was given out. The ſecond night's audience was very ſmall, though the play was exceedingly well acted. The third night had not the charges in money; the fourth was ſtill worſe, and then another play was given out, not one place being taken in

in the boxes for any enſuing night. The managers were therefore obliged to diſcontinue it.

This uſage Mr. Dennis highly reſented; and in his dedication to the duke of Newcaſtle, then lord chamberlain, he makes a formal complaint againſt the managers. To this play Mr. Colley Cibber took the pains to write an epilogue, which Mrs. Oldfield ſpoke with univerſal applauſe, and for which poor peeviſh, jealous Dennis, abuſed them both.

Mr. Dennis happened once to go to the play, when a tragedy was acted, in which the machinery of thunder was introduced, a new artificial method of producing which he had formerly communicated to the managers. Incenſed by this circumſtance, he cried out in a tranſport of reſentment, 'That is my thun-'der by G—d; the villains will play my 'thunder, but not my plays.' This gave an alarm to the pit, which he ſoon explained. He was much ſubject to theſe kind of whimſical tranſports, and ſuffered the fervor of his imagination often to ſubdue the power of his reaſon; an inſtance of which we ſhall now relate.

After he was worn out with age and poverty, he reſided within the verge of the court, to prevent danger from his creditors. One Saturday night he happened to ſaunter to a public houſe, which he diſcovered in a ſhort time was out of the verge. He was ſitting in an open drinking room, and a man of a ſuſpicious appearance happened to come in. There was ſomething about the man which denoted to Mr. Dennis that he was a Bailiff: this ſtruck him with a panic; he was afraid his liberty was now at an end; he ſat in the utmoſt ſolicitude, but durſt not offer to ſtir, leſt he ſhould be ſeized upon. After an hour or two had paſſed in this painful anxiety, at laſt the clock ſtruck twelve, when Mr. Dennis, in an extaſy,

tasy, cried out, addressing himself to the suspected person, 'Now sir, Bailiff, or no Bailiff, I don't 'care a farthing for you, you have no power 'now.' The man was astonished at this behaviour, and when it was explained to him, he was so much affronted with the suspicion, that had not Mr. Dennis found his protection in age, he would have smarted for his mistaken opinion of him.

In the year 1705 a comedy of Mr. Dennis's called Gibraltar, or The Spanish Adventure, was acted unsuccessfully at Drury-Lane Theatre. He was also author of a masque called Orpheus and Euridice.

Mr. Dennis, considered as a dramatic writer, makes not so good a figure as in his critical works; he understood the rules of writing, but it is not in the power of every one to carry their own theory into execution. There is one error which he endeavoured to reform, very material for the interest of dramatic poetry. He saw, with concern, that love had got the entire possession of the tragic stage, contrary to the authority of the ancients, and the example of Shakespear. He resolved therefore to deviate a little from the reigning practice, and not to make his heroes such whining slaves in their amours, which not only debases the majesty of tragedy, but confounds most of the principal characters, by making that passion the predominant quality in all. But he did not think it safe at once to shew his principal characters wholly exempt from it, lest so great and sudden a transition should prove disagreeable. He rather chose to steer a middle course, and make love appear violent, but yet to be subdued by reason, and give way to the influence of some other more noble passion; as in Rinaldo, to Glory; in Iphigenia, to Friendship; and in Liberty Asserted, to the Public Good. He thought by these means an audience might

might be entertained, and prepared for greater alterations, whereby the dignity of tragedy might be ſupported, and its principal characters juſtly diſtinguiſhed.

Beſides the works which we have already mentioned, Mr. Dennis is author of the following pieces, moſtly in the Pindaric way.

Upon our Victory at Sea, and burning the French Fleet at La Hogne in 1692.

Part of the Te Deum Paraphraſed, in Pindaric Verſe.

To Mr. Dryden, upon his Tranſlation of the Third Book of Virgil's Georgics. Pindaric Ode.

A Pindaric Ode on the King, written in the begining of Auguſt 1691; occaſioned by the Victory at Aghrim.

To a Painter drawing a Lady's Picture, an Epigram.

Prayer for the King's Safety in the Summer's Expedition in 1692, an Epigram.

The Court of Death, a Pindaric Poem; dedicated to the Memory of her Moſt Sacred Majeſty Queen Mary.

The Paſſion of Byblis, made Engliſh from the Ninth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoſis.

The Monument, a Poem; ſacred to the Memory of the beſt, and greateſt of Kings, William III.

Britannia Triumphans, or A Poem on the Battle of Blenheim; dedicated to Queen Anne.

On the Acceſſion of King George to the Imperial Crown of Great Britain.

The following ſpecimen, which is part of a Paraphraſe on the Te Deum, ſerves to ſhew, that Mr. Dennis wrote with more elegance in Pindaric odes, than in blank verſe.

Now

Now let us ſing a loftier ſtrain,
Now let us earth and earthly things diſdain,
Now let our ſouls to Heaven repair,
Direct their moſt aſpiring flight,
To fields of uncreated light,
And dare to draw empyreal air.
'Tis done, O place divinely bright!
O Sons of God divinely fair!
O ſight! unutterable ſight!
O unconceivable delight!
O joy which only Gods can bear!
Heark how their bliſsful notes they raiſe,
And ſing the Great Creator's praiſe!
How in extatic ſong they cry,
Lo we the glorious ſons of light,
So great, ſo beautiful, ſo bright,
Lo we the brighteſt of created things,
Who are all flame, all force, all ſpirit, and all eye,
Are yet but vile, and nothing in thy ſight!
Before thy feet O mighty King of kings,
O Maker of this bounteous all!
Thus lowly reverent we fall.

After a life expoſed to viciſſitudes, habituated to many diſappointments, and embroiled in unſucceſsful quarrels, Mr. Dennis died on the 6th of January 1733, in the 77th year of his age. We have obſerved that he outlived the reverſion of his place, after which he fell into great diſtreſs, and as he had all his life been making enemies, by the ungovernable fury of his temper, he found few perſons diſpoſed to relieve him. When he was near the cloſe of his days, a play was acted for his benefit. This favour was procured him by the joint intereſt of Mr. Thomſon, Mr. Martin, Mr. Mallet, and Mr. Pope. The play was given by the company then acting at the little Theatre in the Hay-market, under the direction of Mr. Mills

Mills ſen. and Mr. Cibber jun. the latter of whom ſpoke a prologue on the occaſion, written by Mr. Pope.

Mr. Dennis was leſs happy in his temper, than his genius; he poſſeſſed no inconſiderable erudition, which was joined to ſuch natural parts, as if accompanied with prudence, or politeneſs, might have raiſed him, not only above want, but even to eminence. He was happy too in having very powerful patrons, but what could be done for a man, who declared war againſt all the world? Dennis has given evidence againſt himſelf in the article of politeneſs; for in one of his letters he ſays, he would not retire to a certain place in the country, leſt he ſhould be diſturbed in his ſtudies by the ladies in the houſe: for, ſays he, I am not over-fond of the converſation of women. But with all his foibles, we cannot but conſider him as a good critic, and a man of genius.

His perpetual misfortune was, that he aimed at the empire of wit, for which nature had not ſufficiently endowed him; and as his ambition prompted him to obtain the crown by a furious oppoſition to all other competitors, ſo, like Cæſar of old, his ambition overwhelmed him.

G. GRANVILLE, L. LANSDOWNE,

WAS deſcended from an illuſtrious family, which traced their anceſtry from Rollo, the firſt duke of Normandy. He was ſecond ſon of Bernard Granville, and grandſon of the famous Sir Bevil Granville, killed at the battle of Lanſdowne 1643. This nobleman received the firſt tincture of his education in France, under the tuition of Sir William Ellis, a gentleman, who was eminent afterwards in many public employments.

When our author was but eleven years of age, he was ſent to Trinity College in Cambridge, where he remained five years, but at the age of thirteen was admitted to the degree of maſter of arts, having, before he was twelve years old, ſpoken a copy of Engliſh verſes, of his own compoſition, to the Ducheſs of York, when her Royal Highneſs paid a viſit to that univerſity.

At the time when the nation was embroiled by the public diſtractions, occaſioned by the efforts of King James II. to introduce Popery, lord Lanſdowne did not remain an unconcerned ſpectator. He had early imbibed principles of loyalty, and as ſome of his forefathers had fallen in the cauſe of Charles I. he thought it was his duty to ſacrifice his life alſo, for the intereſt of his Sove-

Sovereign. However miſtaken he might be in this furious zeal for a Prince, the chief ſcope of whoſe reign was to overthrow the law, and introduce abſolute dominion, yet he appears to be perfectly ſincere. In a letter he wrote to his father upon the expected approach of the Prince of Orange's fleet, he expreſſes the moſt ardent deſire to ſerve the King in perſon *. This letter we ſhall inſert, but beg our readers patience to make a digreſſion, which will juſtify what we have ſaid concerning James II.

The genuine mark of a tyrant is cruelty, and it is with concern we can produce an inſtance of the moſt inhuman barbarity in that Prince, which ever ſtained the Annals of any reign. Cruelty ſhould be the badge of no party; it ought to be equally the abhorrence of all; and whoever is tainted with it, ſhould be ſet up to view, as a terror to the world, as a monſter, whom it is the intereſt of mankind to deſtroy.

After the ſuppreſſion of Monmouth's rebellion, many of the unfortunate perſons engaged in it fled to London, and took ſhelter there, 'till the Act of Indemnity ſhould be publiſhed. They who afforded them ſhelter, were either of the Monmouth faction, or induced from principles of humanity, to adminiſter to their ſafety: what would become of the world, if our friends were always to forſake us in diſtreſs? There lived then in London an amiable lady, attached to no party, who enjoyed a large fortune, which ſhe ſpent in the exerciſe of the moſt extenſive beneficence. She made it her buſineſs to viſit the Jails, and the priſoners who were moſt neceſſitous and deſerving, ſhe relieved. Her houſe was an aſylum for the poor; ſhe lived but for charity, and ſhe had every

* Gen. Dict. Art. Granville.

hour the prayers of the widow and orphan poured out to her. It happened that one of the rebels found ſhelter in her houſe; ſhe ſuffered him to be ſcreened there; ſhe fed and cloathed him. The King had often declared that he would rather pardon thoſe who were found in arms againſt him, than the people who harboured, or ſecretly encouraged them. This miſcreant, who ſometimes ventured out at night to a public houſe, was informed, that the King had made ſuch a declaration, and it entered into his baſe heart to betray his benefactreſs. He accordingly went before a magiſtrate, and lodged an information, upon which the lady was ſecured, brought to a trial, and upon the evidence of this ungrateful villain, caſt for her life. She ſuffered at a ſtake with the moſt reſigned chearfulneſs, for when a woman is convicted of treaſon, it ſeems, ſhe is ſentenced to be burnt *. The reader will eaſily judge what ſort of bowels that King muſt have, who could permit ſuch a puniſhment to take place upon a woman ſo compleatly amiable, upon the evidence of a villain ſo conſummately infamous, and he will, we are perſuaded, be of opinion that had his Majeſty poſſeſſed a thouſand kingdoms, he deſerved to loſe them all for this one act of genuine barbarity.

Lord Lanſdowne, who did not conſider, or was not then capable of diſcovering, the dangers to which this prince expoſed his people, wrote the following letter to his father, earneſtly preſſing him to permit his entering voluntarily into king James's ſervice.

* See Burnet's Hiſtory of his own Times.

'SIR,

'Your having no proſpect of obtaining a com-
'miſſion for me, can no way alter, or cool my
'deſire at this important juncture, to venture my
'life, in ſome manner or other, for my King and
'country. I cannot bear to live under the re-
'proach of lying obſcure and idle in a country
'retirement, when every man, who has the leaſt
'ſenſe of honour, ſhould be preparing for the
'field. You may remember, ſir, with what re-
'luctance I ſubmitted to your commands upon
'Monmouth's rebellion, when no importunity could
'prevail with you to permit me to leave the aca-
'demy; I was too young to be hazarded; but
'give me leave to ſay, it is glorious, at any age,
'to die for one's country; and the ſooner, the
'nobler ſacrifice; I am now older by three years.
'My uncle Bath was not ſo old, when he was
'left among the ſlain at the battle of Newberry,
'nor you yourſelf, ſir, when you made your eſcape
'from your Tutors, to join your brother in the
'defence of Scilly. The ſame cauſe is now come
'round about again. The King has been miſled,
'let thoſe who miſled him be anſwerable for it.
'Nobody can deny but he is ſacred in his own
'perſon, and it is every honeſt man's duty to de-
'fend it. You are pleaſed to ſay it is yet doubt-
'ful, if the Hollanders are raſh enough to make
'ſuch an attempt. But be that as it will, I beg
'leave to be preſented to his Majeſty, as one,
'whoſe utmoſt ambition is to devote his life to
'his ſervice, and my country's, after the example
'of all my anceſtors. The gentry aſſembled at
'York, to agree upon the choice of repreſenta-
'tives for the county, have prepared an Addreſs
'to aſſure his Majeſty they are ready to ſacrifice
'their lives and fortunes for him upon this, and

'all

'all other occaſions, but at the ſame time they 'humbly beſeech him to give them ſuch magi-'ſtrates as may be agreeable to the laws of the 'land, for at preſent there is no authority to 'which they can legally ſubmit. By what I can 'hear, every body wiſhes well to the King, but 'would be glad his miniſters were hanged. The 'winds continue ſo contrary, that no land-'ing can be ſo ſoon as was apprehended, there-'fore I may hope, with your leave and aſſiſtance, 'to be in readineſs before any action can begin; 'I beſeech you, ſir, moſt humbly, and moſt ear-'neſtly, to add this one act of indulgence more, 'to ſo many teſtimonies I have ſo conſtantly re-'ceived of your goodneſs, and be pleaſed to be-'lieve me always with the utmoſt duty and ſub-'miſſion,

'Yours, &c.'

We are not told whether his father yielded to his importunity, or whether he was preſented to his Majeſty; but if he really joined the army, it was without danger to his perſon, for the revolution was effected in England without one drop of blood. In the year 1690 Lord Lanſdowne wrote a copy of verſes addreſſed to Mrs. Elizabeth Higgins, in anſwer to a poetical Addreſs ſent him by that lady in his retirement. The verſes of the lady are very elegant, and are only exceeded by the polite compliments his lordſhip wrote in anſwer to them. They both deſerve a place here,

I.

Why Granville is thy life to ſhades confin'd,
Thou whom the Gods deſign'd
In public to do credit to mankind?

Why ſleeps the noble ardour of thy blood,
Which from thy anceſtors ſo many ages paſt,
From Rollo down to Bevil flowed,
And then appeared again at laſt,
In thee when thy victorious lance
Bore the diſputed prize from all the youth of France.

II.

In the firſt trials which are made for fame,
Thoſe to whom fate ſucceſs denies,
If taking council from their ſhame,
They modeſtly retreat are wiſe;
But why ſhould you, who ſtill ſucceed,
Whether with graceful art you lead
The fiery barb, or with a graceful motion tread
In ſhining balls where all agree
To give the higheſt praiſe to thee?
Such harmony in every motion's found,
As art could ne'er expreſs by any ſound.

III.

So lov'd and prais'd whom all admire,
Why, why ſhould you from courts and camps retire?
If Myra is unkind, if it can be
That any nymph can be unkind to thee;
If penſive made by love, you thus retire,
Awake your muſe, and ſtring your lyre;
Your tender ſong, and your melodious ſtrain
Can never be addreſs'd in vain;
She needs muſt love, and we ſhall have you back again.

His

His lordſhip's Anſwer thus begins.

Ceaſe, tempting ſyren, ceaſe thy flattering ſtrain,
Sweet is thy charming ſong, but ſung in vain:
When the winds blow, and loud the tempeſts roar,
What fool would truſt the waves, and quit the ſhore?
Early and vain into the world I came,
Big with falſe hopes and eager after fame:
Till looking round me, e'er the race began,
Madmen and giddy fools were all that ran.
Reclaimed betimes, I from the liſts retire,
And thank the Gods, who my retreat inſpire.
In happier times our anceſtors were bred,
When virtue was the only path to tread.
Give me, ye Gods, but the ſame road to fame,
Whate'er my father's dar'd, I dare the ſame.
Changed is the ſcene, ſome baneful planet rules
An impious world contriv'd for knaves and fools.

He concludes with the following lines

Happy the man, of mortals happieſt he,
Whoſe quiet mind of vain deſires is free;
Whom neither hopes deceive, nor fears torment,
But lives at peace, within himſelf content,
In thought or act accountable to none
But to himſelf, and to the Gods alone.
O ſweetneſs of content, ſeraphic joy!
Which nothing wants, and nothing can deſtroy.
Where dwells this peace, this freedom of the mind?
Where but in ſhades remote from human kind;
In flow'ry vales, where nymphs and ſhepherds meet,
But never comes within the palace-gate.
Farewel then cities, courts, and camps farewel,
Welcome ye groves, here let me ever dwell.

From care and bus'neſs, and mankind remove,
All but the Muſes, and inſpiring love:
How ſweet the morn, how gentle is the night!
How calm the evening, and the day how bright!
From thence, as from a hill, I view below
The crowded world, a mighty wood in ſhew,
Where ſeveral wand'rers travel day and night,
By different paths, and none are in the right.

In 1696 his Comedy called the She Gallants was acted at the Theatre-Royal * in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. He afterwards altered this Comedy, and publiſhed it among his other works, under the title of Once a Lover and Always a Lover, which, as he obſerves in the preface, is a new building upon an old foundation.

'It appeared firſt under the name of the She-'Gallants, and by the preface then prefixed to it, 'is ſaid to have been the Child of a Child. By 'taking it ſince under examination, ſo many years 'after, the author flatters himſelf to have made a 'correct Comedy of it; he found it regular to his 'hand; the ſcene conſtant to one place, the time 'not exceeding the bounds preſcribed, and the 'action entire. It remained only to clear the 'ground, and to plant as it were freſh flowers in 'the room of thoſe which were grown into weeds 'or were faded by time; to retouch and vary the 'characters; enliven the painting, retrench the 'ſuperfluous; and animate the action, where it 'appeared the young author ſeemed to aim at 'more than he had ſtrength to perform.'

The ſame year alſo his Tragedy, intitled Heroic Love, was acted at the Theatre. Mr. Gildon obſerves, 'that this Tragedy is written after the man-'ner of the antients, which is much more natural

* General Dictionary, ubi ſupra.

'and

'and eaſy, than that of our modern Dramatiſts.' Though we cannot agree with Mr. Gildon, that the antient model of Tragedy is ſo natural as the modern; yet this piece muſt have very great merit, ſince we find Mr. Dryden addreſſing verſes to the author upon this occaſion, which begin thus,

Auſpicious poet, wert thou not my friend,
How could I envy, what I muſt commend!
But ſince 'tis nature's law, in love and wit,
That youth ſhould reign, and with'ring age ſubmit,
With leſs regret, thoſe laurels I reſign,
Which dying on my brow, revive on thine.

Our author wrote alſo a dramatic poem, called the Britiſh Enchanters *, in the preface to which he obſerves, 'that it is the firſt Eſſay of a very infant Muſe, rather as a taſk at ſuch hours as 'were free from other exerciſes, than any way 'meant for public entertainment. But Mr. Betterton having had a caſual ſight of it, many 'years after it was written, begged it for the 'ſtage, where it met with ſo favourable a reception 'as to have an uninterrupted run of upwards of 'forty nights. To this Mr. Addiſon wrote the 'Epilogue.' Lord Lanſdowne altered Shakeſpear's Merchant of Venice, under the title of the Jew of Venice, which was acted with applauſe, the profits of which were deſigned for Mr. Dryden, but upon that poet's death were given to his ſon.

In 1702 he tranſlated into Engliſh the ſecond Olynthian of Demoſthenes. He was returned member for the county of Cornwall, in the parliament which met in November 1710, and was ſoon after made ſecretary of war, next comptroller of the houſhold, and then treaſurer, and ſworn one of the

* It was called a Dramatic Opera, and was decorated at a great expence, and intermixed with Songs, Dances, &c.

privy council. The year following he was created baron Lanſdowne of Biddeford in Devonſhire *.

In 1719 he made a ſpeech in the houſe of lords againſt the practice of occaſional conformity, which is printed among his works, and among other things, he ſays this. 'I always underſtood the toleration to be meant as an indulgence to tender conſciences, not a licence for hardened ones; and that the act to prevent occaſional conformity was deſigned only to correct a particular crime of particular men, in which no ſect of diſſenters was included, but theſe followers of Judas, which came to the Lord's-Supper, from no other end but to ſell, and betray him. This crime however palliated and defended, by ſo many right reverend fathers in the church, is no leſs than making the God of truth, as it were in perſon ſubſervient to acts of hypocriſy; no leſs than ſacrificing the myſtical Blood and Body of our Saviour to worldly and ſiniſter purpoſes, an impiety of the higheſt nature! which in juſtice called for protection, and in charity for prevention. The bare receiving the holy Euchariſt, could never be intended ſimply as a qualification for an office, but as an open declaration, an undubitable proof of being, and remaining a ſincere member of the church. Whoever preſumes to receive it with any other view profanes it; and may be ſaid to ſeek his promotion in this world, by eating and drinking his own damnation in the next.'

This accompliſhed nobleman died in February, Anno 1735. By his lady, Mary, widow of Thomas

* Upon the acceſſion of King George the Iſt, the lord Lanſdowne was ſeized, and impriſoned in the Tower, upon an impeachment of high treaſon; but was ſoon after honourably diſcharged, without being brought to a trial.

Thynne,

Thynne, Esq; (father of Thomas lord viscount Weymouth) and daughter of Edward Villiers, earl of Jersey, he had issue, four daughters, Anne, Mary, Grace and Elizabeth.

His lady died but a few days before him.

Mr. Pope, with many other poets of the first eminence, have celebrated lord Lansdowne, who seems to have been a good-natur'd agreeable nobleman. The lustre of his station no doubt procured him more incense, than the force of his genius would otherwise have attracted; but he appears not to have been destitute of fine parts, which were however rather elegantly polished, than great in themselves.

Lord Landsdowne likewise wrote a Masque, called Peleus and Thetis. His lordship's works have been often printed both in quarto and in duodecimo.

Mr. JOHN GAY.

THIS eminent Wit was deſcended of an ancient family in Devonſhire, and educated at the free-ſchool of Barnſtaple in the ſame county, under the care of Mr. William Rayner, an excellent maſter *.

Mr. Gay had a ſmall fortune at his diſpoſal, and was bred, ſays Jacob, a Mercer in the Strand; but having a genius for high excellences, he conſidered ſuch an employment as a degradation to it, and relinquiſhed that occupation to reap the laurels of poetry.

About the year 1712 he was made ſecretary to the ducheſs of Monmouth, and continued in that ſtation 'till he went over to Hanover, in the beginning of the year 1714, with the earl of Clarendon, who was ſent there by Queen Anne; upon whoſe death he returned to England, and lived in the higheſt eſteem and friendſhip with perſons of the firſt quality and genius. Upon Mr. Gay's arrival from Hanover, we find among Mr. Pope's letters one addreſſed to him dated September 23, 1714, which begins thus,

Dear GAY,

'Welcome to your native ſoil! welcome to your 'friends, thrice welcome to me! whether returned

* See Jacob.

'in

'in glory, bleſſed with court-intereſt, the love and 'familiarity of the great, and filled with agreea-'ble hopes; or melancholy with dejection, con-'templative of the changes of fortune, and doubt-'ful for the future. Whether returned a trium-'phant Whig, or a deſponding Tory, equally all 'hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If 'happy, I am to ſhare in your elevation; if un-'happy, you have ſtill a warm corner in my heart, 'and a retreat at Binfield in the worſt of times at 'your ſervice. If you are a Tory, or thought ſo 'by any man, I know it can proceed from no-'thing but your gratitude to a few people, 'who endeavoured to ſerve you, and whoſe poli-'tics were never your concern. If you are a 'Whig, as I rather hope, and as I think your 'principles and mine, as brother poets, had ever 'a bias to the ſide of liberty, I know you will 'be an honeſt man, and an inoffenſive one. Up-'on the whole, I know you are incapable of be-'ing ſo much on either ſide, as to be good for 'nothing. Therefore, once more, whatever you 'are, or in whatever ſtate you are, all hail!'

In 1724 his tragedy entitled the Captives, which he had the honour to read in MS. to Queen Caroline, then Princeſs of Wales, was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury Lane.

In 1726 he publiſhed his Fables, dedicated to the Duke of Cumberland, and the year following he was offered the place of gentleman uſher to one of the youngeſt Princeſſes, which, by reaſon of ſome ſlight ſhewn him at court, he thought proper to refuſe. He wrote ſeveral works of humour with great ſucceſs, particularly The Shepherd's Week, Trivia, The What d'ye Call It, and The Beggars Opera, which was acted at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields 1728.

* General Dictionary, Article Gay.

The author of the Notes on this line of the Dunciad, b. iii. l. 326.

Gay dies unpenſioned with a hundred friends;

obſerves that this opera was a piece of ſatire, which hits all taſtes and degrees of men, from thoſe of the higheſt quality to the very rabble. "That verſe of Horace

Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim,

could never be ſo juſtly applied as in this caſe. The vaſt ſucceſs of it was unprecedented, and almoſt incredible. What is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient muſic, or tragedy, hardly came up to it. Sophocles and Euripides were leſs followed and famous; it was acted in London ſixty three days uninterrupted, and renewed the next ſeaſon with equal applauſe. It ſpread into all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time; at Bath and Briſtol fifty. It made its progreſs into Wales, Scotland and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together. It was laſtly acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite ſongs of it in fans; and houſes were furniſhed with it in ſcreens. The girl who acted Polly, 'till then obſcure, became all at once the favourite of the town, her pictures were engraved, and ſold in great numbers; her life written; books of letters and verſes to her publiſhed; and pamphlets made even of her ſayings and jeſts. Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that ſeaſon, the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years; that idol of the nobility and the people, which Mr. Dennis by the labours and

and outcries of a whole life, could not overthrow, was demoliſhed by a ſingle ſtroke of this gentleman's pen."

Dr. Swift in his Intelligencer Numb. 3. has given us a vindication of Mr. Gay, and the Beggars Opera; he obſerves, 'that though an evil taſte be 'very apt to prevail both in Dublin and in London; yet, there is a point which whoever can 'rightly touch, will never fail of pleaſing a very 'great majority; ſo great that the diſlikers, out of 'dullneſs, or affectation, will be ſilent, and forced 'to fall in with the herd; the point I mean is, 'what we call humour, which, in its perfection, is 'allowed to be much preferable to wit, if it be 'not rather the moſt uſeful, and agreeable ſpecies 'of it.——Now I take the comedy, or farce (or 'whatever name the critic will allow it) called 'The Beggar's Opera, to excel in this article of 'humour, and upon that merit to have met with 'ſuch prodigious ſucceſs, both here and in England.' The dean afterwards remarks, 'that an 'opinion obtained, that in this opera, there appears to be ſome reflexions on courtiers and 'ſtateſmen. It is true indeed (ſays he) that Mr. 'Gay hath been ſomewhat ſingular in the courſe 'of his fortunes, attending the court with a large 'ſtock of real merit, a modeſt and agreeable converſation, a hundred promiſes, and five hundred 'friends, hath failed of preferment, and upon a 'very weighty reaſon; he lay under the ſuſpicion 'of having written a Libel, or Lampoon, againſt 'a great miniſter, it is true that great miniſter 'was demonſtratively convinced, and publickly 'owned his conviction, that Mr. Gay was not the 'author, but having laid under the ſuſpicion, it 'ſeemed very juſt that he ſhould ſuffer the puniſhment, becauſe in this moſt reformed age the 'virtues of a great miniſter are no more to be 'ſuſpected, than the chaſtity of Cæſar's wife.'

The

The dean then tells us, that our author in this piece has, by a turn of humour entirely new, placed vices of all kinds in the ſtrongeſt, and moſt odious light, and thereby done eminent ſervice both to religion and morality. 'This appears from the 'unparalleled ſucceſs he has met with; all ranks, 'parties, and denominations of men, either crowding to ſee his Opera, or reading it with delight in their cloſets; even miniſters of ſtate, 'whom he is thought moſt to have offended, 'appearing frequently at the Theatre, from a 'conſciouſneſs of their own innocence, and to 'convince the world how unjuſt a parallel, malice, envy and diſaffection to the government have 'made.——In this happy performance of Mr. 'Gay, all the characters are juſt, and none of 'them carried beyond nature, or hardly beyond 'practice. It diſcovers the whole ſyſtem of that 'commonwealth, or that imperium in imperio of 'iniquity eſtabliſhed among us, by which, neither 'our lives, nor our properties are ſecure, either 'in highways, or in public aſſemblies, or even 'in our own houſes; it ſhews the miſerable lives 'and conſtant fate of thoſe abandoned wretches; 'for how ſmall a price they ſell their ſouls, betrayed by their companions, receivers, and purchaſers of thoſe thefts and robberies. This co'medy contains likewiſe a ſatire, which though 'it doth by no means affect the preſent age, yet 'might have been uſeful in the former, and may 'poſſibly be ſo in ages to come, I mean where 'the author takes occaſion of comparing thoſe 'common robbers of the public, and their ſeveral 'ſtratagems of betraying, undermining, and hanging each other, to the ſeveral arts of politicians 'in the time of corruption. This comedy likewiſe expoſes, with great juſtice, that unnatural 'taſte for Italian muſic among us, which is wholly unſuitable to our Northern climate, and the

'genius

'genius of the people, whereby we are overrun 'with Italian effeminacy. An old gentleman ſaid 'to me many years ago, when the practice of an 'unnatural vice grew ſo frequent in London, 'that many were proſecuted for it; he was ſure 'it would be the forerunner of Italian operas 'and ſingers, and then we ſhould want nothing 'but ſtabbing, or poiſoning, to make us perfect 'Italians. Upon the whole I deliver my judg-'ment; that nothing but ſervile attachment to a 'party, affectation of ſingularity, lamentable dull-'neſs, miſtaken zeal, or ſtudied hypocriſy, can 'have any objection againſt this excellent moral 'performance of Mr. Gay *.'

The aſtoniſhing ſucceſs of the Beggar's Opera induced our author to add a ſecond part, in which, however, he was diſappointed, both in profit and fame. His opera entitled Polly, deſigned as a ſequel of the former, was prohibited by the lord chamberlain from being repreſented on the ſtage, when every thing was ready for the rehearſal of it, but was ſoon after printed in 4to. to which the author had a very large ſubſcription. In the preface Mr. Gay gives a particular account of the whole affair in the following manner; 'On Thurſ-'day December 12 (ſays he) I received this an-'ſwer from the chamberlain, that it ſhould not 'be allowed to be acted, but ſuppreſſed. This 'was told me in general without any reaſons aſ-'ſigned, or any charge againſt me of my having 'given any particular offence. Since this prohi-'bition I have been told, that I am accuſed, in 'general terms, of having written many diſaffect-'ed libels, and ſeditious pamphlets. As it hath 'ever been my utmoſt ambition (if that word may 'be uſed upon this occaſion) to lead a quiet and 'inoffenſive life, I thought my innocence in this

* Swift, ubi ſupra.

'parti-

'particular would never have needed a juſtifica-
'tion; and as this kind of writing is what I
'ever deteſted, and never practiced, I am per-
'ſuaded ſo groundleſs a calumny can never be
'believed, but by thoſe who do not know me.
'But when general aſperſions of this ſort have
'been caſt upon me, I think myſelf called upon
'to declare my principles, and I do with the
'ſtricteſt truth affirm, that I am as loyal a ſub-
'ject, and as firmly attached to the preſent happy
'eſtabliſhment, as any of thoſe who have the
'greateſt places or penſions. I have been inform-
'ed too, that in the following play I have been
'charged with writing immoralities; that it is filled
'with ſlander and calumny againſt particular great
'perſons, and that Majeſty itſelf is endeavoured to
'be brought into ridicule and contempt.

'As I know that every one of theſe charges
'was in every point abſolutely falſe, and without
'the leaſt grounds, at firſt I was not at all affect-
'ed by them; but when I found they were ſtill
'inſiſted upon, and that particular paſſages which
'were not in the play were quoted, and propa-
'gated to ſupport what had been ſuggeſted, I
'could no longer bear to lye under thoſe falſe
'accuſations; ſo by printing it, I have ſubmitted,
'and given up all preſent views of profit, which
'might accrue from the ſtage, which will un-
'doubtedly be ſome ſatisfaction to the worthy
'gentlemen, who have treated me with ſo much
'candour and humanity, and repreſented me in
'ſuch favourable colours. But as I am conſcious
'to myſelf, that my only intention was to laſh
'in general the reigning and faſhionable vices,
'and to recommend, and ſet virtue in as amiable
'a light as I could; to juſtify and vindicate my
'own character, I thought myſelf obliged to print
'the opera without delay, in the manner I have
'done.'

The large ſubſcription Mr. Gay had to print it, amply recompens'd any loſs he might receive from it's not being acted. Tho' this was called the Sequel to the Beggar's Opera, it was allowed by his beſt friends, ſcarce to be of a piece with the firſt part, being in every particular, infinitely beneath it.

Beſides the works which we have already mentioned, Mr. Gay wrote ſeveral poems, printed in London in 2 vol. 12mo.

A Comedy called The Wife of Bath, firſt acted 1715, and afterwards revived, altered, and repreſented at the Theatre Royal in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

Three Hours after Marriage, a Comedy; acted at the Theatre-Royal, in which he was aſſiſted by Pope and Arbuthnot, but had the mortification to ſee this piece very ill received, if not damned the firſt night.

He wrote likewiſe Achilles, an Opera; acted at the Theatre in Covent-Garden. This was brought on the ſtage after his death, and the profits were given to his Siſters.

After experiencing many viciſſitudes of fortune, and being for ſome time chiefly ſupported by the liberality of the duke and ducheſs of Queenſberry, he died at their houſe in Burlington Gardens, of a violent inflammatory fever, in December 1732, and was interred in Weſtminſter, by his noble benefactors juſt mentioned, with the following epitaph written by Mr. Pope, who had the ſincereſt friendſhip for him on account of his amiable qualities.

Of

'Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
'In wit a man, ſimplicity a child;
'Above temptation in a low eſtate,
'And uncorrupted even amongſt the great;
'A ſafe companion, and an eaſy friend,
'Unblamed thro' life, lamented in thy end:
'Theſe are thy honours! not that here thy buſt
'Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy duſt,
'But that the worthy and the good ſhall ſay,
'Striking their penſive boſoms—here lies GAY;'

Then follows this farther inſcription,

Here lie the aſhes of Mr. John Gay;
The warmeſt friend;
The moſt benevolent man:
Who maintained
Independency
In low circumſtances of fortune;
Integrity
In the midſt of a corrupt age;
And that equal ſerenity of mind,
Which conſcious goodneſs alone can give
Thro' the whole courſe of his life.

Favourite of the muſes
He was led by them to every elegant art;
Refin'd in taſte,
And fraught with graces all his own:
In various kinds of poetry
Superior to many,
Inferior to none,
His works continue to inſpire
What his example taught,
Contempt of folly, however adorned;
Deteſtation of vice, however dignified;
Reverence of virtue, however diſgraced.

Charles

Charles and Catherine, duke and ducheſs of Queenſberry, who loved this excellent man living, and regret him dead, have cauſed this monument to be erected to his memory.

Mr. Gay's moral character ſeems to have been very amiable. He was of an affable, ſweet diſpoſition, generous in his temper, and pleaſant in his converſation. His chief failing was an exceſſive indolence, without the leaſt knowledge of œconomy; which often ſubjected him to wants he needed not otherwiſe have experienced. Dean Swift in many of his letters entreated him, while money was in his hands, to buy an annuity, leſt old age ſhould overtake him unprepared; but Mr. Gay never thought proper to comply with his advice, and choſe rather to throw himſelf upon patronage, than ſecure a competence, as the dean wiſely adviſed. As to his genius it would be ſuperfluous to ſay any thing here, his works are in the hands of every reader of taſte, and ſpeak for themſelves; we know not whether we can be juſtified in our opinion, but we beg leave to obſerve, that of all Gay's performances, his Paſtorals ſeem to have the higheſt finiſhing; they are perfectly Doric; the characters and dialogue are natural and rurally ſimple; the language is admirably ſuited to the perſons, who appear delightfully ruſtic.

PHILIP Duke of WHARTON.

THE unhappy nobleman, the memoirs of whoſe life we are now about to relate, was endowed by nature with all thoſe ſhining qualifications by which a great man can be formed. He poſſeſſed a moſt extenſive memory, a ſtrong and lively imagination, and quick and ready apprehenſion.

By the immediate authority of his father, our noble author's ſtudies were confined to one particular branch of learning; with a view, no doubt, that his ſon's uncommon genius might make the greater progreſs, and ſhine with a ſuperior luſtre in that ſpecies of erudition he had made choice of for him. On this account it was, that the earl his father would not permit the young lord to go to public or private ſchools, or to any college, or univerſity, but had him carefully inſtructed by domeſtic tutors; and as he gave an early diſplay of the moſt aſtoniſhing parts, the earl bent all his thoughts how to improve them in the beſt manner, for his ſon's future advantage.

As ſoon as this ſprightly genius, had laid a ſufficient foundation in claſſical learning, he ſtudied hiſtory, particularly that of his own country, by which he was able to diſcern the principles of the conſtitution, the revolutions it has undergone, the variety of accidents by which it may be endangered, and the true policy by which it can be preſerved. While he thus read hiſtory, he became a politician; and

and as he did not neglect other ſciences, he acquired a general knowledge both of life and things, before moſt other perſons of diſtinction begin to read, or think at all.

By his not receiving an academical education, he eſcaped that ſtiffneſs and moroſeneſs of temper frequently contracted by thoſe who have been for ſome time condemned to a collegiate obſcurity. Neither had he the leaſt tincture of a haughty ſuperiority, ariſing from the nobleneſs of his birth, and the luſtre of his abilities. His converſation was eaſy, pleaſant, and inſtructive, always ſuited to his company, of whatever quality, humour, or capacity they were.

As it was the earl of Wharton's view, to qualify his ſon to fill that high ſtation, in which his birth would one day place him with advantage to his country; his great care was to form him a compleat orator. For this purpoſe ſome of the principal parts in the beſt Engliſh Tragedies were aſſign'd him at times to ſtudy, particularly thoſe of Shakeſpear, which he uſed to repeat before a private audience. Sometimes his father gave him ſpeeches which had been uttered in the houſe of peers, and which the young lord got by heart, and delivered with all the graces of action and elocution; with ſo much propiety of expreſſion, emphaſis of voice, and pronunciation wherever it was requiſite, as ſhewed his lordſhip was born for this arduous province. Nor did the excellency of theſe performances receive a ſmall additional beauty from the gracefulneſs of his perſon, which was at once ſoft and majeſtic.

Thus endowed by nature to charm and perſuade, what expectations might not have been formed on him? A youth of a noble deſcent, who added to that advantage the moſt aſtoniſhing parts ever man poſſeſſed, improved by an uncommon and well regulated education. What pity is it, this illuſtrious

young

young man, born to have dictated to the ſenate, and directed the buſineſs of a ſtate, with the eyes of a people fixed upon him, ſhould fall ſo exceedingly ſhort of thoſe fair hopes, he had ſo juſtly raiſed in every breaſt. He wanted one quality, without which birth, fortune, and abilities, ſuffer a conſiderable diminution. That quality is prudence; of which the duke of Wharton was ſo deſtitute, that all his parts were loſt to the world, and the world loſt to him.

The firſt prelude to his misfortunes, may juſtly be reckoned his falling in love, and privately marrying a young lady, the daughter of major general Holmes; a match by no means ſuited to his birth, fortune and character; and far leſs to the ambitious views his father had of diſpoſing of him in ſuch a marriage, as would have been a conſiderable addition to the fortune and grandeur of his illuſtrious family. However diſappointed the earl of Wharton might be, in his ſon's marrying beneath his quality; yet that amiable lady who became his daughter-in-law deſerved infinitely more felicity than ſhe met with by an alliance with his family; and the young lord was not ſo unhappy through any miſconduct of hers, as by the death of his father, which this precipitate marriage is thought to have haſtened. The duke being ſo early freed from paternal reſtraints, plunged himſelf into thoſe numberleſs exceſſes, which became at laſt fatal to him; and he proved, as Pope expreſſes it,

A tyrant to the wife his heart approv'd;
A rebel to the very king he lov'd.

The young lord in the beginning of the year 1716 indulged his deſire of travelling and finiſhing his education abroad; and as he was deſigned to be inſtructed in the ſtricteſt Whig principles, Geneva was judged a proper place for his reſidence. On his

his departure from England for this purpoſe, he took the rout of Holland, and viſited ſeveral courts of Germany, and that of Hanover in particular.

Though his lordſhip was now poſſeſſed of his family eſtate, as much as a minor could be; yet his truſtees very much limited his expences, and made him too moderate remittances, for a perſon of his rank and ſpirit. This gave him great uneaſineſs, and embarraſſed him much in his way of living, which ill ſuited with the profuſion of his taſte. To remove theſe difficulties, he had recourſe to mortgaging, and by premiums and large intereſt paid to uſurers, ſupplied his preſent neceſſities, by rendering his affairs ſtill worſe.

The unhappy diviſions which reigned in England at the time this young peer made his firſt entry into public life, rendered it almoſt impoſſible for him to ſtand neuter, and on whatever ſide he ſhould declare himſelf, ſtill there was danger. The world generally expected he would follow the ſteps of his father, who was one of the firſt Engliſh gentlemen who joined the prince of Orange, and continued firm to the Revolution principles, and conſequently approved the Hanoverian ſucceſſion, upon whoſe baſis it was built. But whatever motives influenced the young marquis (for king William had beſtowed this title on his father) he thought proper to join the contrary party. The cauſe of his abandoning the principles of the Whigs is thought to be this.

The marquis being arrived at Geneva, he conceived ſo great a diſguſt at the dogmatical precepts of his governor, the reſtraints he endeavoured to lay upon him, and the other inſtances of ſtrict diſcipline exerciſed in that meridian of Preſbyterianiſm, that he fell upon a ſcheme of avoiding theſe intolerable incumbrances; ſo, like a torrent long confined within its bounds by ſtrong banks, he broke looſe, and entered upon engagements, which, together with the natural impetuoſity of his temper, threw him

into

into ſuch inconveniencies, as rendered the remaining part of his life unhappy.

His lordſhip, as we have already obſerved, being very much diſguſted with his governor, left him at Geneva, and as if he had been flying from a peſtilence, ſet out poſt for Lyons, where he arrived about the middle of October 1716.

The author of the duke of Wharton's life has informed us, that the reaſon of his lordſhip's leaving his governor ſo abruptly, was on account of the freedom with which that gentleman treated him, a circumſtance very diſguſtful to a perſon of his quality. He took leave of him in the following manner.

His lordſhip ſomewhere in his travels had picked up a bear's cub, of which he was very fond, and carried it about with him; but when he was determined to abandon his tutor, he left the cub behind him, with the following note addreſſed to him.

'Being no longer able to bear with your ill-uſage, 'I think proper to be gone from you; however, 'that you may not want company, I have left you 'the bear, as the moſt ſuitable companion in the 'world, that could be picked out for you.'

When the marquis was at Lyons he took a very ſtrange ſtep, little expected from him. He wrote a letter to the Chevalier de St. George, then reſiding at Avignon, to whom he preſented a very fine ſtone-horſe. Upon receiving this preſent, the Chevalier ſent a man of quality to the marquis, who carried him privately to his court, where he was received with the greateſt marks of eſteem, and had the title of duke of Northumberland conferred upon him. He remained there however but one day, and then returned poſt to Lyons; from whence he ſet out for Paris. He likewiſe made a viſit

to

to the queen dowager of England, conſort to king James the IId. then reſiding at St. Germains, to whom he paid his court, purſued the ſame raſh meaſures as at Avignon.

During his ſtay at Paris, his winning addreſs, and aſtoniſhing parts, gained him the eſteem and admiration of all Britiſh ſubjects of both parties who happened to be there. The earl of Stair, then embaſſador at the court of France from the king of Great Britain, notwithſtanding all the reports to the marquis's diſadvantage, thought proper to ſhew ſome reſpect to the repreſentative of ſo great a family, which had ſo reſolutely ſupported the preſent adminiſtration, eſpecially as he was a young man of ſuch great perſonal accompliſhments, both natural and acquired, and bleſt with a genius ſo capable of ſerving his country even in the moſt eminent ſtation.

Theſe conſiderations induced lord Stair, who was a prudent, diſcerning miniſter, to countenance the young marquis, give him frequent invitations to his table, and to uſe him with diſtinguiſhing civility. The earl was likewiſe in hopes, by theſe gentle meaſures, and this inſinuating behaviour, to win him to his party, which he had good reaſon to think he hated. His excellency never failed to lay hold of every opportunity, to give him ſome admonitions, which were not always agreeable to the vivacity of his temper, and ſometimes provoked him to great indiſcretions. Once in particular, the ambaſſador extolling the merit, and noble behaviour of the marquis's father, added, 'That he hoped he would 'follow ſo illuſtrious an example of fidelity to his 'prince, and love to his country, by treading in 'the ſame ſteps.'——Upon which the marquis immediately anſwered, 'That he thanked his ex-'cellency for his good advice, and as his excellency 'had alſo a worthy and deſerving father, he hoped 'he would likewiſe copy ſo bright an original and 'tread in all his ſteps.'

This was a ſevere ſarcaſm, as the ambaſſador's father had betrayed his maſter in a manner that was quite ſhameful. He acted the ſame part in Scotland which Sunderland did in England. They puſhed on king James the IId. to take violent and unconſtitutional meaſures, to make his ruin certain: They ſucceeded in their ſcheme, and after the Revolution, boaſted their conduct as meritorious; but however neceſſary it might be for king William, upon principles of policy to reward the betrayers, he had yet too good a heart to approve the treachery. — But to return to the marquis, we ſhall mention another of his juvenile flights, as an inſtance to what extravagant and unaccountable exceſſes, the inconſtancy of his temper would ſometimes tranſport him.

A young Engliſh ſurgeon, who went to Paris, to improve himſelf in his buſineſs, by obſerving the practice in the celebrated hoſpitals, paſſing by the embaſſador's houſe on the 10th of June at night, took the liberty to break his excellency's windows becauſe there was no bonfire before his door. Upon this outrage he was ſeized and committed priſoner to Fort L'Eveque. This treatment of the young ſurgeon was reſented by the marquis; but he ſought for no other ſatisfaction than to break the ambaſſador's windows a ſecond time. Accordingly his lordſhip propoſed it to an Iriſh lieutenant-general, in the ſervice of France, a gentleman of great honour and of the higheſt reputation for abilities in military affairs, deſiring his company and aſſiſtance therein. The general could not help ſmiling at the extravagance of the propoſal, and with a great deal of good-nature adviſed his lordſhip by all means not to make any ſuch attempts; 'but if he was reſolutely bent upon it, he begg'd to be excuſed 'from being of the party, for it was a method of 'making war to which he had never been ac-'cuſtomed.'

We

We might here enumerate more frolics of the ſame kind which he either projected, or engaged in, but we chuſe rather to omit them as they reflect but little honour on the marquis.—We ſhall only obſerve, that before he left France, an Engliſh gentleman of diſtinction expoſtulating with him, for ſwerving ſo much from the principles of his father and his whole family, his lordſhip anſwered, 'That he had 'pawned his principles to Gordon the Pretender's 'banker for a conſiderable ſum; and till he could 'repay him, he muſt be a Jacobite, but that when 'that was done he would again return to the 'Whigs.'

About the latter end of December 1716, the marquis arrived in England, where he did not remain long, till he ſet out for Ireland; in which kingdom, on account of his extraordinary qualities, he had the honour done him of being admitted, though under age, to take his ſeat in that auguſt aſſembly of the houſe of peers, to which he had a right as earl of Rathfarnam, and marquis of Catherlough. Here he eſpouſed a very different intereſt from that which he had ſo lately embraced. He diſtinguiſhed himſelf on this occaſion as a violent partizan for the miniſtry; and acted in all other reſpects, as well in his private as public capacity, with the warmeſt zeal for the government. The ſpeeches which he made in the houſe upon many occaſions, uttered with ſo much force of expreſſion, and propriety of emphaſis, were an irreſiſtable demonſtration of his abilities, and drew upon him the admiration of both kingdoms. The marquis's arguments had very great influence on which ſide of the queſtion ſoever he happened to be.—No nobleman, either in that or the Engliſh houſe of peers, ever acquitted himſelf with greater reputation, or behaved with a more becoming dignity than he did during this ſeſſion of the Iriſh parliament.

In conſequence of this zeal for the new government, ſhewn at a time when they ſtood much in need of men of abilities, and ſo little expected from the young marquis, the king who was no ſtranger to the moſt refined rules of policy, created him a duke, the higheſt degree of a ſubject.

In the preamble to his patent, after a detail of the merit of his father, and his ſervices to the government are illuſtrated, his lordſhip's behaviour in Ireland and his early endowments are thus mentioned.

'When we ſee the ſon of that great man, forming himſelf by ſo worthy an example, and in every action exhibiting a lively reſemblance of his father; when we conſider the eloquence he has exerted with ſo much applauſe in the parliament of Ireland, and his turn and application, even in early youth to the ſerious and weighty affairs of the public, we willingly decree him honours which are neither ſuperior to his merits, nor earlier than the expectation of our good ſubjects.'

As ſoon as the duke of Wharton came of age, he was introduced to the houſe of lords in England, with the like blaze of reputation, and raiſed jealouſies in the breaſts of the moſt conſummately artful, and beſt qualified in the houſe of peers. A little before the death of lord Stanhope, his grace, who was conſtant in nothing but inconſtancy, again changed ſides, oppoſed the court, and endeavoured to defeat all the ſchemes of the miniſtry.

He appeared one of the moſt forward and vigorous in the defence of the biſhop of Rocheſter, and in

in oppoſing the bill for inflicting pains and penalties on that prelate.

The judicious obſervations he made on the trial of the biſhop, and the manner in which he ſummed up and compared a long and perplexed kind of evidence, with inimitable art and perſpicuity, may be ſeen in the duke's ſpeech upon that extraordinary occaſion, which is a laſting proof of his amazing abilities in the legiſlative capacity, as well as of his general knowledge of public buſineſs.

He, however, did not confine this ſpirit of oppoſition to the houſe of lords, but exerted it both in city and country, promoting in all kinds of elections ſuch perſons as were ſuppoſed to be no factors of the court. Such was the hatred he now conceived to the miniſtry, and ſuch his deſire of becoming eminent; that he even puſhed himſelf into the city of London; was inveſted with the rights and privileges of a citizen, and was entered a member of the wax-chandler's company; by virtue of which he appeared at all meetings, charmed all ſocieties, and voted in his own right upon all occaſions.

Notwithſtanding his aſtoniſhing activity in oppoſition to the court, he was not yet ſatisfied that he had done enough. He could not be in all places, and in all companies at once. As much an orator as he was, he could not talk to the whole nation, and therefore he printed his thoughts twice a week, in a paper called the True-Briton, ſeveral thouſands of which being diſperſed weekly, the duke was pleaſed to find the whole kingdom giving attention to him, and admiring him as an author, though they did not at all approve his reaſoning.

Thoſe political papers, which were reckoned by ſome the ſtandard of good ſenſe, and elegant writ-

ing, were collected together in his life-time, and reprinted by his order, with a preface, in which he gives his reasons for engaging in an undertaking so uncommon to a person of his distinction.

Here it will not be improper to remark, that notwithstanding all those instances of the duke's zeal, his sincerity in opposing the ministry was yet suspected, as his former behaviour was so very inconsistent with it; but he never failed to justify himself throughout the different and contrary courses of his conduct, pretending always to have acted consistently with the honour and interest of the realm. But he never was able in this particular to obtain the public judgment in his favour.

It is impossible to reconcile all the various actions of this noble-man. He was certainly too much governed by whim and accident. From this time forward, however, though he might deviate from the strict rules of a moral life, he cannot be said to have done so with respect to his politics. The same principles on which he set out, he carried to his grave, with steadiness through all the events of fortune, and underwent such necessities, as few of his quality ever experienced, in a cause, the revival and success of which had long been desperate, before he engaged in it.

The duke's boundless profusion had by this time so burthened his estate, that a decree of chancery took hold on it, and vested it in the hands of trustees for the payment of his debts, but not without making a provision of 1200 l. per annum for his subsistence. This allowance not being sufficient to support his title with suitable dignity at home, he proposed to go abroad for some years, 'till his estate should clear itself of incumbrances. His friends, for his own sake, were pleased

pleaſed with this reſolution, and every body conſidered this courſe as the moſt prudent, that in ſuch circumſtances could be taken. But in this the world was deceived, for he went abroad from no ſuch prudent motive, oeconomy being a virtue of which he never had the leaſt notion in any part of his life. His buſineſs at Vienna was to execute a private commiſſion, not in favour of the Engliſh miniſtry, nor did he ever ſhine to greater advantage, as to his perſonal character, than at the Imperial court.

From Vienna his grace made a tour to the court of Spain, where his arrival alarmed the Engliſh miniſter ſo much, that two expreſſes were ſent from Madrid to London, upon the apprehenſion that his grace was received there in the character of an ambaſſador, upon which the duke received a ſummons under the Privy Seal to return home. His behaviour on this occaſion was a ſufficient indication that he never deſigned to return to England, whilſt affairs remained in the ſame ſtate, and the adminiſtration in the ſame hands they then were in. This he often declared from his going abroad the ſecond time, which, no doubt, was the occaſion of his treating that ſolemn order with ſo much indignity, and endeavouring to enflame the Spaniſh court, not only againſt the perſon who delivered the warrant, but againſt the court of Great Britain itſelf, for exerciſing an act of power, as he was pleaſed to call it, within the juriſdiction of his Catholic Majeſty. After this he acted openly in the ſervice of the Pretender, and appeared at his court, where he was received with great marks of favour.

While his grace was thus employed abroad, his ducheſs, who had been neglected by him, died in England, on the 14th of April 1726, and left no iſſue behind her. The lady's death gave the duke no great ſhock. He was diſencumbered of her

and had now an opportunity of mending his fortune by marriage.

Soon after this, the duke fell violently in love with Mademoiſelle Obern, a beautiful young lady at the Spaniſh court, who was then one of the maids of honour to the Queen of Spain. She was daughter of an Iriſh colonel in that ſervice, who being dead, her mother lived upon a penſion the King allowed her, ſo that this lady's fortune conſiſted chiefly in her perſonal accompliſhments. Many arguments were uſed by their friends on both ſides to diſſuade them from the marriage. The Queen of Spain, when the duke aſked her conſent, repreſented to him in the moſt lively terms, that the conſequence of the match would be misery to both, and abſolutely refuſed her conſent.

Having now no hopes of obtaining her, he fell into a violent melancholy, which introduced a lingering fever, of which he languiſhed 'till he was almoſt ready to drop into the ground. This circumſtance reaching her Majeſty's ear, ſhe was moved with his diſtreſs, and ſent him word to endeavour the recovery of his health, and as ſoon as he was able to appear abroad, ſhe would ſpeak to him in a more favourable manner, than at their laſt interview. The duke upon receiving this news, imagined it the beſt way to take the advantage of the kind diſpoſition her Majeſty was in; and ſummoning to his aſſiſtance his little remaining ſtrength, he threw himſelf at her Majeſty's feet, and begged of her either to give him Mademoiſelle Obern, or not to order him to live, aſſuring her, in the language of tragedy, that ſhe was to pronounce the ſentence of his life, or death. The Queen conſented, but told him he would ſoon repent it, and the young lady being dazzled with the luſtre of a ducal title, and beſides

ſides having a real value for her lover, they were ſoon united by an indiſſoluble bond.

After the ſolemnization of his marriage, he paſſed ſome time at Rome, where he accepted of a blue garter, affected to appear with the title of duke of Northumberland, and for awhile enjoyed the confidence of the exiled Prince. But as he could not always keep himſelf within the bounds of the Italian gravity, and having no employment to amuſe his active temper, he ran into his uſual exceſſes, which giving offence, it was thought proper for him to remove from that city for the preſent, leſt he ſhould fall into actual diſgrace. Accordingly the duke quitted Rome, and went by ſea to Barcelona, where hearing that the trenches were opening before Gibraltar, he reſolved upon a new ſcene of life, which few ſuſpected he would ever engage in. He wrote a letter to the King of Spain, acquainting him, 'That he deſigned to take up arms in his 'Majeſty's ſervice, and apprehending that his 'forces were going to reduce the town of Gi-'braltar under his obedience, he hoped he 'ſhould have his permiſſion to aſſiſt at the ſiege 'as a volunteer.'

This done, he went to the camp, taking his ducheſs along with him, and was received with all the marks of reſpect due to his quality. The Conde de la Torres, who commanded there, delivered him an obliging letter from the King his maſter, thanking him for the honour he intended him, by ſerving in his troops, and during that ſiege, appointed him his aid-de-camp, by which poſt the duke was to give an account of all tranſactions to his Majeſty himſelf, which obliged him to be often in the trenches, and to expoſe his perſon to imminent danger. During this ſiege want of courage was never imputed to him; on the contrary, he was often guilty of the moſt im-

prudent raſhneſs. One evening he went cloſe to the walls, near one of the poſts of the town, and threatened the ſoldiers of the garriſon. They aſked who he was? he readily anſwered, the duke of Wharton; and though he appeared there as an enemy, they ſuffered him to return to the trenches without firing one ſhot at him.

This ſiege was ended, and the duke received no other hurt, than a wound in his foot by the burſting of a grenade, and when nothing more was to be done in the camp, he went to court, where he was held in the utmoſt reſpect by the principal nobility. The King likewiſe, as a mark of his favour, was pleaſed to give him a commiſſion of Colonel Agregate (that was the term) to one of the Iriſh regiments, called Hibernia, and commanded by the marquis de Caſtelar.

Could the duke have been ſatisfied with that ſtate of life, and regulated his expences according to his income, he had it then in his power to live, if not affluently, at leaſt eaſily. But in a ſhort time he was for changing the ſcene of action; he grew weary of Madrid, and ſet his heart on Rome. In conſequence of this reſolution, he wrote a letter to the Chevalier de St. George, full of reſpect and ſubmiſſion, expreſſing a deſire of viſiting his court; but the Chevalier returned for anſwer, that he thought it more adviſable for his grace to draw near England, than make a tour to Rome, that he might be able to accommodate matters with the government at home, and take ſome care of his perſonal eſtate. The Chevalier very prudently judged, that ſo wretched an oeconomiſt as the duke, would be too great a burden to a perſon, whoſe finances were not in a much better condition than his own. Be that as it may, the duke ſeemed reſolved to follow his advice, and accordingly ſet out for France, in compa-

company with his ducheſs, and attended by two or three ſervants, arrived at Paris in May 1728. He ſent a letter to Mr. Walpole then embaſſador there, to let him know he deſigned to viſit him. That gentleman returned the duke a civil anſwer, importing, 'that he ſhould be glad to ſee his 'grace at his own time, if he intended it a pub-'lic viſit; if a private one, they would agree 'upon an hour, that ſhould be moſt convenient.' The duke declared that he would come publicly, which he did next day, and his diſcourſe with that miniſter was ſuitable to the uſual gaiety of his temper; for though he ſpoke of returning home, it was in ſuch an undetermined way, that Mr. Walpole could not gueſs his real intentions. He received the duke however with his uſual complaiſance, and with a reſpect agreeable to his quality, but was not a little ſurprized, when, at parting, his grace told him, he was going to dine with the biſhop of Rocheſter. Mr. Walpole anſwered, 'That if he had a deſign of making that prelate 'a viſit, there was no manner of occaſion for tell-'ing him of it.' Thus they parted, and never again had another interview.

The duke made little ſtay at Paris, but proceeded to Rouen in his way, as ſome imagined, to England; but there he ſtopt, and took up his reſidence, without reflecting in the leaſt on the buſineſs that brought him to France. He was ſo far from making any conceſſion to the government in order to make his peace, that he did not give himſelf the leaſt trouble about his perſonal eſtate, or any other concern in England. The duke had about 600 l. in his poſſeſſion, when he arrived at Rouen, where more of his ſervants joined him from Spain. There he formed his houſhold, and made a calculation, in which there appeared to be but one miſtake, that is, he proportioned his expences, not according to his income, but quali-

ty; and though every argument was uſed to convince him of this error, at once ſo obvious and fatal, yet he would hearken to no admonition while he had one crown left.

At Rouen, as in every other place, the duke charmed all thoſe who converſed with him; he was warmly received by perſons of the firſt diſtinction in that province, with whom he took the diverſion of hunting twice a week, 'till ſome news arrived, which would have given interruption to the mirth of any other man; but the alteration was ſcarce to be perceived in him.

This was a Bill of Indictment preferred againſt Philip duke of Wharton, for high treaſon. The fact laid to his charge was, appearing in arms before, and firing off cannon againſt, his Majeſty's town of Gibraltar. Here we cannot omit an anecdote, from which the reader may draw what concluſion he pleaſes. During the time the proceedings againſt the duke were at a ſtand in the long vacation, a gentleman of character, intimately acquainted with the duke, and alſo with his affairs in England; one who enjoyed the ſunſhine of court favour, and was a Member of Parliament, went over to Rouen to viſit his grace, in company with another gentleman. Theſe two viſitants took a great deal of pains to perſuade him to ſubmit to the government, and return to his eſtate, which they aſſured him he might do, by writing a letter to the King, or the miniſtry. This alone, without any other pretenſions to favour, was to re-eſtabliſh him, and leave him the free enjoyment of his eſtate, which, notwithſtanding all the reductions, would even then have yielded 6000l. a year. This point they ſollicited inceſſantly, and their words of honour were given, to remove all ſcruples his grace might have about the performance of the conditions. Their interpoſitions were however in vain; he refuſed to ſubmit

to

to the miniſtry, or write to the King, and thought it beneath him to aſk a favour.

This conduct of the duke may be imputed, by ſome, to pride and obſtinacy, but a more natural conſtruction is, that he was afraid of treachery. He could not diſcover upon what motives, two perſons whom he looked upon as creatures of the court, would give themſelves the trouble to come to Rouen, in order to perſuade him to act for his own intereſt, unleſs they had ſome concealed views of ſuch a nature, perhaps, as would prove fatal to him, ſhould he ſubmit.

He ſoon after this received advice from England, that his truſtees could remit him no more of his annuity, on account of the indictment preferred againſt him. There was now a dreadful proſpect before him; his money was waſted; all future ſupplies cut off; and there was a large family to ſupport, without any hopes of relief. He began now to feel the effects of the indictment, which he before held in ſo much contempt; he complained of it as a rigorous proceeding, becauſe it laid him under a neceſſity of aſking a favour, and receiving it in a public manner, which he fancied neither conſiſtent with his honour, or reputation. Thus exaſperated againſt the government, he wrote the memorable paper which he contrived to get printed in Miſt's Journal, under the colour of an account of Mirevais and Sultan Ezref, which contained ſevere reflexions on the adminiſtration. Mean time the duke's credit at Rouen began to ſink; he was attended every morning with a conſiderable levee, conſiſting of the tradeſmen of that city, who came with importunate faces to demand payment of their bills, which he diſcharged by quitting Rouen, leaving his horſes and equipage to be ſold, and the money to be divided among them.

The

The duke, before this event, had thrown himſelf at the feet of the Chevalier de St. George, as the only poſſible reſource he had left. Accordingly he wrote him a moſt moving letter, giving him a detail of his preſent ſufferings, very pathetically repreſenting the diſtreſs to which he was reduced, and humbly imploring his protection, with what little aſſiſtance might be neceſſary to enable him to ſupport ſuch a burthen of calamities, as he found otherwiſe too heavy to bear.

The duke having now returned to Paris, made a conſiderable reformation in his houſhold affairs, and placed himſelf in a private family, while the ducheſs went to a relation's at St. Germains. In the mean while the anſwer of the letter ſent to Rome came in its proper time, in which his imprudent conduct was repreſented; but at the ſame time was touched with ſo light and delicate a hand, that it gave the duke but little uneaſineſs. No hopes were given him, that he ſhould be gratified in his extravagancies, or flattered in his levities; on the contrary he was told, 'That as his paſt conduct had 'not merited any favour, nothing but his future 'behaviour could recommend him to it.' The duke had ſufficient penetration to diſcover by this hint, that he was not likely to be abandoned, which was conſolation enough to one of his ſanguine temper, in the then deſperate ſituation of his affairs.——The Chevalier de St. George ſoon after ſent him 2000 l. for his ſupport, of which he was no ſooner in poſſeſſion, than he ſquandered it away in a courſe of extravagance. In reality, money ſeemed to be ſuch a burthen to him, that he bent all his thoughts to get rid of it as faſt as poſſible; and he was as unwilling his companions ſhould be troubled with it as himſelf. As a proof of this ſtrange temper we

ſhall

ſhall quote one inſtance amongſt many in the words of the writer of his life, which will ſerve to ſhew the heedleſs profuſion of that unaccountable nobleman.

'A young Iriſh lord of the duke's acquaintance, 'of a ſweet obliging and generous diſpoſition, hap-'pening to be at St. Germains, at the time his 'grace was paying a viſit to his lady; the duke 'came to him one night, with an air of buſineſs, 'and told his lordſhip that an affair of importance 'called him inſtantly to Paris, in which no time 'was to be loſt, wherefore he begged the favour of 'his lordſhip's coach. The young nobleman lent 'it very readily, but as the duke was ſtepping into 'it, he added, that he ſhould reckon it an additi-'onal obligation, if his lordſhip would give him, 'his company: As the duke was alone, the young 'lord either could not, or would not, refuſe him. 'They went together for Paris, where they arrived 'about midnight. The duke's companion then 'ſuppoſing his grace's buſineſs might demand pri-'vacy, offered to leave him and come again, when 'it ſhould be finiſhed; but he aſſured his lordſhip 'it was not neceſſary; upon which they went upon 'the following frolic together. The firſt thing to 'be done, was to hire a coach and four horſes; 'the next to find out the muſic belonging to the 'Opera, ſix or eight of which his grace engaged 'at a ſet price: The young lord could not imagine 'in what this would end; till they returned to St. 'Germains, which was at five the next morning; 'when the duke marching directly with his troop 'to the caſtle, ordered them to ſtrike upon the 'ſtairs. Then the plot broke out into execution, 'being no more than to ſerenade ſome young ladies, 'near whoſe apartments they then were.

'This piece of extravagant gallantry being over, 'the duke perſuaded the young lord to go about a 'mile off, to Poiſſy, where an Engliſh gentleman

'of

'of their acquaintance lived: His lordſhip conſent-
'ing, the duke took with him a pair of trumpets,
'and a kettle-drum, to give the muſic a more mar-
'tial air: But to this the Opera muſic made an
'objection at firſt, becauſe as they ſhould be want-
'ed that night in their poſts, they ſhould forfeit
'half a louis d' or each, for non-appearance. Half
'a louis d' or! ſays his grace, follow the duke of
'Wharton, and all your forfeitures ſhall be paid.
'They did ſo, and entered Poiſſy in ſuch a muſical
'manner, that they alarmed the whole town, and
'their friend did not know whether he had beſt
'keep his houſe, or fly for it; but the affair was
'ſoon explained, and the muſical troop was enter-
'tained by the gentleman their friend, in a very
'handſome manner. This frolic being now finiſhed,
'there was one thing more abſolutely neceſſary,
'viz. to diſcharge the reckoning, upon which oc-
'caſion the duke in a very laconic manner addreſſed
'himſelf to the young lord.' My lord, ſays he, 'I
'have not one livre in my pocket, wherefore I
'muſt deſire you to pay theſe fellows, and I'll do
'as much for you whenever I am able. Upon this
'his lordſhip with great chearfulneſs, paid all de-
'mands, amounting to 25 louis d' ors.'

It may ſeem a ſtrange obſervation, but it is cer-
tainly true, that the brute creation differs not more
from the rational in many reſpects, than a man
from himſelf: That by ſuffering paſſions to uſurp
the dominion of the ſoul, human nature is ſtript
of its dignity, debaſed to the beaſts that periſh, and
ſtill rendered more ignominious by the complica-
tions of guilt. We have already ſeen the duke of
Wharton ſet up as the idol of an admiring people;
an auguſt ſenate liſtened to the enchantments of his
eloquence; a powerful miniſtry dreading his reſo-
lutions; he was courted, flattered, feared, and
obeyed. View him now, and the ſcene is ſhifted.

Obſerve

Observe him descending to the most abject trifling, stooping to the meanest expedients, and the orator and statesman transformed to the vagabond and the wanderer.

No incident in this nobleman's life has been represented more to his disadvantage, and is in itself more interesting than the following. The account which is here inserted was sent to a friend by the duke's express order.

A Scots peer with whom both the duke, and the duchess lived in great intimacy in Italy, happening to come to Paris, when the duke was there, they renewed their acquaintance and friendship, and for some time continued with mutual freedom, till the duke had reason to believe from what he heard from others, that the peer had boasted favours from the duchess of Wharton.

This instance of wanton vanity, the duke could not help resenting, though he often declared since the quarrel, that he never had the least suspicion of the duchess's honour. He resolved therefore very prudently to call the Scots lord to an account, without letting him know it was for the duchess or so much as mentioning her name; accordingly he took occasion to do it in this manner.

It happened that the duke of Wharton and his lordship met at a lady's whom they mutually visited, and the duke dropping his glove by chance, his lordship took it up, and returned it to the duke; who thereupon asked him if he would take it up in all it's forms? To which his lordship answered, yes, my lord, in all its forms.

Some days after, the duke gave a ball at St. Germains, to which he invited the Scots nobleman, and some person indiscretely asked his grace whether he had forbid the duchess's dancing with lord C——. This gave the duke fresh reason to believe that the Scots peer had been administring new grounds for his resentment, by the wantonness of calumny. He dissem-

diſſembled his uneaſineſs for the preſent, and very politely entertained the company till five o'clock in the morning, when he went away without the ceremony of taking leave; and the next news that was heard of him was from Paris, from whence he ſent a challenge to lord C——d, to follow him to Flanders.

The challenge was delivered by his ſervant, and was to this effect: 'That his lordſhip might remember his ſaying he took up his glove in all its forms, which upon mature reflexion, his grace looked upon to be ſuch an affront, as was not to be born, wherefore he deſired his lordſhip to meet him at Valenciennes, where he would expect him with a friend and a pair of piſtols; and on failure of his lordſhip's coming his grace would poſt him, &c.

The ſervant who delivered the letter, did not keep its contents a ſecret; and lord C——d was taken into cuſtody, when he was about ſetting out to meet his grace. All that remained then for his lordſhip to do, was to ſend a gentleman into Flanders, to acquaint the duke with what happened to him. His grace upon ſeeing the gentleman, imagining him to be his lordſhip's ſecond, ſpoke to him in this manner; 'Sir, I hope my lord will favour me ſo far as to let us uſe piſtols, becauſe the wound I received in my foot before Gibraltar, in ſome meaſure diſables me from the ſword.' Hereupon the gentleman replied with ſome emotion, 'My lord duke, you might chuſe what you pleaſe; my lord C——d will fight you with any weapon, from a ſmall pin to a great cannon; but this is not the caſe, my lord is under an arreſt, by order of the duke of Berwick.'

His grace being thus diſappointed in the duel, and his money being almoſt ſpent, he returned to Paris, and was alſo put under an arreſt till the affair was made up by the interpoſition of the duke of

of Berwick, under whoſe cognizance it properly came as Marſhal of France.

The duke's behaviour on this occaſion, ſo far from being reproachable, ſeems to be the moſt manly action of his whole life. What man of ſpirit would not reſent the behaviour of another, who ſhould boaſt of favours from his wife, eſpecially when in all probability he never received any?

His grace's conducting the quarrel, ſo as to ſave the reputation of his ducheſs, by not ſo much as having her name called in queſtion, was at once prudent, and tender; for whether a lady is guilty or no, if the leaſt ſuſpicion is once raiſed, there are detractors enough in the world ready to fix the ſtain upon her. The Scots lord deſerved the ſevereſt treatment, for living in ſtrict friendſhip with two perſons of quality, and then with an inſidious cruelty endeavouring to ſow the ſeeds of eternal diſcord between them, and all to gratify a little vanity: Than ſuch a conduct nothing can be more reproachable.

Not long after this adventure, a whim ſeized the duke of going into a convent, in order to prepare for Eaſter; and while he was there, he talked with ſo much force and energy upon all points of religion, that the pious fathers beheld him with admiration. Mankind were for ſome time in ſuſpence, what would be the iſſue of this new courſe of life; but he ſoon put an end to their ſpeculations by appearing again in the world, and running headlong into as wild courſes of vice and extravagance, as he had ever before done. He had for a companion, a gentleman for whom he entertained a very high eſteem; but one who was as much an enemy as poſſible to ſuch a licentious behaviour. In another ſituation, our noble author would have found it a happineſs to be conſtantly attended by a perſon of his honour, probity, and good ſenſe; but the duke's

ſtrange

ſtrange and unaccountable conduct, rendered the beſt endeavours to ſerve him ineffectual. In a letter which that gentleman wrote to a friend in London, he concludes with a melancholy repreſentation of the duke's preſent circumſtances;

——— 'However, notwithſtanding what I have 'ſuffered, and what my brother madman has done 'to undo himſelf, and every body who was ſo un-'lucky as to have the leaſt concern with him, I 'could not help being ſenſibly moved on ſo extra-'ordinary a viciſſitude of fortune, to ſee a great 'man fallen from that ſhining light, in which I have 'beheld him in the houſe of lords, to ſuch a de-'gree of obſcurity, that I have beheld the meaneſt 'commoner here decline his company; and the 'Jew he would ſometimes faſten on, grow tired 'of it, for you know he is a bad orator in his cups, 'and of late he has been ſeldom ſober. A week 'before he left Paris, he was ſo reduced, that he 'had not one ſingle crown at command, and was 'forced to thruſt in with any acquaintance for a 'lodging: Walſh and I have had him by turns, all 'to avoid a crowd of duns, which he had of all 'ſizes, from 1400 livres to 4, who hunted him ſo 'cloſe, that he was forced to retire to ſome of 'the neighbouring villages for ſafety. I, ſick as 'I was, hurried about Paris to get him money, 'and to St. Germains to get him linen. I bought 'him one ſhirt and a cravat, which, with 500 'livres, his whole ſtock, he and his ducheſs, at-'tended by one ſervant, ſet out for Spain. All 'the news I have heard of him ſince, is, that a 'day or two after he ſent for captain Brierly, 'and two or three of his domeſtics to follow him; 'but none but the captain obeyed the ſummons. 'Where they are now I cannot tell, but I fear 'they muſt be in great diſtreſs by this time, if he

'has

'has had no other ſupplies; and ſo ends my melan-
'choly ſtory.'

In this deplorable ſituation did the duke leave Paris, an inſtance indeed of the ſtrange reverſe of fortune, but for which he could not blame the ſeverity of providence, or the perſecution of enemies, but his own unbounded profuſion, a ſlave to which he ſeems to have been born. As a long journey did not very well ſuit with his grace's finances, ſo he went for Orleans, thence fell down the river Loire to Nantz in Britany, and there he ſtopt ſome time 'till he got a remittance from Paris, which was ſquandered almoſt as ſoon as received. At Nantz ſome of his ragged ſervants rejoined him, and from thence he took ſhipping with them from Bilboa, as if he had been carrying recruits to the Spaniſh regiment. From Bilboa he wrote a humorous letter to a friend at Paris, ſuch as his fancy, not his circumſtances, dictated, giving a whimſical account of his voyage, and his manner of paſſing away his time. But at the end, as if he had been a little affected with his late miſconduct, he concludes thus, 'notwith-
'ſtanding what the world may ſay of me,

'Be kind to my remains, and O! defend,
'Againſt your judgment, your departed friend *.'

When the duke arrived at Bilboa, he had neither friends, money, nor credit, more than what the reputation of his Spaniſh commiſſion procured him. Upon the ſtrength of that he left his ducheſs and ſervant there, and went to his regiment, where he was obliged to ſupport himſelf upon the pay of 18 piſtoles a month, but could get no relief for the poor lady and family he left behind him. The diſtreſs

* Theſe two lines are taken from Dryden, who addreſſed them to Congreve, when he recommended to him the care of his works.

of

of the ducheſs was inexpreſſible, nor is it eaſy to conceive what would have been the conſequence, if her unhappy circumſtances had not reached the ear of another exiled nobleman at Madrid, who could not hear of her ſufferings without relieving her. This generous exile, touched with her calamities, ſent her a hundred Spaniſh piſtoles, which relieved her grace from a kind of captivity, and enabled her to come to Madrid, where ſhe lived with her mother and grandmother, while the duke attended his regiment. Not long after this, the duke's family had a great loſs in the death of his lady's mother, by which they were deprived of a penſion they before enjoyed from the crown of Spain; but this was fortunately repaired by the intereſt of a nobleman at court, who procured the ducheſs's two ſiſters to be minuted down for Maids of Honour to the Queen of Spain, whenever a vacancy ſhould happen, but to enter immediately upon the ſalary of theſe places. Her Majeſty likewiſe took the ducheſs to attend her perſon.

There have been many inſtances of people, who have ſuſtained the greateſt ſhocks which adverſity can inflict, through a whole life of ſuffering, and yet at laſt have yielded to the influence of a trifling evil: ſomething like this was the caſe of the duke of Wharton, which the following ſtory will illuſtrate.

He was in garriſon at Barcelona, and coming from a ball one night, in company with ſome ladies, a man in a maſque, whom he did not know, was guilty of ſome rudeneſs to him. The duke enquired who he was, and being informed that he was valet de chambre to the marquis de Riſbourg, governour of Catalonia, he ſuffered himſelf to be tranſported by the firſt motions of his paſſion, and caned him. The fellow complained of this uſage to his maſter, who at firſt took no notice

notice of it, imagining his grace would make ſome excuſe to him for ſuch a procedure; but whether the duke thought it beneath his quality to make any apology for beating a menial ſervant, who had been rude to him, or would not do it upon another account, he ſpoke not a word about it. The marquis reſenting this behaviour, two days after ordered the duke to priſon. He obeyed, and went to Fort Montjuich: as ſoon as he arrived there, the marquis ſent him word, he might come out when he pleaſed; the duke anſwered, he ſcorned to accept liberty at his hands, and would not ſtir without an order from the court, imagining they would highly condemn the governour's conduct; but the marquis had too much credit with the miniſter, to ſuffer any diminution of his power on that account; he received only a ſharp rebuke, and the duke had orders to repair to his quarters, without entering again into Barcelona. This laſt mortification renewed the remembrance of all his misfortunes; he ſunk beneath this accident, and giving way to melancholy, fell into a deep conſumption. Had the duke maintained his uſual ſpirit, he would probably have challenged the marquis, and revenged the affront of the ſervant upon the maſter, who had made the quarrel his own, by reſenting the valet's deſerved correction.

About the beginning of the year 1731 he declined ſo faſt, being in his quarters, at Lerida, that he had not the uſe of his limbs, ſo as to move without aſſiſtance; but as he was free from pain, he did not loſe all his gaiety. He continued in this ill ſtate of health for two months, when he gained a little ſtrength, and found ſome benefit from a certain mineral water in the mountains of Catalonia; but his conſtitution was too much ſpent to recover the ſhocks it had received. He relapſed the May following at Terragana, whither

ther he removed with his regiment; and going to the above mentioned waters, the benefit whereof he had already experienced, he fell into one of thoſe fainting fits, to which he had for ſome time been ſubject, in a ſmall village, and was utterly deſtitute of all the neceſſaries of life, 'till ſome charitable fathers of a Bernardine convent, offered him what aſſiſtance their houſe afforded. The duke accepted their kind propoſal, upon which they removed him to their convent, and adminiſtered all the relief in their power. Under this hoſpitable roof, after languiſhing a week, died the duke of Wharton, without one friend, or acquaintance to cloſe his eyes. His funeral was performed in the ſame manner in which the fathers inter thoſe of their own fraternity.

Thus we have endeavoured to exhibit an adequate picture of the duke of Wharton, a man whoſe life was as ſtrongly chequered with the viciſſitudes of fortune, as his abilities were various and aſtoniſhing. He is an inſtance of the great imbecility of intellectual powers, when once they ſpurn the dictates of prudence, and the maxims of life. With all the luſtre of his underſtanding, when his fortune was waſted, and his circumſtances low, he fell into contempt; they who formerly worſhipped him, fled from him, and deſpiſed his wit when attended with poverty. So true is it that,

Want is the ſcorn of every wealthy fool,
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.

The duke of Wharton ſeems to have lived as if the world ſhould be new modelled for him; for he would conform to none of the rules, by which the little happineſs the world can yield, is to be attained. But we ſhall not here enlarge on his character, as we can preſent it to the reader, drawn in the moſt lively manner, by the maſterly

ly touches of Pope, who in one of his familiar epiſtles, thus characterizes him.

POPE's Epiſtle on the KNOWLEDGE and CHARACTERS of MEN.

Wharton, the ſcorn and wonder of our days,
Whoſe darling paſſion was the luſt of praiſe:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wiſe,
Women and fools muſt like him, or he dies;
Tho' wond'ring ſenates hung on all he ſpoke,
The club muſt hail him maſter of the joke.
Shall parts ſo various aim at nothing new?
He'll ſhine a Tully and a Wilmot too;
Then turns repentant, and his God adores,
With the ſame ſpirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honeſt heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And moſt contemptible, to ſhun contempt;
His paſſion ſtill to covet gen'ral praiſe,
His life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
A conſtant bounty which no friend has made;
An angel tongue which no man can perſuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too raſh for thought, for action too refin'd:
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very King he loves;
He dies, ſad out-caſt of each church and ſtate,
And, harder ſtill! flagitious, yet not great.
Aſk you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the Knaves ſhould call him Fool.

Pope's Works, Vol. III.

The duke is author of two volumes of poems, of which we ſhall ſelect the following as a ſpecimen.

The FEAR of DEATH.

Say, ſov'reign queen of awful night,
Dread tyrant ſay!
Why parting throes this lab'ring frame diſtend,
Why dire convulſions rend,
And teeming horrors wreck th' aſtoniſh'd ſight?
Why ſhrinks the trembling ſoul,
Why with amazement full
Pines at thy rule, and ſickens at thy ſway?
Why low'rs the thunder of thy brow,
Why livid angers glow,
Miſtaken phantom, ſay?
Far hence exert thy awful reign,
Where tutelary ſhrines and ſolemn buſts
Incloſe the hallow'd duſt:
Where feeble tapers ſhed a gloomy ray,
And ſtatues pity feign;
Where pale-ey'd griefs their waſting vigils keep,
There brood with ſullen ſtate, and nod with [downy ſleep.
Advance ye lurid miniſters of death!
And ſwell the annals of her reign:
Crack every nerve, ſluice every vein;
And choak the avenues of breath.
Freeze, freeze, ye purple tides!
Or ſcorch with ſeering flames,
Where nature flows in tepid ſtreams,
And life's mæanders glide.
Let keen deſpair her icy progreſs make,
And ſlacken'd nerves their taſk forſake;
Years damp the vital fire.

Yawn

Yawn all ye horrors of the flood;
And curl your ſwelling ſurges higher.
Survey the road!
Where deſolating ſtorms, and vengeful fates,
The gawdy ſcene deface;
Ambition in its wideſt havock trace
Thro' widow'd cities, and unpeopl'd ſtates.
And is this all!
Are theſe the threaten'd terrors of your reign?
O dream of fancy'd power!
Quit, quit, th' affected ſhew,
This pageantry of grief, and labour'd pomp of woe.
Draw the pleaſing ſcene,
Where dreadful thunders never rowl, nor giddy tempeſts low'r.
Scenes delighting!
Peace inviting,
Paſſions ſooth'd, and tumult dying;
Æra's rowling,
Fears controuling,
Always new, and always flying.
We dread we know not what, we fear we know not why,
Our cheated fancy ſhrinks, nor ſees to die
Is but to ſlumber into immortality.
All reconciling name!
In ſpace unbounded as in power;
Where fancy limits cannot frame;
Nor reaſon launch beyond the ſhore:
An equal ſtate from all diſtinction free,
Spread like the wide expanſe of vaſt immenſity.
Seditious tumults there obey,
And feuds their zeal forget:
Debated empires own one common ſway,
There learn'd diſputes unite;
Nor crowded volumes the long war maintain:
There rival chiefs combine
To fill the gen'ral chorus of her reign.

So ſtreams from either pole,
Thro' diff'rent tracks their wat'ry journies rowl;
Then in the blending ocean loſe their name,
And with conſenting waves and mingl'd tides for-
[ever flow the ſame.

Colonel CODRINGTON.

THIS gentleman was of the firſt rank of wit and gallantry. He received his education at All Souls College in the univerſity of Oxford, to which he left a donation of 30,000 l. by his will, part of which was to be appropriated for building a new library *. He was many years governour of the Leeward Iſlands, where he died, but was buried at Oxford. He is mentioned here, on account of ſome ſmall pieces of poetry, which he wrote with much elegance and politeneſs. Amongſt theſe pieces is an epilogue to Mr. Southern's tragedy called The Fate of Capua, in which are the following verſes;

Wives ſtill are wives, and he that will be
billing,
Muſt not think cuckoldom deſerves a killing.
What if the gentle creature had been kiſſing,
Nothing the good man married for was miſſing.
Had he the ſecret of her birth-right known,
'Tis odds the faithful Annals would have ſhewn
The wives of half his race more lucky than his
own.

* Jacob.

EDWARD

EDWARD WARD,

A MAN of low extraction, and who never received any regular education. He was an imitator of the famous Butler, and wrote his Reformation, a poem, with an aim at the ſame kind of humour which has ſo remarkably diſtinguiſhed Hudibras. 'Of late years, ſays Mr. Jacob, he has kept a public houſe in the city, but in a genteel way.' Ward was, in his own droll manner, a violent antagoniſt to the Low Church Whigs, and in conſequence of this, drew to his houſe ſuch people as had a mind to indulge their ſpleen againſt the government, by retailing little ſtories of treaſon. He was thought to be a man of ſtrong natural parts, and poſſeſſed a very agreeable pleaſantry of temper. Ward was much affronted when he read Mr. Jacob's account, in which he mentions his keeping a public houſe in the city, and in a book called Apollo's Maggot, declared this account to be a great falſity, proteſting that his public houſe was not in the City, but in Moorfields *.

The chief of this author's pieces are,

Hudibras Redivivus, a political Poem.
Don Quixote, tranſlated into Hudibraſtic Verſe.
Eccleſiæ & Faſtio, a Dialogue between Bow-ſteeple Dragon, and the Exchange Graſhopper.

* Notes on the Dunciad.

A Ramble through the Heavens, or The Revels of the Gods.

The Cavalcade, a Poem.

Marriage Dialogues, or A Poetical Peep into the State of Matrimony.

A Trip to Jamaica.

The Sots Paradiſe, or The Humours of a Derby Alehouſe.

A Battle without Bloodſhed, or Military Diſcipline Buffoon'd.

All Men Mad, or England a Great Bedlam, 4to. 1704.

The Double Welcome, a Poem to the Duke of Marlborough.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups, or The Whimſical Creation of a Little Satirical Poet; a Lyric Ode, dedicated to Dickey Dickenſon, the witty, but deformed Governor of Scarborough Spaw, 8vo. 1729.

The Ambitious Father, or The Politician's Advice to his Son; a Poem in five Cantos, 1733, the laſt work he left finiſhed.

Mr. Ward's works, if collected, would amount to five volumes in 8vo. but he is moſt diſtinguiſhed by his London Spy, a celebrated work in proſe.

Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

THIS gentleman was ſecond ſon of Sir Hammon L'Eſtrange of Hunſton in Norfolk, knt. and was born anno 1617 *. In the year 1644 Sir Roger having obtained a commiſſion from King Charles I. for reducing Lynne in Norfolk, then in poſſeſſion of the Parliament, his deſign was diſcovered to colonel Walton the governour, and his perſon ſeized. Upon the failing of this enterprize he was tried by a court-martial at Guildhall, London, and condemned to loſe his life as a ſpy, coming from the King's quarters without drum, trumpet, or paſs; but was afterwards reprieved, and continued in Newgate ſeveral years. Sir Roger in a work of his, called Truth and Loyalty Vindicated, has informed us, that, when he received ſentence of death, which was pronounced againſt him by Dr. Mills, then judge advocate, and afterwards chancellor to the biſhop of Norwich, he was caſt into Newgate, where he was viſited by Mr. Thorowgood and Mr. Arrowſmith, two members of the aſſembly of divines, who kindly offered him their utmoſt intereſt if he would make ſome petitionary acknowledgment, and ſubmit to take the covenant, which he refuſed. But

* See Gen. Dict. Art. L'Eſtrange.

that he might obtain a reprieve, he wrote ſeveral letters to the earl of Northumberland, the earl of Stamford, and others of the nobility, from whom he received favours. In the Houſe of Commons he was particularly obliged to Sir John Corbet, and Sir Henry Cholmondley. He was reprieved in order to a further hearing; but after almoſt thirty months ſpent in vain endeavours, either to come to a hearing, or to put himſelf into an exchangeable condition, he printed a ſtate of his caſe, as an Appeal from the Court-martial to the Parliament, dated at Newgate in 1647.

After almoſt four years impriſonment, with his keeper's privity, he ſlipt into Kent, and then with much difficulty got beyond ſea. About the latter end of Auguſt 1653, upon the diſſolution of the Long Parliament, by Cromwel, he returned into England, and preſently acquainted the council, then ſitting at Whitehall, that finding himſelf within the Act of Indemnity, he thought it his duty to give them notice of his return. Soon after this he was ſerved with the following order,

Wedneſday September 7, 1655.

Ordered,

That Roger L'Eſtrange be ſent unto, to attend the committee of this council for examination.

JOHN THURLOE, Secretary.

This order laid him under a neceſſity of attending for his diſcharge, but perceiving his buſineſs to advance very ſlowly, and his father at that time lying upon his death-bed, he was ſollicitous to have his diſcharge as much haſtened as poſſible, that he might pay his duty to his father, whom he had not ſeen for many years before. Mr. Strickland was one of the commiſſioners appointed to examine

examine him, and the perſon from whom, in the judgment of his friends, he was to expect the leaſt favour. Mr. L'Eſtrange therefore to render him more propitious to his purpoſe, paid him the compliment of a viſit, telling him frankly that he was returned upon the invitation of the Act of Indemnity; and laying before him how much it concerned him, both in comfort and intereſt, to ſee his dying father. Mr. Strickland, in place of complying with Mr. L'Eſtrange's propoſition, anſwered, that he would find himſelf miſtaken, and that his caſe was not included in that Act. Mr. L'Eſtrange's reply to him was, 'that he might have been ſafe among the Turks upon the ſame terms;' and ſo he left him. From that time matters beginning to look worſe and worſe, he conſidered it, as his laſt expedient, to addreſs Cromwel himſelf. After ſeveral diſappointments, for want of opportunity, he ſpoke to him at laſt in the Cock-pit, and the ſum of his deſire was, either a ſpeedy examination, or that it might be deferred 'till he had ſeen his father. Cromwel remonſtrated againſt the reſtleſſneſs of his party, obſerved, 'that rigour was 'not his inclination, but that he was but one man, 'and could do little by himſelf; and that Mr. 'L'Eſtrange's party would do well to give ſome 'better teſtimony of their quiet, and peaceable in-'tentions.' Mr. L'Eſtrange told him, 'that every man was to anſwer for his own actions, at his own peril;' and ſo Cromwel took his leave. Some time after this Mr. L'Eſtrange was called, and Mr. Strickland, with another gentleman, were his examiners; but the latter preſſed nothing againſt him. Mr. Strickland indeed inſiſted upon his condemnation, and would have deprived him of the benefit of the Act of Indemnity, telling him at laſt, 'that he 'had given no evidence of the change of his mind, 'and conſequently was not to be truſted.' Mr. L'Eſtrange's final anſwer was to this effect, 'that

'it was his intereſt to change his opinion, if he 'could, and that whenever he found reaſon ſo 'to do, he would obey the ſenſe of his own mind.' Some few days after this he was diſcharged *. 'During the dependency of this affair (ſays Mr. 'L'Eſtrange) I might well be ſeen at Whitehall, but 'that I ſpake to Cromwel on any other buſineſs 'than this, that I either ſought, or pretended to, 'any privacy with him, or that I ever ſpake to 'him after this time, I abſolutely diſown. Con-'cerning the ſtory of the fiddle †, this I ſuppoſe 'might be the riſe of it: being in St. James's 'Park, I heard an organ touched in a little low 'room of one Mr. Henckſon's; I went in, and 'found a private company of ſome five or ſix 'perſons. They deſired me to take up a Viol, 'and bear a part. I did ſo, and that part too, 'not much advance to the reputation of my cunning. 'By and by, without the leaſt colour of deſign, or 'expectation, in comes Cromwel. He found us 'playing, and, as I remember, ſo he left us.—As 'to bribing of his attendants, I diſclaim it. I 'never ſpake to Thurloe, but once in my life, 'and that was about my diſcharge. Nor did I 'ever give bribe, little or great, in the family.'

The above declaration Sir Roger was obliged to make, as ſome of his enemies wanted to turn thoſe circumſtances of favour he received from the Oliverian government to his diſadvantage, and prevent his riſing in court diſtinction.

Sir Roger having little paternal fortune, and being a man rather profuſe than oeconomical, he had recourſe to writing for bread. After the reſtoration he ſet up a news-paper, which was continued 'till the Gazette was firſt ſet on foot by Sir Joſeph Williamſon, under ſecretary of ſtate,

* Truth and Loyalty, ubi ſupra.

† Sir Roger L'Eſtrange was called, by way of deriſion, Cromwell's Fidler.

for

for which, however, the government allowed Mr. L'Eſtrange a conſideration. Mr. Wood informs us, that our author publiſhed his paper twice every week in 4to. under the title of The Public Intelligence and News; the firſt of which came out Auguſt the 31ſt, 1663, and the other September the 3d, the ſame year. 'Theſe continued till the 9th of January 1665, at which time Mr. L'Eſtrange deſiſted, becauſe in the November before, there were other News-Papers publiſhed twice every week, in half a ſheet in folio. Theſe were called The Oxford Gazettes, and commenced the 7th of November, 1665, the king and queen, with their courts being then at Oxford. Theſe for a little while were written by one Henry Muddeman; but when the court removed to London, they were called the London Gazette. Soon after Mr. Joſeph Williamſon, under ſecretary of State, procured the writing of them for himſelf; and thereupon employed Charles Perrot, M. A. and fellow of Oriel College in Oxford, who had a good command of his pen, to do that office under him, and ſo he did, though not conſtantly, till about 1671; after which time they were conſtantly written by under ſecretaries, belonging to thoſe that are principal, and do continue ſo to this day.'

Soon after the popiſh plot, when the Tories began to gain the aſcendant over the Whigs, Mr. L'Eſtrange became a zealous promoter of the Tory intereſt. He ſet up a paper called the Obſervator, in which he defended the court, and endeavoured to invalidate thoſe evidences which were given by Oates's party againſt the Jeſuits. He likewiſe wrote a pamphlet, in which he attempts to prove, that Sir Edmundbury Godfrey's murther, for which ſo many ſuffered, and ſo great a flame was raiſed in the nation, was really perpetrated by himſelf. He attempts to ſhew that Sir Edmundbury was a melancholy enthu-

ſiaſtic man; that he was weak in his underſtanding, and abſurd in his conduct. The activity he diſcovered in Oates's plot, had raiſed him to ſuch reputation, that he was unable to bear it, and therefore the natural enthuſiaſm of his temper prompted him to make himſelf a ſacrifice, from a view of advancing the Proteſtant cauſe, as he knew his murther would be charged upon the Papiſts.

Mr. L'Eſtrange's reaſoning, being only conjectural, and very improbable, is therefore far from concluſive: It is certain that there never was a more intricate affair than this. We have read the trials of all thoſe who ſuffered for this murther, chiefly upon the evidence of one Prance, and one Bedloe, who pretended to have been accomplices; but their relation is ſo inconſiſtent; their characters ſo very infamous, and their reward for being evidences ſuppoſed to be ſo conſiderable, that the moſt candid enquirer after truth, can determine nothing poſitively concerning it. All who ſuffered for the popiſh plot, denied their knowledge of it; the four men who were executed, as being the perpetrators perſiſted to the laſt in proteſting their innocence of it. After all, the murther of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey is perhaps one of thoſe ſecrets, which will ever remain ſo, till the hearts of all men are laid open.

The ſervices, which Mr. L'Eſtrange rendered the court, procured him the honour of knighthood; and he ſerved as a member for Wincheſter, in the parliament called by king James the IId, 1685. But things taking quite a different turn in that prince's reign, in point of liberty of conſcience, to what moſt people expected, our author's Obſervators were dropt, as not being ſuitable to the times. However he continued licenſer of the preſs 'till the acceſſion of the prince of Orange to the throne; in whoſe reign, on account of his Tory principles, and his attachment to his late maſter, he met with ſome troubles. He was ſuffered however to deſcend

to

to the grave in peace, though he had in a manner ſurvived his underſtanding. He died December 12, 1705, in the 88th year of his age.

* Beſides his Obſervators, which make three volumes in folio, he publiſhed a great number of poetical and other works. Winſtanley, in his Lives of the Poets, ſays, 'That thoſe who ſhall conſider 'the number and greatneſs of his books, will admire he ſhould ever write ſo many; and thoſe 'who have read them, conſidering the ſkill and 'method they are written in, will admire he ſhould 'write ſo well. Nor is he leſs happy in verſe than 'proſe, which for elegance of language, and quickneſs of invention, deſervedly entitles him to the 'honour of a poet.'

The following are the titles of ſome of his works, viz. Collections in Defence of the King. Toleration Diſcuſſed. Relapſed Apoſtate. Apology for Proteſtants. Richard againſt Baxter. Tyranny and Popery. Growth and Knavery. Reformed Catholic. Free-born Subjects. The Caſe Put. Seaſonable Memorials. Anſwer to the Appeal. L'Eſtrange no Papiſt; in anſwer to a Libel, intitled L'Eſtrange a Papiſt, &c. with Notes and Animadverſions upon Miles Prance, Silver-Smith, cum multis aliis. The Shammer Shamm'd. Account Cleared. Reformation Reformed. Diſſenters Sayings, in two Parts. Notes on Colledge, the Proteſtant Joiner. Citizen and Bumpkin, in two Parts. Further Diſcovery in the Plot. Diſcovery on Diſcovery. Narrative of the Plot. Zekiel and Ephraim. Appeal to the King and Parliament. Papiſt in Maſquerade. Anſwer to the ſecond Character of a Popiſh Succeſſor. Conſiderations upon a Printed Sheet intitled, The Speech of Lord Ruſſel to the Sheriffs: Together with the Paper delivered by him to them at the place of execution, on July 1683.

* General Dictionary.

Theſe

Theſe pieces with many more, were printed in quarto; beſides which he wrote the following, viz. The Hiſtory of the Plot in Folio. Caveat to the Cavaliers. He tranſlated into Engliſh Cicero's Offices; Seneca's Morals, Eraſmus's Colloquies; Quevedo's Viſions; Bona's Guide to Eternity; Five Love Letters from a Nun to a Cavalier; Joſephus's Works; Æſop's Fables.

Mr. Gordon, author of the Independent Whig, and tranſlator of Tacitus, has very freely cenſured L'Eſtrange. He beſtows very freely upon him the epithet of a buffoon, an ignorant droll, &c.——He charges him with having no knowledge of the Latin tongue; and ſays, he is unfit to be read by any perſon of taſte. That his ſtile is full of technical terms, and of phraſes picked up in the ſtreets, from apprentices and porters.

Sir Roger L'Eſtrange tranſlated the third Book of Tacitus, an author of whom Mr. Gordon made an entire tranſlation. To raiſe the reputation of his own performance, he has abuſed that of L'Eſtrange, in terms very unfit for a gentleman to uſe, ſuppoſing the cenſure had been true. Sir Roger's works indeed are often calculated for the meaneſt capacities, and the phraſe is conſequently low; but a man muſt be greatly under the influence of prejudice, who can diſcover no genius in his writings; nor an intimate acquaintance with the ſtate of parties, human life, and manners.

Sir Roger was but ill-rewarded by the Tories, for having been their champion; the latter part of his life was clouded with poverty, and though he deſcended in peace to the grave, free from political turmoils, yet as he was bowed down with age and diſtreſs, he cannot be ſaid to have died in comfort.

He

He had ſeen much of the world, examined many characters, experienced the viciſſitudes of fortune, and was as well inſtructed as any man that ever lived, in the important leſſon of human life, viz. That all things are vanity.

Mr. EDMUND SMITH.

THIS diſtinguiſhed poet was ſon of an eminent merchant, one Mr. Neal, by a daughter of baron Lechemere *. Some misfortunes of his father, which were ſoon followed by his death, occaſioned our author's being left very young in the care of a near relation (one who married Mr. Neal's mother, whoſe name was Smith).

This gentleman treated him with as much tenderneſs as if he had been his own child, and placed him at Weſtminſter-ſchool, under the care of Dr. Buſby. After the death of his generous guardian (whoſe name in gratitude he thought proper to aſſume) he was removed to Chriſt's Church in Oxford, and was there by his aunt handſomely ſupported till her death; after which he continued a member of that learned ſociety, till within five years of his own. Some time before his leaving Chriſt-Church, he was ſent for by his mother to

* See the Life and Character of Mr. Smith, by Mr. Oldiſworth, prefixed to his Phædra and Hippolitus, edit. 1719.

Worceſter, and acknowledged by her as a legitimate ſon. We chuſe to mention this circumſtance, in order to wipe off the aſperſion which folly and ignorance caſt upon his birth *.

In honour to Mr. Smith it ſhould be remembered, that when he ſtood a candidate for one of the univerſities, at the Weſtminſter election, he ſo peculiarly diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his conſpicuous performances, that there aroſe no ſmall contention between the repreſentative electors of Trinity-College in Cambridge, and Chriſt-Church College in Oxon, which of thoſe two illuſtrious ſocieties ſhould adopt him as their own. But the electors of Trinity College having the preference of choice that year, they reſolutely elected him; but being invited at the ſame time to Chriſt-Church, Mr. Smith choſe to accept of a ſtudentſhip there.

He paſſed through the exerciſes of the college, and the univerſity, with unuſual applauſe; and tho' he often ſuffered his friends to call him off from his retirement; yet his return to his ſtudies was ſo much the more paſſionate, and his love of reading and thinking being ſo vehement, the habit grew upon him, and the ſeries of meditation and reflexion being kept up whole weeks together, he could better arrange his ideas, and take in ſundry parts of a ſcience at one view, without interruption or confuſion. Some of his acquaintance, who were pleaſed to diſtinguiſh between the wit and the ſcholar, extoll'd him altogether on account of the firſt of theſe excellencies; but others, who were more candid, admired him as a prodigy in both. He had acquired reputation in the ſchools, both as a philoſopher and polemic of extenſive knowledge, and deep penetration, and went through all the courſes with a proper regard to the dignity, and importance of each ſcience.

* Oldiſworth, ubi ſupra.

Mr.

Mr. Smith had a long and perfect intimacy with all the Greek and Latin Claſſics; with whom he had induſtriouſly compared whatever was worth peruſing in the French, Spaniſh, and Italian, and all the celebrated writers in his own country. He conſidered the antients and moderns, not as parties, or rivals for fame, but as architects upon one and the ſame plan, the Art of Poetry. If he did not always commend the compoſitions of others, it proceeded not from ill-nature (for that was foreign to his temper) but a ſtrict regard to juſtice would not ſuffer him to call a few flowers elegantly adorned, without much art, and leſs genius, by ſo diſtinguiſhed a name as poetry. He was of Ben Johnſon's opinion, who could not admire,

——Verſes, as ſmooth and ſoft as cream,
In which their was neither depth nor ſtream.

Mr. Smith's Bodleian Oration, printed with his other works, though taken from a remote and imperfect copy, has ſhewn the world, how great a maſter he was of Ciceronian Eloquence. Since Temple and Roſcommon (ſays Mr. Oldiſworth) 'No man underſtood Horace better, eſpecially as 'to his happy diction, rolling numbers, beautiful 'imagery, and alternate mixture of the ſoft and 'ſublime. His friend Mr. Philips's Ode to Mr. 'St. John, after the manner of Horace's Luſory, 'or Amatorian Odes, is certainly a maſter-piece: 'But Mr. Smith's Pocockius is of the ſublimer 'kind; though like Waller's writings upon Crom-'well, it wants not the moſt delicate and ſurprizing 'turns, peculiar to the perſon praiſed.'

He was an excellent judge of humanity, and ſo good a hiſtorian, that in familiar converſation, he would talk over the moſt memorable facts in antiquity;

quity; the lives, actions, and characters of celebrated men, with amazing facility and accuracy. As he had carefully read and distinguished Thuanus's works, so he was able to copy after him: And his talent in this kind was so generally confess'd, that he was made choice of by some great men, to write a history, which it was their interest to have executed with the utmost art, and dexterity; but this design was dropp'd, as Mr Smith would not sacrifice truth to the caprice, and interested views of a party.

Our author's Poem, condoling the death of Mr. Philips, is full of the noblest beauties, and pays a just tribute to the venerable ashes of that great man. Mr. Smith had contracted for Mr. Philips the most perfect friendship, a passion of which he was very susceptible, and whose laws he confidered as sacred and inviolable.

In the year 1707 Mr. Smith's Tragedy called Phædra and Hippolitus was acted at the Theatre-Royal. This play was introduced upon the stage, at a time when the Italian Opera so much engrossed the attention of the polite world, that sense was sacrificed to sound. It was dress'd and decorated, at an extraordinary expence:—— and inimitably perform'd in all its parts, by Betterton, Booth, Barry, and Oldfield. Yet it brought but few, and slender audiences.——To say truth, 'twas a fine Poem; but not an extraordinary Play. Notwithstanding the intrinsic merit of this piece, and the countenance it met with from the most ingenious men of the age, yet it languished on the stage, and was soon neglected. Mr. Addison wrote the Prologue, in which he rallies the vitiated taste of the public, in preferring the unideal entertainment of an Opera, to the genuine sense of a British Poet.

The

The PROLOGUE.

Long has a race of Heroes fill'd the ſtage,
That rant by note, and thro' the gamut rage;
In ſongs, and airs, expreſs their martial fire,
Combat in trills, and in a feuge expire;
While lull'd by ſound, and undiſturb'd by wit,
Calm and ſerene, you indolently ſit;
And from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
Hear the facetious fiddle's rapartee;
Our home-ſpun authors muſt forſake the field,
And Shakeſpear to the ſoft Scarlatti yield.
To your new taſte, the poet of this day,
Was by a friend advis'd to form his play;
Had Valentini muſically coy,
Shun'd Phædra's arms, and ſcorn'd the proffer'd joy,
It had not mov'd your wonder to have ſeen,
An Eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen.
How would it pleaſe, ſhould ſhe in Engliſh ſpeak,
And could Hippolitus reply in Greek?

We have been induced to tranſcribe theſe lines of Mr. Addiſon, in order to have the pleaſure of producing ſo great an authority in favour of the Engliſh drama, when placed in contradiſtinction to an entertainment, exhibited by Eunuchs and Fidlers, in a language, of which the greateſt part of the audience are ignorant; and from the nature of which no moral inſtruction can be drawn.

The chief excellence of this play certainly conſiſts in the beauty and harmony of the verſification. The language is luxuriantly poetical. The paſſion of Phædra for her huſband's ſon has been conſidered by ſome critics as too unnatural to be ſhewn on the ſtage; and they have obſerved that the poet would have written more ſucceſsfully if he had converted

verted the ſon into a brother. Poetical juſtice is carefully diſtributed; Phædra and Lycon are juſtly made the ſufferers, while Hippolitus and Iſmena eſcape the vengeance of Theſeus. The play is not deſtitute of the pathetic, tho' much more regard is paid to the purity and elegance of the language, than a poet more acquainted with the workings of the heart would have done. We ſhall give an example to illuſtrate this obſervation. When Theſeus reproaches Hippolitus for his love to Iſmena, and at the ſame time dooms him as the victim of his revenge and jealouſy, he uſes theſe words,

Canſt thou be only clear'd by diſobedience,
And juſtified by crimes?—What! love my foe!
Love one deſcended from a race of tyrants,
Whoſe blood yet reeks on my avenging ſword!
I'm curſt each moment I delay thy fate:
Haſte to the ſhades, and tell the happy Pallas,
Iſmena's flames, and let him taſte ſuch joys
As thou giv'ſt me; go tell applauding Minos,
The pious love you bore his daughter Phædra;
Tell it the chatt'ring ghoſts, and hiſſing furies,
Tell it the grinning fiends, till Hell found nothing
To thy pleas'd ears, but Phædra and Iſmena.

We cannot ſuppoſe that a man wrought up to fury, by the flame of jealouſy, and a ſenſe of affronted dignity, could be ſo particular in giving his ſon directions how to behave in hell, and to whom he ſhould relate the ſtory of his fate. When any paſſion violently overwhelms the ſoul, the perſon who feels it, always ſpeaks ſententiouſly, avoids repetitions, and is not capable of much recollection, at leaſt of making a minute detail of circumſtances. In how few words, and with greater force would Shakeſpear have conducted this ſpeech of Theſeus. An example will prove it: when Othello is informed that Caſſio is ſlain, he replies,

Had

Had all his hairs been lives,
My great revenge had ſtomach for them all.

When Phædra is made acquainted with the ruin of Hyppolitus, the poet makes her utter the following beautiful ſpeech, which, however, is liable to the ſame objection as the former, for it ſeems rather a ſtudied declamation, than an expreſſion of the moſt agonizing throes ſhe is then ſuppoſed to experience.

What's life? Oh all ye Gods! can life attone
For all the monſtrous crimes by which 'tis bought?
Or can I live? when thou, O Soul of honour!
O early hero! by my crimes art ruin'd.
Perhaps even now, the great unhappy youth,
Falls by the ſordid hands of butchering villains;
Now, now he bleeds, he dies,—O perjur'd traitor!
See his rich blood in purple torrents flows,
And nature ſallies in unbidden groans;
Now mortal pangs diſtort his lovely form,
His roſy beauties fade, his ſtarry eyes
Now darkling ſwim, and fix their cloſing beams;
Now in ſhort gaſps his lab'ring ſpirit heaves,
And weakly flutters on his falt'ring tongue,
And ſtruggles into ſound. Hear, monſter hear,
With his laſt breath, he curſes purjured Phædra:
He ſummons Phædra to the bar of Minos;
Thou too ſhalt there appear; to torture thee
Whole Hell ſhall be employ'd, and ſuff'ring Phædra
Shall find ſome care to ſee thee ſtill more wretched.

No man had a juſter notion of the difficulty of compoſing, than Mr. Smith, and he ſometimes would create greater difficulties than he had reaſon to apprehend. Mr. Smith had, indeed, ſome defects in his conduct, which thoſe are more apt to remember, who could imitate him in nothing elſe. Amongſt the blemiſhes of an innocent kind, which

which attended Mr. Smith, was his extreme careleſſneſs in the particular of dreſs; this oddity procured him the name of Captain Ragg. His perſon was ſo well formed, and he poſſeſſed ſo much natural gracefulneſs, that notwithſtanding the diſadvantage of his appearance, he was called, by the Ladies, the Handſome Sloven.

It is to be wondered at (ſays Mr. Oldiſworth) that a man under poverty, calamities, and diſappointments, could make ſo many friends, and thoſe ſo truly valuable. He had, indeed, a noble idea of the paſſion of friendſhip, in the ſucceſs of which, conſiſted the greateſt, if not the only happineſs of his Life. He was ſerene and chearful under the diſpenſations of providence; he avoided having any dealings with mankind in which he could not be juſt, and therefore refuſed to embrace ſome opportunities of amending his fortune.

Upon Mr Smith's coming to town, no man was more ſurrounded by all thoſe who really had, or pretended to wit, or more courted by the great men, who had then a power and opportunity of encouraging arts and ſciences. Mr. Smith's character grew upon his friends by intimacy, and exceeded the ſtrongeſt prepoſſeſſions which had been conceived in his favour. A few years before his death, Mr. Smith engaged in ſome conſiderable Undertakings; in all which he raiſed expectations in the world, which he lived not to gratify. Mr. Oldiſworth obſerves, that he had ſeen about ten ſheets of Pindar tranſlated into Engliſh, which, he ſays, exceeded any thing of that kind, he could ever hope for in our language. He had drawn out a plan for a tragedy of Lady Jane Grey, and had written ſeveral ſcenes of it: a ſubject afterwards nobly executed by Mr. Rowe. His greateſt undertaking was Longinus, which he executed in a very maſterly manner. He propoſed a large addition to this work, of notes and obſervations of

of his own, with an intire ſyſtem of the art of poetry in three books, under the title of Thoughts, Action, and Figure; in this work he propoſed to reform the art of Rhetoric, by reducing that confuſed heap of Terms, with which a long ſucceſſion of Pedants had incumbered the world, to a very narrow compaſs; comprehending all that was uſeful and ornamental in poetry under each head, and chapter. He intended to make remarks upon all the ancients and moderns, the Greek, Latin, Engliſh. French, Spaniſh, and Italian poets, and to anamadvert upon their ſeveral beauties and defects.

Mr. Smith died in the year 1710, in the 42d of his age, at the ſeat of George Ducket eſq; called Hartham, in Wiltſhire; and was buried in the pariſh church there. We ſhall give the character of this celebrated poet in the words of Mr. Oldiſworth:—"He had a quickneſs of apprehen-"ſion and vivacity of underſtanding, which eaſily "took in, and ſurmounted, the moſt knotty parts "of methematics and metaphyſics. His wit was "prompt and flowing, yet ſolid and piercing; his "taſte delicate, his head clear, and his manner of "expreſſing his thoughts perſpicuous, and en-"gaging; an eager, but generous, emulation "grew up in him, which puſh'd him upon ſtriving "to excel in every art and ſcience, that could "make him a credit to his college: and it was "his happineſs to have ſeveral cotemporaries, "and fellow ſtudents, who exerciſed and excited "this virtue in themſelves and others: his judg-"ment naturally good, ſoon ripened into an ex-"quiſite fineneſs, and diſtinguiſhing ſagacity, "which as it was active and buſy, ſo it was vigo-"rous and manly, keeping even pace with a "rich and ſtrong imagination, always on the "wing, and never tired with aſpiring; there are "many of his firſt eſſays in oratory, in epigram,

"elegy

" elegy and epic, ſtill handed about the univerſi-
" ty in manuſcript, which ſhew a maſterly hand,
" and though maimed and injured by frequent
" tranſcribing, make their way into our moſt celebrat-
" ed miſcellanies, where they ſhine with uncom-
" mon luſtre. As his parts were extraordinary, ſo
" he well knew how to improve them; and not
" only to poliſh the diamond, but enchaſe it in the
" moſt ſolid and durable metal.

" Though he was an academic the greateſt part
" of his life, yet he contracted no ſourneſs of tem-
" per, no tincture of pedantry, no itch of diſpu-
" tation, or obſtinate contention for the old, or new
" philoſophy, no aſſuming way of dictating to o-
" thers, which are faults which ſome are inſenſibly
" led into, who are conſtrained to dwell within
" the walls of a private college." Thus far Mr. Oldiſworth, who has drawn the character of his deceaſed friend, with a laudable fondneſs. Mr. Smith, no doubt, poſſeſſed the higheſt genius for poetry; but it is certain he had mixed but too little in life. His language, however luxuriouſly poetical, yet is far from being proper for the drama, and there is too much of the poet in every ſpeech he puts in the mouths of his characters, which produces an uniformity, that nothing could teach him to avoid, but a more general knowledge of real life and characters. It is acknowledged that Mr. Smith was much inclined to intemperance, though Mr. Oldiſworth has gloſſed it over with the hand of a friend; nor is it improbable, that this diſpoſition ſunk him in that vis inertiæ, which has been the bane of many of the brighteſt geniuſes of the world. Mr. Smith was, upon the whole, a good natured man, a great poet, a finiſhed ſcholar, and a diſcerning critic.

Mr.

DANIEL DE FOE.

THIS gentleman acquired a very conſiderable name by his political and poetical works; his early attachment to the revolution intereſt, and the extraordinary zeal and ability with which he defended it. He was bred, ſays Mr. Jacob, a Hoſier, which profeſſion he forſook, as unworthy of him, and became one of the moſt enterprizing authors this, or any other age, ever produced. The work by which he is moſt diſtinguiſhed, as a poet, is his True Born Engliſhman, a Satire, occaſioned by a poem entitled Foreigners, written by John Tutchin, eſq; *. This gentleman (Tutchin) was of the Monmouth faction, in the reign of King Charles II. and when that unhappy prince made an attempt upon his uncle's crown, Mr. Tutchin wrote a political piece in his favour, for which, ſays Jacob, he was ſo ſeverely handled by Judge Jeffries, and his ſentence was ſo very uncommon, and ſo rigorouſly executed, that he petitioned King James to be hanged.

Soon after the revolution, the people, who are reſtleſs in their inclinations, and loath that, to-day, for which they would yeſterday have ſacrificed their lives, began to be uneaſy at the partiality

* Jacob, vol. ii. p. 309.

their new King discovered to his countrymen. The popular discontent rose to such a heighth, that King William was obliged to dismiss his Dutch guards, and though he died in possession of the crown of England, yet it proved to him a crown of thorns, and he spent fewer peaceful moments in his regal station, than before his head was environed with an uneasy diadem. De Foe, who seems to have had a very true notion of civil liberty, engaged the enemies of the new government, and levelled the force of his satire against those, who valued themselves for being true-born Englishmen. He exposes the fallacy of that prepossession, by laying open the sources from whence the English have sprung. 'Normans, Saxons, and Danes, 'says he, were our forefathers; we are a mixed 'people; we have no genuine origin; and why 'should not our neighbours be as good as we to 'derive from? and I must add *, that had we been 'an unmixed nation, I am of opinion, it had been 'to our disadvantage: for to go no farther, we 'have three nations about us clear from mixture 'of blood, as any in the world, and I know not 'which of them we could wish ourselves to be 'like; I mean the Scotch, Welsh, and Irish, and 'if I were to write a reverse to the satire, I would 'examine all the nations of Europe, and prove, 'that these nations which are the most mixed, are 'the best, and have least of barbarism and brutality amongst them.' Mr. De Foe begins his satire with the following lines,

Wherever God erects a house of pray'r,
The devil always builds a chapel there:
And 'twill be found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.

* See Preface to the True Born Englishman.

After

After paſſing a general cenſure on the ſurrounding nations, Italy, Germany, France, &c. he then takes a view of England, which he charges with the black crime of ingratitude. He enumerates the ſeveral nations from whence we are derived, Gauls, Saxons, Danes, Iriſh, Scots, &c. and ſays,

From this amphibious ill-born mob began
That vain ill-natur'd thing, an Engliſhman.

This ſatire, written in a rough unpoliſhed manner, without art, or regular plan, contains ſome very bold and maſculine ſtrokes againſt the ridiculous vanity of valuing ourſelves upon deſcent and pedigree. In the concluſion he has the following ſtrong, and we fear too juſt, obſervation.

Could but our anceſtors retrieve their fate,
And ſee their offspring thus degenerate;
How we contend for birth, and names unknown;
And build on their paſt actions, not our own;
They'd cancel records, and their tombs deface,
And openly diſown the vile degenerate race:
For fame of families is all a cheat,
'Tis perſ'nal virtue only makes us great.

The next ſatire of any conſequence which De Foe wrote, was entitled Reformation of Manners, in which ſome private characters are ſeverely attacked. It is chiefly aimed at ſome perſons, who being veſted with authority to ſuppreſs vice, yet rendered themſelves a diſgrace to their country, encouraging wickedneſs by that very authority they have to ſuppreſs it.

Poetry was far from being the talent of De Foe. He wrote with more perſpicuity and ſtrength in proſe, and he ſeems to have underſtood, as well

as any man, the civil conſtitution of the kingdom, which indeed was his chief ſtudy.

In the firſt volume of his works there is a proſe eſſay, which he entitles The Original Power of the Collective Body of the People of England, Examined and Aſſerted; this was intended to refute a very ridiculous opinion, which politicians, more zealous than wiſe, had induſtriouſly propagated, viz. 'That the repreſentatives of the people, i. e. the 'Houſe of Commons had a right to enact whatever laws, and enter into whatever meaſures they 'pleaſe, without any dependence on, or even conſulting the opinion of, their conſtituents; and 'that the collective body of the people have no 'right to call them to an account, or to take a-'ny cognizance of their conduct.' In anſwer to which Mr. De Foe very ſenſibly obſerves, 'that it 'is poſſible for even a Houſe of Commons to be in 'the wrong. They may be miſled by factions and 'parties, and it is as ridiculous to ſuppoſe them in-'fallible, as to ſuppoſe the Pope of Rome, or the 'Popiſh conclave infallible, which have more than 'once determined againſt one another. It is poſſible '(ſays he) for them to be bribed by penſions and 'places, and by either of thoſe extremes to betray 'their truſt, and abuſe the people who entruſt them; 'and if the people ſhould have no redreſs in ſuch 'a caſe, then would the nation be in hazard of 'being ruined by their own repreſentatives. And 'it is a wonder to find it aſſerted in a certain 'treatiſe, *That it is not to be ſuppoſed, that ever the 'Houſe of Commons can injure the people who entruſt 'them.* There can be no better way to demon-'ſtrate the poſſibility of a thing, than by proving 'that it has been already; and we need go no 'further back than to the reign of King Charles 'II. in which we have ſeen liſts of 180 mem-'bers, who received private penſions from the 'court;

'court; and if any body ſhould aſk whether that 'parliament preſerved the ballance of power in 'the three branches of our conſtitution, in the due 'diſtribution ſome have mentioned? I am not a-'fraid to anſwer in the negative. And why, even 'to this day, are gentlemen ſo fond of ſpending 'their eſtates to ſit in the Houſe, that ten thou-'ſand pounds have been ſpent at a time to be cho-'ſen, and now that way of procuring elections is 'at an end, private briberies, and clandeſtine con-'trivances are made uſe of to get into the Houſe? 'No man would give a groat to ſit, where he can-'not get a groat himſelf for ſitting, unleſs there 'were either parties to gratify, profits to be made, 'or intereſt to ſupport. In this caſe it is plain a 'people may be ruined by their repreſentatives, 'and the firſt law of nature, ſelf-preſervation, 'give the people a right to reſent public encroach-'ments upon their valuable liberties.'

In the ſame volume is a tract entitled The Shorteſt Way with the Diſſenters, which contained reflexions againſt ſome eccleſiaſtics in power, for breathing too much a ſpirit of perſecution. He became obnoxious to the miniſtry on this account, and was obliged to juſtify himſelf by writing an explanation of it. Mr. De Foe in his preface to the ſecond volume of his works, collected by himſelf, takes occaſion to mention the ſevere hardſhips he laboured under, occaſioned by thoſe Printers, more induſtrious than himſelf, who make a practice of pirating every work attended with ſucceſs. As an inſtance of this kind of oppreſſion, he mentions the True Born Engliſhman, by which, had he enjoyed the full profit of his own labours, he muſt have gained near a thouſand pounds; for beſides nine editions which paſſed under his own inſpection, this poem was twelve times pirated: but the inſolence of thoſe fraudulent dealers did not ſtop

here. A Printer of a bad reputation collected a ſpurious and erroneous copy of ſeveral pieces of De Foe, and entitled them The Works of the Author of the True Born Engliſhman; and though he was then embroiled with the government for one of the pamphlets which this collection contained, yet had this man the impudence to print amongſt them the ſame pamphlets, preſuming ſo far upon the partiality of the public reſentment, that he ſhould paſs with impunity for publiſhing that very thing for which the author was to be proſecuted with the utmoſt ſeverity. This, however, was an irreſiſtible teſtimony, that the reſentment ſhewn to the author was on ſome other, and leſs juſtifiable account, than the publication of that book; ſo was it a ſevere ſatire on the unwarineſs of the miniſtry, who had not eyes to diſcern their juſtice plainly expoſed, and their general proceedings bantered by a Printer, for publiſhing in defiance of them that ſame book for which another man ſtood arraigned.

Mr. De Foe, who poſſeſſed a reſolute temper, and a moſt confirmed fortitude of mind, was never awed by the threats of power, nor deterred from ſpeaking truth by the inſolence of the great. Wherever he found vice he laſhed it, and frequently, as Pope ſays, he

Daſh'd the proud gam'ſter from his gilded car,
Bar'd the mean breaſt that lurk'd beneath a ſtar.

For ſome vigorous attacks againſt the meaſures of a prevailing party, which Mr. De Foe reckoned unconſtitutional and unjuſt, he was proſecuted, and received ſentence to ſtand on the pillory; which puniſhment he underwent.

At the very time he was in the hands of the miniſtry, to ſhew the invincible force of his mind, he

he wrote a Hymn to the Pillory, as a kind of defiance of their power. 'The reader (says he) * is 'desired to observe this poem was the author's 'declaration, even when in the cruel hands of a 'merciless, as well as unjust ministry; that the 'treatment he had from them was unjust, exor-'bitant, and consequently illegal.' As the ministry did not think proper to prosecute him for this fresh insult against them, that forbearance was construed a confession of guilt in their former proceedings.

In the second volume of our author's works, is a piece entitled More Reformation, a satire upon himself. We have already taken notice of a satire of his called Reformation of Manners, in which some personal characters are stigmatized, which drew much odium on Mr. De Foe. This satire called More Reformation, is a kind of supplement to the former. In the preface he complains of the severe usage he had met with, but, says he, 'that 'the world may discern that I am not one of those 'who practise what they reprove, I began this 'satire with owning in myself those sins and mis-'fortunes which I am no more exempted from, 'than other men; and as I am far from pretend-'ing to be free from human frailties, but forward-'er to confess any of the errors of my life, than 'any man can be to accuse me; I think myself 'in a better way to reformation, than those who 'excuse their own faults by reckoning up mine.

'Some that have heard me complain of this 'hard usage, have told me, there is something of 'a retaliation of providence in it, for my be-'ing so very free with the characters of other 'men in a late satire called The Reformation of

* See Preface to vol. ii.

'Manners. To this I anſwer, firſt, in that ſatire, 'or any other I ever wrote, I have always care-'fully avoided laſhing any man's private infirmi-'ties, as being too ſenſible of my own, but if I 'have ſingled out any man by character, it has 'either been ſuch, as intending to reform others, 'and execute the laws againſt vice, have been the 'greateſt examples, and encouragers of it in their 'own practice; or ſuch as have been entruſted 'with the executive power of juſtice, and having 'been called upon by the laws to reform us, have 'been a public reproach to the magiſtracy of this 'nation, and ought to be puniſhed by the laws 'they have been protected by.

'Secondly, I have never made any man's diſ-'aſters, or misfortunes, the ſubject of my ſatire. 'I never reproached any man for having his houſe 'burnt, ſhips caſt away, or his family ruined. I 'never lampooned a man becauſe he could not 'pay his debts, or for his being a cuckold.

'Thirdly, I never reproached any man for his 'opinion in religion, or eſteemed him the worſe 'for differing in judgment from me.

'If therefore the ſcandalous treatment I have re-'ceived is juſt on me, for abuſing others, I muſt 'aſk ſuch, who is the man? Where is the cha-'racter I have given that is not juſt? and where is 'the retaliation of providence, that theſe men en-'title themſelves to in loading me with falſities 'and lies, as a juſt puniſhment for my ſpeaking 'truth.

'But p--x on him, ſaid a certain ſober gentle-'man, he is a Whig, and what need he have med-'dled with his own party, could not he have left 'them out, there were characters enough on the 'other ſide?

'Why

'Why really I muſt own, I know no Whig or 'Tory in vice; the vicious and the virtuous are 'the only two parties I have to do with; if a vi-'cious, lewd, debauched magiſtrate happened to 'be a Whig, what then? let him mend his man-'ners, and he may be a Whig ſtill, and if not, the 'reſt ought to be aſhamed of him.'

We have been induced to make this extract, as it ſeems to ſhew the genius and ſpirit of the author in a more advantageous light, than we could have otherwiſe done. Though he was a reſolute aſſerter of Whig principles, and a champion for the cauſe of liberty, yet was he never blinded by party prejudice, but could diſcern deſigning, and ſelfiſh men, and ſtrip them of their diſguiſes, though joined with him in the ſame political conteſts.

In the concluſion of the Hymn to the Pillory, which is written with great ſtrength of expreſſion, he aſſigns the reaſons for his being doomed to that ignominy.

Thou Bugbear of the law ſtand up and ſpeak,
Thy long miſconſtru'd ſilence break,
Tell us, who 'tis upon thy ridge ſtands there,
So full of fault, and yet ſo void of fear;
And from the paper in his hat,
Let all mankind be told for what.

Tell them it was becauſe he was too bold,
And told thoſe truths which ſhould not ha' been told.
Extol the juſtice of the land
Who puniſh what they will not underſtand;
Tell them that he ſtands there
For ſpeaking what we would not hear;
And yet he might ha' been ſecure,
Had he ſaid leſs, or would he ha' ſaid more.
Tell them that it was his reward,
And worſe is yet for him prepar'd,

Becauſe his fooliſh virtue was ſo nice
As not to ſell his friends, according to his friends advice.

And thus he's an example made,
To make men of their honeſty afraid,
That from the time to come they may
More willingly their friends betray,
Tell them the miniſters that plac'd him here,
Are ſcandal to the times,
Are at a loſs to find his guilt,
And can't commit his crimes.

There are in the ſame volume many other poetical pieces, and political, and polemical tracts, the greateſt part of which are written with great force of thought, though in an unpoliſhed irregular ſtile. The natural abilities of the author (for he was no ſcholar) ſeem to have been very high. He had a great knowledge of men and things, particularly what related to the government, and trade of theſe kingdoms. He wrote many pamphlets on both, which were generally well received, though his name was never prefixed. His imagination was fertile, ſtrong, and lively, as may be collected from his many works of fancy, particularly his Robinſon Cruſoe, which was written in ſo natural a manner, and with ſo many probable incidents, that, for ſome time after its publication, it was judged by moſt people to be a true ſtory. It was indeed written upon a model entirely new, and the ſucceſs and eſteem it met with, may be aſcertained by the many editions it has ſold, and the ſums of money which have been gained by it. Nor was he leſs remarkable in his writings of a ſerious and religious turn, witneſs his Religious Courtſhip, and his Family Inſtructor; both of which ſtrongly inculcate the worſhip of God, the relative duties of huſbands, wives,

wives, parents, and children, not in a dry dogmatic manner, but in a kind of dramatic way, which excites curioſity, keeps the attention awake, and is extremely intereſting, and pathetic.

We have already ſeen, that in his political capacity he was a declared enemy to popery, and a bold defender of revolution principles. He was held in much eſteem by many great men, and though he never enjoyed any regular poſt under the government, yet he was frequently employed in matters of truſt and confidence, particularly in Scotland, where he ſeveral times was ſent on affairs of great importance, eſpecially thoſe relative to the union of the kingdoms, of which he was one of the negotiators.

It is impoſſible to arrive at the knowledge of half the tracts and pamphlets which were written by this laborious man, as his name is not prefixed, and many of them being temporary, have periſhed like all other productions of that kind, when the ſubjects upon which they were written are forgot. His principal performances, perhaps, are theſe,

A Plan of Commerce, an eſteemed Work, in one large vol. 8vo. of which a new edition was lately publiſhed.

Memoirs of the Plague, publiſhed in 1665.

Religious Courtſhip.

Family Inſtructor. Two Volumes.

Hiſtory of Apparitions (under the name of Moreton.)

Robinſon Cruſoe. Two Volumes.

Political Hiſtory of the Devil.

Hiſtory of Magic.

Caledonia, a Poem in praiſe of Scotland.

De Jure Divino, a Poem.

Engliſh Tradeſman, &c.

Hiſtory of Colonel Jack.

Cleveland's Memoirs, &c. are alſo ſaid to be his.

Conſidered as a poet, Daniel De Foe is not ſo eminent, as in a political light: he has taken no pains in verſification; his ideas are maſculine, his expreſſions coarſe, and his numbers generally rough. He ſeems rather to have ſtudied to ſpeak truth, by probing wounds to the bottom, than, by embelliſhing his verſification, to give it a more elegant keenneſs. This, however, ſeems to have proceeded more from careleſſneſs in that particular, than want of ability: for the following lines in his True Born Engliſhman, in which he makes Britannia rehearſe the praiſes of her hero, King William, are harmoniouſly beautiful, and elegantly poliſhed.

BRITANNIA.

The fame of virtue 'tis for which I ſound,
And heroes with immortal triumphs crown'd.
Fame built on ſolid virtue ſwifter flies,
Than morning light can ſpread my eaſtern ſkies.
The gath'ring air returns the doubling ſound,
And long repeating thunders force it round:
Ecchoes return from caverns of the deep;
Old Chaos dreamt on't in eternal ſleep,
Time helps it forward to its lateſt urn,
From whence it never, never ſhall return;
Nothing is heard ſo far, or laſts ſo long;
'Tis heard by ev'ry ear, and ſpoke by ev'ry tongue.

My hero, with the ſails of honour furl'd,
Riſes like the great genius of the world.
By fate, and fame, wiſely prepared to be
The ſoul of war, and life of victory.
He ſpreads the wings of virtue on the throne,
And every wind of glory fans them on.
Immortal trophies dwell upon his brow,
Freſh as the garlands he has won but now.

What

What provocation De Foe had given to Pope we cannot determine, but he has not eſcaped the laſh of that gentleman's pen. Mr. Pope in his ſecond book of his Duciad thus ſpeaks of him;

> Earleſs on high ſtood unabaſh'd De Foe,
> And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge below.

It may be remarked that he has joined him with Tutchin, a man, whom judge Jeffries had ordered to be ſo inhumanly whipt through the market-towns, that, as we have already obſerved, he petitioned the King to be hanged. This ſeverity ſoured his temper, and after the depoſition and death of King James, he indulged his reſentment in inſulting his memory. This may be the reaſon why Pope has ſtigmatized him, and perhaps no better a one can be given for his attacking De Foe, whom the author of the Notes to the Dunciad owns to have been a man of parts. De Foe can never, with any propriety, be ranked amongſt the dunces; for whoever reads his works with candour and impartiality, muſt be convinced that he was a man of the ſtrongeſt natural powers, a lively imagination, and ſolid judgment, which, joined with an unſhaken probity in his moral conduct, and an invincible integrity in his political ſphere, ought not only to ſcreen him from the petulant attacks of ſatire, but tranſmit his name with ſome degree of applauſe to poſterity.

De Foe, who enjoyed always a competence, and was ſeldom ſubject to the neceſſities of the poets, died at his houſe at Iſlington, in the year 1731. He left behind him one ſon and one daughter. The latter is married to Mr. Henry Baker, a gentleman well known in the philoſophical world.

Mrs.

Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE.

THIS lady was born at Ilcheſter in Somerſetſhire September 11, 1674, being the eldeſt of three daughters of Mr. Walter Singer, a gentleman of good family, and Mrs. Elizabeth Portnel, both perſons of great worth and piety. Her father was not a native of Ilcheſter, nor an inhabitant, before his impriſonment there for non-conformity in the reign of King Charles II. Mrs. Portnel, from a principle of tenderneſs, viſited thoſe who ſuffered on that account, and by this accident an acquaintance commenced, which terminated in the nuptial union. They who were acquainted with the lady, who is the ſubject of this article, in her early years, perhaps obſerved an uncommon diſplay of genius as prophetic of that bright day which afterwards enſued.

There is ſo great a ſimilitude between painting and poetry, that it is no ways ſurpriſing, a perſon, who poſſeſſed the latter of theſe graces in ſo high a degree, ſhould very eaſily diſcover an inclination to the former, which has often the ſame admirers. Accordingly we find Mrs. Rowe diſcover a taſte for painting; ſhe attempted to carry her taſte into execution, when ſhe had hardly ſteadineſs of hand ſufficient to guide the pencil. Her father perceiving her fondneſs for this art, was at the expence of a maſter to inſtruct her in it; and ſhe never failed to make it an amuſement 'till her death. Every one acquainted with her writings, and capable of reliſhing the meliſluent flow of her numbers, will naturally ſuppoſe, that ſhe had a genius for

for muſic, particularly that of a grave and ſolemn kind, as it was beſt ſuited to the grandeur of her ſentiments, and the ſublimity of her devotion. But her moſt prevailing propenſion was to poetry. This ſuperior grace was indeed the moſt favourite employment of her youth, and in her the moſt diſtinguiſhed excellence. So powerful was her genius in this way, that her proſe hath all the charms of verſe without the fetters; the ſame fire and elevation; the ſame richneſs of imagery, bold figures, and flowing diction.

It appears by a life of Mrs. Rowe, prefixed to the firſt volume of her miſcellaneous works, that in the year 1696, the 22d of her age, a Collection of her Poems on various Occaſions was publiſhed at the deſire of two of her friends, which we ſuppoſe did not contain all ſhe had by her, ſince the ingenious author of the preface, Mrs. Elizabeth Johnſon, gives the reader room to hope, that Mrs. Rowe might, in a little while, be prevailed upon to oblige the world with a ſecond part, no way inferior to the former.

Mrs. Rowe's Paraphraſe on the 38th Chapter of Job was written at the requeſt of biſhop Kenn, which gained her a great reputation. She had no other tutor for the French and Italian languages than the honourable Mr. Thynne, ſon to the lord viſcount Weymouth, and father to the right honourable the counteſs of Hertford, who willingly took the taſk upon himſelf, and had the pleaſure to ſee his fair ſcholar improve ſo faſt by his leſſons, that in a few months ſhe was able to read Taſſo's Jeruſalem with eaſe. Her ſhining merit, with the charms of her perſon and converſation, had procured her many admirers: among others, the celebrated Mr. Prior made his addreſſes to her; ſo that allowing for the double licence of the poet and the lover, the concluding lines in his Anſwer to Mrs. Singer's Paſtoral on Love and Friendſhip,

ſhip, were not without foundation in truth; but Mr. Thomas Rowe, a very ingenious and learned gentleman, was the perſon deſtined to fill the arms of this amiable poeteſs.

As this gentleman was a poet of no inconſiderable rank, a man of learning and genius, we ſhall here give ſome account of him, in place of aſſigning him a particular Article, as the incidents of his life will be more naturally blended with that of his wife. —— He was born at London, April the 25th, 1687, the eldeſt ſon of the revd. Mr. Rowe: who with a very accurate judgment, and a conſiderable ſtock of uſeful learning, joined the talents in preaching and a moſt lively and engaging manner in converſation. He was of a genteel deſcent, both on his father's and mother's ſide; but he thought too juſtly to value himſelf on ſuch extrinſic circumſtances. His ſuperior genius, and inſatiable thirſt after knowledge were conſpicuous in his earlieſt years. He commenced his acquaintance with the Claſſics at Epſom, while his father reſided there, and by the ſwift advances in this part of learning, quickly became the delight of his maſter, who treated him with very particular indulgence, in ſpight of the natural ruggedneſs and ſeverity of his temper.

When his father removed to London, he accompanied him, and was placed under the famous Dr. Walker, maſter of the Charter-Houſe-School. His exerciſes here never failed of being diſtinguiſhed even among thoſe who had the approbation of that excellent maſter, who would fain have perſuaded his father to place him at one of our Engliſh univerſities; but how honourably ſoever Mr. Rowe might think of the learning of thoſe noble ſeats of the Muſes, yet not having the ſame advantageous notions of their political principles, he choſe to enter him in a private academy in London, and ſome time before his death ſent him to Leyden: Here he ſtudied

Jeuriel's

Jeuriel's Antiquities, civil-law, the Belles Lettres, and experimental philoſophy; and eſtabliſhed a reputation for capacity, application, and an obliging deportment, both among the profeſſors and ſtudents. He returned from that celebrated ſeat of literature, with a great acceſſion of knowledge, entirely incorrupt in his morals, which he had preſerved as inviolate, as he could have done under the moſt vigilant eye, though left without any reſtraints but thoſe of his own virtue and prudence.

The love of liberty had always been one of Mr. Rowe's darling paſſions. He was very much confirmed therein, by his familiar acquaintance with the hiſtory and noble authors of Greece and Rome, whoſe very ſpirit was tranferred into him: By reſiding ſo long at a Republic, he had continual examples of the ineſtimable value of freedom, as the parent of induſtry, and the univerſal ſource of ſocial happineſs. Tyranny of every kind he ſincerely deteſted; but moſt of all eccleſiaſtical tyranny, deeming the ſlavery of the mind the moſt abject and ignominious, and in its conſequences more pernicious than any other.

He was a perfect maſter of the Greek, Latin and French languages; and, which is ſeldom known to happen, had at once ſuch a prodigious memory, and unexhauſtible fund of wit, as would have ſingly been admired, and much more united. Theſe qualities, with an eaſy fluency of ſpeech, a frankneſs, and benevolence of diſpoſition, and a communicative temper, made his company much ſollicited by all who knew him. He animated the converſation, and inſtructed his companions by the acuteneſs of his obſervations.

He had formed a deſign to compile the lives of all the illuſtrious perſons of antiquity, omitted by Plutarch; and for this purpoſe read the antient hiſtorians with great care. This deſign he in part executed. Eight lives were publiſhed ſince his deceaſe,

ceaſe, in octavo, by way of Supplement to that admired Biographer; in which though ſo young a guide, he ſtrikes out a way like one well acquainted with the dark and intricate paths of antiquity. The ſtile is perfectly eaſy, yet conciſe, and nervous: The reflections juſt, and ſuch as might be expected from a lover of truth and of mankind.

Beſides theſe Lives, he had finiſhed for the preſs, the Life of Thraſybulus, which being put into the hands of Sir Richard Steele, for his reviſal, was unhappily loſt, and could never ſince be recovered.

The famous Mr. Dacier, having tranſlated Plutarch's Lives into French, with Remarks Hiſtorical and Critical, the Abbé Bellenger added in 1734 a ninth tome to the other eight, conſiſting of the Life of Hannibal, and Mr. Rowe's Lives made French by that learned Abbé: In the Preface to which verſion, he tranſcribes from the Preface to the Engliſh edition, the character of the author with viſible approbation; and obſerves, that the Lives were written with taſte; though being a poſthumous work, the author had not put his laſt hand to it.

Such is the character of Mr. Rowe, the huſband of this amiable lady; and when ſo accompliſhed a pair meet in conjugal bonds, what great expectations may not be formed upon them! A friend of Mr. Rowe's upon that occaſion wrote the following beautiful Epigram,

No more proud Gallia, bid the world revere
Thy learned pair, Le Fevre and Dacier:
Britain may boaſt, this happy day unites,
Two nobler minds, in Hymen's ſacred rites.
What theſe have ſung, while all th' inſpiring nine,
Exalt the beauties of the verſe divine,
Thoſe (humble critics of th' immortal ſtrain,)
Shall bound their fame to comment and explain.

Mr.

Mr. Rowe being at Bath, in the year 1709, was introduced into the company of Miſs Singer, who lived in a retirement not far from the city. The idea he had conceived of her from report and her writings, charmed him; but when he had ſeen and converſed with her, he felt another kind of impreſſion, and the eſteem of her accompliſhments was heightened into the rapture of a lover. During the courtſhip, he wrote a poetical Epiſtle to a friend, who was a neighbour of Mrs. Singer, and acquainted with the family, in which were the following lines.

Youth's livelieſt bloom, a never-fading grace,
And more than beauty ſparkles in her face.
How ſoon the willing heart, her empire feels?
Each look, each air, each melting action kills:
Yet the bright form creates no looſe deſires;
At once ſhe gives and purifies our fires,
And paſſions chaſte, as her own ſoul inſpires.
Her ſoul, heav'n's nobleſt workmanſhip deſign'd,
To bleſs the ruined age, and ſuccour loſt mankind,
To prop abandon'd virtue's ſinking cauſe,
And ſnatch from vice its undeſerv'd applauſe.

He married her in the year 1710, and Mrs. Rowe's exalted merit, and amiable qualities, could not fail to inſpire the moſt generous and laſting paſſion. Mr. Rowe knew how to value that treaſure of wit, ſoftneſs and virtue, with which heaven had bleſſed him; and made it his ſtudy to repay the felicity with which ſhe crowned his life. The eſteem and tenderneſs he had for her is inexpreſſible, and poſſeſſion ſeems never to have abated the fondneſs and admiration of the lover; a circumſtance which ſeldom happens, but to thoſe who are capable

capable of enjoying mental intercourſe, and have a reliſh for the ideal tranſports, as well as thoſe of a leſs elevated nature. It was ſome conſiderable time after his marriage, that he wrote to her a very tender Ode, under the name of Delia, full of the warmeſt ſentiments of connubial friendſhip and affection. The following lines in it may appear remarkable, as it pleaſed Heaven to diſpoſe events, in a manner ſo agreeable to the wiſhes expreſſed in them,

——So long may thy inſpiring page,
And bright example bleſs the riſing age;
Long in thy charming priſon mayſt thou ſtay,
Late, very late, aſcend the well-known way,
And add new glories to the realms of day!
At leaſt Heav'n will not ſure, this prayer deny;
Short be my life's uncertain date,
And earlier long than thine, the deſtin'd hour of fate!
When e'er it comes, may'ſt thou be by,
Support my ſinking frame, and teach me how to die;
Baniſh deſponding nature's gloom,
Make me to hope a gentle doom,
And fix me all on joys to come.
With ſwimming eyes I'll gaze upon thy charms,
And claſp thee dying in my fainting arms;
Then gently leaning on thy breaſt;
Sink in ſoft ſlumbers to eternal reſt.
The ghaſtly form ſhall have a pleaſing air,
And all things ſmile, while Heav'n and thou art there.

This part of the Ode which we have quoted, contains the moſt tender breathings of affection, and has as much delicacy and ſoftneſs in it, as we remember ever to have ſeen in poetry.

As

As Mr. Rowe had not a robuſt conſtitution, ſo an intenſe application to ſtudy, beyond what the delicacy of his frame could bear, might contribute to that ill ſtate of health which allayed the happineſs of his married life, during the greater part of it. In the latter end of the year 1714, his weakneſs encreaſed, and he ſeemed to labour under all the ſymptoms of a conſumption; which diſtemper, after it had confined him ſome months, put a period to his moſt valuable life, at Hampſtead, in 1715, when he was but in the 28th year of his age. The exquiſite grief and affliction, which his amiable wife felt for the loſs of ſo excellent a huſband, is not to be expreſſed.

She wrote a beautiful Elegy on his death, and continued to the laſt moments of her life, to expreſs the higheſt veneration and affection for his memory, and a particular regard and eſteem for his relations. This Elegy of Mrs. Rowe, on the death of her much lamented huſband, we ſhall here inſert.

An ELEGY, &c.

In what ſoft language ſhall my thoughts get free,
My dear Alexis, when I talk of thee?
Ye Muſes, Graces, all ye gentle train,
Of weeping loves, O ſuit the penſive ſtrain!
But why ſhould I implore your moving art?
'Tis but to ſpeak the dictates of my heart;
And all that knew the charming youth will join,
Their friendly ſighs, and pious tears to mine;
For all that knew his merit, muſt confeſs,
In grief for him, there can be no exceſs.
His ſoul was form'd to act each glorious part
Of life, unſtained with vanity, or art,
No thought within his gen'rous mind had birth,
But what he might have own'd to Heav'n and Earth.

Practis'd

Practis'd by him, each virtue grew more bright,
And ſhone with more than its own native light.
Whatever noble warmth could recommend
The juſt, the active, and the conſtant friend,
Was all his own——But Oh! a dearer name,
And ſofter ties my endleſs ſorrow claim.
Loſt in deſpair, diſtracted, and forlorn,
The lover I, and tender huſband mourn.
Whate'er to ſuch ſuperior worth was due,
Whate'er exceſs the fondeſt paſſion knew;
I felt for thee, dear youth; my joy, my care,
My pray'rs themſelves were thine, and only where
Thou waſt concern'd, my virtue was ſincere.
When e'er I begg'd for bleſſings on thy head,
Nothing was cold or formal that I ſaid;
My warmeſt vows to Heav'n were made for thee,
And love ſtill mingled with my piety.
O thou waſt all my glory, all my pride!
Thro' life's uncertain paths my conſtant guide;
Regardleſs of the world, to gain thy praiſe
Was all that could my juſt ambition raiſe.
Why has my heart this fond engagement known?
Or why has Heav'n diſſolved the tye ſo ſoon?
Why was the charming youth ſo form'd to move?
Or why was all my ſoul ſo turn'd for love?
But virtue here a vain defence had made,
Where ſo much worth and eloquence could plead.
For he could talk——'Twas extacy to hear,
'Twas joy! 'twas harmony to every ear.
Eternal muſic dwelt upon his tongue,
Soft, and tranſporting as the Muſes ſong;
Liſt'ning to him my cares were charm'd to reſt,
And love, and ſilent rapture fill'd my breaſt:
Unheeded the gay moments took their flight,
And time was only meaſur'd by delight.

I hear

I hear the lov'd, the melting accents ſtill,
And ſtill the kind, the tender tranſport feel.
Again I ſee the ſprightly paſſions riſe,
And life and pleaſure ſparkle in his eyes.
My fancy paints him now with ev'ry grace,
But ah! the dear deluſion mocks my fond embrace;
The ſmiling viſion takes its haſty flight,
And ſcenes of horror ſwim before my ſight.
Grief and deſpair in all their terrors riſe;
A dying lover pale and gaſping lies,
Each diſmal circumſtance appears in view,
The fatal object is for ever new.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

For thee all thoughts of pleaſure I forego,
For thee my tears ſhall never ceaſe to flow:
For thee at once I from the world retire,
To feed in ſilent ſhades a hopeleſs fire.
My boſom all thy image ſhall retain;
The full impreſſion there ſhall ſtill remain.
As thou haſt taught my conſtant heart to prove;
The nobleſt height and elegance of love;
That ſacred paſſion I to thee confine;
My ſpotleſs faith ſhall be for ever thine.

After Mr. Rowe's deceaſe, and as ſoon as her affairs would permit, our authoreſs indulged her inconquerable inclination to ſolitude, by retiring to Froome in Somerſetſhire, in the neighbourhood of which place the greateſt part of her eſtate lay. When ſhe forſook the town, ſhe determined to return no more but to ſpend the remainder of her life in abſolute retirement; yet upon ſome few occaſions ſhe thought it her duty to violate this reſolution.

In

In compliance with the importunate requeſt of the honourable Mrs. Thynne, ſhe paſſed ſome months with her at London, after the death of her daughter the lady Brooke, and upon the deceaſe of Mrs. Thynne herſelf, ſhe could not diſpute the commands of the counteſs of Hertford, who earneſtly deſired her company, to ſoften the ſevere affliction of the loſs of ſo excellent a mother, and once or twice more, the power which this lady had over Mrs. Rowe, drew her, with an obliging kind of violence, to ſpend a few months with her in the country. Yet, even on theſe occaſions ſhe never quitted her retreat without ſincere regret, and always returned to it, as ſoon as ſhe could with decency diſengage herſelf from the importunity of her noble friends. It was in this receſs that ſhe compoſed the moſt celebrated of her works, in twenty Letters from the Dead to the Living; the deſign of which is to impreſs the notion of the ſoul's immortality, without which all virtue and religion, with their temporal and eternal good conſequences muſt fall to the ground.

Some who pretend to have no ſcruples about the being of a God, have yet doubts about their own eternal exiſtence, though many authors have eſtabliſhed it, both by chriſtian and moral proofs, beyond reaſonable contradiction. But ſince no means ſhould be left untried, in a point of ſuch awful importance, a virtuous endeavour to make the mind familiar with the thoughts of immortality, and contract as it were unawares, an habitual perſuaſion of it, by writings built on that foundation, and addreſſed to the affections, and imagination, cannot be thought improper, either as a doctrine or amuſement: Amuſement, for which the world makes ſo large a demand, and which generally ſpeaking is nothing but an art of forgetting that immortality, the form,

belief,

belief, and advantageous contemplation, of which this higher amuſement would recommend.

In the year 1736, the importunity of ſome of Mrs. Rowe's acquaintance who had ſeen the Hiſtory of Joſeph in MS. prevailed on her to print it. The publication of this piece did not long precede the time of her death, to prepare for which had been the great buſineſs of her life; and it ſtole upon her according to her earneſt wiſhes, in her beloved receſs. She was favoured with a very uncommon ſtrength of conſtitution, and had paſs'd a long ſeries of years with ſcarce any indiſpoſition, ſevere enough to confine her to bed.—— But about half a year before her deceaſe, ſhe was attacked with a diſtemper, which ſeemed to herſelf as well as others, attended with danger. Tho' this diſorder found her mind not quite ſo ſerene and prepared to meet death as uſual; yet when by devout contemplation, ſhe had fortified herſelf againſt that fear and diffidence, from which the moſt exalted piety does not always ſecure us in ſuch an awful hour, ſhe experienced ſuch divine ſatisfaction and tranſport, that ſhe ſaid with tears of joy, ſhe knew not that ſhe ever felt the like in all her life, and ſhe repeated on this occaſion Pope's beautiful ſoliloquy of the dying Chriſtian to his ſoul.

The dying CHRISTIAN to his Soul.

I.

Vital ſpark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingr'ing, flying;
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper; Angels ſay,
Siſter ſpirit, come away!
What is this abſorbs me quite,
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my ſoul, can this be death?

III.

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring;
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy ſting?

She repeated the above, with an air of intenſe pleaſure. She felt all the elevated ſentiments of pious extaſy and triumph, which breath in that exquiſite piece of ſacred poetry. After this threatning illneſs ſhe recovered her uſual good ſtate of health; and though at the time of her deceaſe ſhe was pretty far advanced in years, yet her exact temperance, and the calmneſs of her mind, undiſturbed with uneaſy cares, and turbulent paſſions, encouraged her friends to hope a much longer enjoyment of ſo valuable a life, than it pleaſed heaven to allow them. On the day when ſhe was ſeized with that diſtemper, which in a few hours proved mortal, ſhe ſeemed to thoſe about her to be in perfect health and vigour. In the evening about eight o'clock ſhe converſed with a friend, with her uſual vivacity, mixed with an extraordinary chearfulneſs, and then retired to her chamber. About 10 her ſervant

hearing ſome noiſe in her miſtreſs's room, ran inſtantly into it, and found her fallen off the chair on the floor, ſpeechleſs, and in the agonies of death. She had the immediate aſſiſtance of a phyſician and ſurgeon, but all the means uſed were without ſucceſs, and having given one groan ſhe expired a few minutes before two o'clock, on Sunday morning, February the 20th, 1736-7: Her diſeaſe was judged to be an apoplexy. A pious book was found lying open by her, as alſo ſome looſe papers, on which ſhe had written the following devout ejaculations,

O guide, and council, and protect my ſoul from ſin!
O ſpeak! and let me know thy heav'nly will.
Speak evidently to my liſt'ning ſoul!
O fill my ſoul with love, and light of peace,
And whiſper heav'nly comfort to my ſoul!
O ſpeak cœleſtial ſpirit in the ſtrain
Of love, and heav'nly pleaſure to my ſoul.

In her cabinet were found letters to ſeveral of her friends, which ſhe had ordered to be delivered to the perſons to whom they were directed immediately after her deceaſe.

Mrs. Rowe lived in friendſhip with people of the firſt faſhion and diſtinction in life, by whom ſhe was eſteemed and reſpected. To enumerate them would be needleſs; let it ſuffice to remark, that her life was honoured with the intimacy, and her death lamented with the tears, of the counteſs of Hertford. Many verſes were publiſhed to celebrate her memory, amongſt which a copy written by Mrs. Elizabeth Carter are the beſt.

Thus lived honoured, and died lamented, this excellent poeteſs, whoſe beauty, though not her

highest excellence, yet greatly contributed to set off her other more important graces to advantage; and whose piety will ever shine as a bright example to posterity, and teach them how to heighten the natural gifts of understanding, by true and unaffected devotion.——The conduct and behaviour of Mrs. Rowe might put some of the present race of females to the blush, who rake the town for infamous adventures to amuse the public. Their works will soon be forgotten, and their memories when dead, will not be deemed exceeding precious; but the works of Mrs. Rowe can never perish, while exalted piety and genuine goodness have any existence in the world. Her memory will be ever honoured, and her name dear to latest posterity.

Mrs. Rowe's Miscellaneous Works were published a few years ago at London, in octavo, and her Devotions were revised and published by the reverend Dr. Watts, under the title of Devout Exercises, to which that worthy man wrote a preface; and while he removes some cavils that wantonness and sensuality might make to the stile and manner of these Devotions, he shews that they contain the most sublime sentiments, the most refined breathings of the soul, and the most elevated and cœlestial piety.

Mrs. Rowe's acquaintance with persons of fashion had taught her all the accomplishments of good-breeding, and elegance of behaviour, and without formality or affectation she practised in the most distant solitude, all the address and politeness of a court.

She had the happiest command over her passions, and maintained a constant calmness of temper, and sweetness of disposition, that could not be ruffled by adverse accidents.

She

She was in the utmoſt degree an enemy to ill-natured ſatire and detraction; ſhe was as much unacquainted with envy, as if it had been impoſſible for ſo baſe a paſſion to enter into the human mind.

She had few equals in converſation; her wit was lively, and ſhe expreſſed her thoughts in the moſt beautiful and flowing eloquence.

When ſhe entered into the married ſtate, the higheſt eſteem and moſt tender affection appeared in her conduct to Mr. Rowe, and by the moſt gentle and obliging manner, and the exerciſe of every ſocial and good natured virtue, ſhe confirmed the empire ſhe had gained over his heart. In ſhort, if the moſt cultivated underſtanding, if an imagination lively and extenſive, a character perfectly moral, and a ſoul formed for the moſt exalted exerciſes of devotion, can render a perſon amiable, Mrs. Rowe has a juſt claim to that epithet, as well as to the admiration of the lovers of poetry and elegant compoſition.

The Revd. Dr. THOMAS YALDEN.

THIS Gentleman was born in the city of Exeter, and the youngeſt of ſix ſons of Mr. John Yalden of Suſſex. He received his education at a Grammar-ſchool, belonging to Magdalen-College in Oxford. * In the year 1690 he was admitted a commoner of Magdalen-Hall, under Mr. John Pullen, who was eſteemed an excellent tutor, and a very great maſter of logic, and the following year he was choſen ſcholar of Magdalen-College. Here he became a fellow-pupil with the celebrated Mr. Addiſon and Dr. Henry Sacheverel, and early contracted a particular friendſhip with thoſe two gentlemen. This academical affection Mr. Addiſon preſerved not only abroad in his travels, but alſo on his advancement to conſiderable employments at home, and kept the ſame eaſy and free correſpondence to the very laſt, as when their fortunes were more on a level. This preſervation of affection is rendered more ſingular, by Mr. Yalden's having eſpouſed a very oppoſite intereſt to that of Mr. Addiſon, for he adhered to the High-Church party, and was ſuſpected of an attachment to an exiled family, for which he afterwards was brought into very great trouble.

In the year 1700 he was admitted actual and perpetual fellow of Magdalen-College, and qualified

* Jacob.

himſelf

himſelf the next year, by taking orders, as the founder's ſtatutes require. After his admiſſion he received two public marks of favour from that ſociety: The firſt was a preſentation to a living in Warwickſhire, conſiſtent with his fellowſhip; and the other, his being elected moral philoſophy-reader, an office for life, endowed with a handſome ſtipend, and peculiar privileges.

In 1706 he was received into the family of his noble and kind patron the duke of Beaufort; with whom he was in very great favour, having in many inſtances experienced his bounty and generoſity. In the following year he compleated his academical degrees, by commencing doctor in divinity: He preſented to the ſociety their founder's picture in full length, which now hangs up in the public-hall; and afterwards he delivered in to the preſident a voluntary reſignation of his fellowſhip, and moral philoſophy-lecture. He was afterwards preferred to be rector of Chalten in Cleanville, two adjoining towns and rectories in Hampſhire. He was elected by the preſident and governors of Bridewell, preacher of that hoſpital, upon the reſignation of Dr. Atterbury, afterwards lord biſhop of Rocheſter.

Having mentioned this prelate, it will be proper here to obſerve, that upon a ſuſpicion of Dr. Yalden's being concerned with him, in a plot to reſtore the exiled family; and for which the biſhop was afterwards baniſhed, he was ſeized upon by authority, and committed to priſon. When he was examined before the council, concerning his correſpondence and intimacy with Mr. Kelley the biſhop's ſecretary; he did not deny his knowledge of, and correſpondence with, him, but ſtill perſiſted in aſſerting, that no meaſures contrary to the conſtitution were ever canvaſſed between them.

There was found in his pocket book, a copy of verſes reflecting on the reigning family, and which might well bear the conſtruction of a libel; but when he was charged with them, he denied that he ever compoſed ſuch verſes, or that the hand-writing was his own, and aſſerted his innocence in every circumſtance relating to the plot. The verſes in all probability were put into his pocket-book, by the ſame perſon, who with ſo much dexterity placed a treaſonable paper in biſhop Atterbury's cloſe-ſtool, and then pretending to be the diſcoverer of it, preferred it againſt his lordſhip, as an evidence of his diſaffection. The particulars of that memorable tryal are recorded in the Life of Atterbury, written by the authors of Biographia Britannica.—The heats raiſed by Atterbury's tryal ſubſiding, thoſe who were ſuſpected of being concerned with him, as no evidence appeared ſtrong enough to convict them, were releaſed.

Dr. Yalden was ſtill favoured with the patronage of the generous duke of Beaufort, and his reſidence in that noble family recommended him to the acquaintance of many of the firſt quality and character in the kingdom, and as he was of a chearful temper, and of a pleaſing and inſtructive converſation, he retained their friendſhip and eſteem till his death, which happened the 16th of July, 1736, in the 66th year of his age.

His poetical works are chiefly theſe.

On the Conqueſt of Namure; A Pindaric Ode, inſcribed to his moſt ſacred and victorious majeſty, folio 1695.

The Temple of Fame; a Poem to the memory of the moſt illuſtrious Prince, William Duke of Glouceſter, folio 1700.

On

On the late Queen's Acceſſion to the Throne, a Poem.

Æſop at Court, or State Fables.

An Eſſay on the Character on Sir Willoughby Aſhton, a Poem. Fol. 1704.

On the Mines of Sir Carbery Price, a Poem; occaſioned by the Mine-adventure Company.

On the Death of Mr. John Partridge, Profeſſor in Leather, and Aſtrologer.

Advice to a Lover.

To Mr. Watſon, on his Ephemeris on the Cæleſtial Motions, preſented to Queen Anne.

Againſt Immoderate Grief.

The Force of Jealouſy.

An Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, 1693, ſet to muſic by Dr. Purcel.

A Hymn to the Morning in Praiſe of Light.

We ſhall extract the following ſtanza from this Hymn, as a ſpecimen of his poetry.

Parent of day! whoſe beauteous beams of light
  Spring from the darkſome womb of night,
  And midſt their native horrors ſhow
Like gems adorning of the negro's brow.
  Not Heaven's fair bow can equal thee,
  In all its gawdy drapery:
Thou firſt eſſay of light, and pledge of day!
Rival of ſhade! eternal ſpring! ſtill gay!
  From thy bright unexhauſted womb
The beauteous race of days and ſeaſons come.
  Thy beauty ages cannot wrong,
  But 'ſpite of time, thou'rt ever young.
Thou art alone Heav'n's modeſt virgin light,
Whoſe face a veil of bluſhes hide from human ſight.
At thy approach, nature erects her head;
  The ſmiling univerſe is glad;
  The drowſy earth and ſeas awake
And from thy beams new life and vigour take.

When

When thy more chearful rays appear,
Ev'n guilt and women ceaſe to fear;
Horror, deſpair, and all the ſons of night
Retire before thy beams, and take their haſty [flight.

Thou riſeſt in the fragrant eaſt,
Like the fair Phœnix from her balmy neſt;
But yet thy fading glories ſoon decay,
Thine's but a momentary ſtay;
Too ſoon thou'rt raviſh'd from our ſight,
Borne down the ſtream of day, and overwhelm'd [with night.

Thy beams to thy own ruin haſte,
They're fram'd too exquiſite to laſt:
Thine is a glorious, but a ſhort-liv'd ſtate;
Pity ſo fair a birth ſhould yield ſo ſoon to fate.

Beſides theſe pieces, this reverend gentleman has tranſlated the ſecond book of Ovid's Art of Love, with ſeveral other occaſional poems and tranſlations publiſhed in the third and fourth volumes of Tonſon's Miſcellanies.

The Medicine, a Tale in the ſecond Volume of the Tatlers, and Mr. Partridge's Appeal to the Learned World, or a Further Account of the Manner of his Death, in Proſe, are likewiſe written by him.

Mr.

Mr. Joseph Mitchel.

THIS gentleman was the ſon of a Stone-cutter in Scotland, and was born about the year 1684. He received an univerſity education while he remained in that kingdom, and having ſome views of improving his fortune, repaired to the metropolis. We are not able to recover many particulars concerning this poet, who was never ſufficiently eminent to excite much curioſity concerning him. By a diſſipated imprudent behaviour he rendered thoſe, who were more intimately acquainted with him, leſs ſollicitous to preſerve the circumſtances of his life, which were ſo little to his advantage. We find him enjoying the favour of the earl of Stair, and Sir Robert Walpole, to whom he addreſſes ſome of his poems. He received ſo many obligations from the latter, and was ſo warm in his intereſt, that he obtained the epithet of Sir Robert Walpole's Poet, and for a great part of his life had an entire dependence on the bounty of that munificent ſtateſman. Mr. Mitchel, who was a ſlave to his pleaſures, and governed by every guſt of irregular appetite, had many opportunities of experiencing the dangerous folly of extravagance, and the many uneaſy moments which it occaſions. Notwithſtanding this, his conduct was never corrected, even when the means of doing it were in his power. At a time when Mr. Mitchel laboured under ſevere neceſſities, by the death of his wife's uncle ſeveral thouſand pounds devolved to him, of

of which he had no ſooner got poſſeſſion, than he planned ſchemes of ſpending it, in place of diſcharging the many debts he had contracted. This behaviour, as it conveyed to his creditors no high idea of his honeſty, ſo it obliged him to be perpetually ſkulking, and muſt conſequently have embittered even thoſe hours which he falſly dedicated to pleaſure; for they who live under a perpetual dread of loſing their liberty, can enjoy no great comfort even in their moſt careleſs moments.

Of the many poems which Mr. Mitchel wrote, but few ſucceeded to any degree, nor indeed much deſerved it. At a time when the politicians were engaged in ſettling the Land-Tax, and various opinions were offered concerning the ability of that branch of the commonwealth, ſo that a proper medium or ſtandard might be fixed; he verſified the Totneſs Addreſs, much about the time of his preſent Majeſty's acceſſion to the throne; in which it is humourouſly propoſed, that the landed intereſt ſhould pay twenty ſhillings in the pound. This poem having a reference to a faſhionable topic of converſation, was better received than moſt of his other pieces.

There was likewiſe a poem of Mr. Mitchel's, called The Shoe-heel, which was much read on account of the low humour it contains. He has addreſſed to Dr. Watts a poem on the ſubject of Jonah in the Whale's Belly. In the dedication he obſerves, 'That it was written for the advance-'ment of true virtue and reformation of manners; 'to raiſe an emulation amongſt our young poets 'to attempt divine compoſures, and help to wipe 'off the cenſures which the numerous labours of 'the muſes are juſtly charged with. If (ſays he)

'it

'it ſhall ſerve any of theſe purpoſes, I ſhall be 'ſatisfied, though I gain no reputation by it a-'mong thoſe who read a new poem with no o-'ther view, than to paſs a judgment on the abi-'lities of the author.' When the antagoniſts of Pope were threatened with the publication of the Dunciad, Mr. Mitchel had ſome ſuſpicion that he himſelf was to be ſtigmatized in it: conſcious that he had never offended Mr. Pope, he took an opportunity to write to him upon that ſubject. He informed him, that he had been an admirer of his writings; that he declined all connexion with thoſe men, who combined to reduce his reputation, and that when no offence was given, no reſentment ſhould be diſcovered. Mr. Pope, upon receiving this letter from Mitchel, proteſting his innocence as to any calumny publiſhed againſt him, was ſo equitable as to ſtrike him out of his Dunciad, in which, by miſrepreſentation he had aſſigned him a place.

Mr. Mitchel lived in good correſpondence with many of the moſt eminent wits of the time, and was particularly honoured with the friendſhip of Aaron Hill, eſq; a gentleman of ſo amiable a diſpoſition, that whoever cultivated an intimacy with him, was ſure to be a gainer. Once, when Mr. Mitchel was in diſtreſs, Mr. Hill, who could not perhaps conveniently relieve him by pecuniary aſſiſtance, gave him a higher inſtance of friendſhip, than could be ſhewn by money. He wrote a beautiful dramatic piece in two acts, called The Fatal Extravagant, in which he expoſed the hideous vice of gaming. This little dramatic work is planned with ſuch exquiſite art, wrought up with ſo much tenderneſs, and the ſcenes are ſo natural, intereſting and moving, that I know not if Mr. Hill has any where touched the paſſions with ſo great a maſtery. This play met the

ſucceſs

ſucceſs it deſerved, and contributed to relieve Mr. Mitchel's neceſſities, who had honour enough, however, to undeceive the world, and acknowledge his obligations to Mr. Hill, by making mankind acquainted with the real author of The Fatal Extravagant. As this was a favour never to be forgotten, ſo we find Mr. Mitchel taking every proper occaſion to expreſs his gratitude, and celebrate his patron. Amongſt the firſt of his poems, is An Ode, addreſſed to Mr. Hill, which is one of the beſt of his compoſitions. The two laſt ſtanza's are as follow,

Heedleſs of cuſtom, and the vulgar breath,
I toil for glory in a path untrod,
Or where but few have dared to combat death,
And few unſtaggering carry virtue's load.
Thy muſe, O Hill, of living names,
My firſt reſpect, and chief attendance claims.
Sublimely fir'd, thou look'ſt diſdainful down
On trifling ſubjects, and a vile renown.
In ev'ry verſe, in ev'ry thought of thine,
There's heav'nly rapture and deſign.
Who can thy god-like Gideon view *,
And not thy muſe purſue,
Or wiſh, at leaſt, ſuch miracles to do?

Sure in thy breaſt the ancient Hebrew fire
Reviv'd, glows hot, and blazes forth;
How ſtrong, how fierce the flames aſpire!
Of thy interior worth,
When burning worlds thou ſett'ſt before our eyes ‖,
And draw'ſt tremendous judgment from the ſkies!
O bear me on thy ſeraph wing,
And teach my weak obſequious muſe to ſing.

* An epic poem by Aaron Hill, eſq;
‖ See The Judgment, a poem by Aaron Hill, eſq;

To

To thee I owe the little art I boaſt;
Thy heat firſt melted my co-genial froſt.
Preſerve the ſparks thy breath did fan,
And by thy likeneſs form me into true poetic man.

Mr. Mitchel died in the year 1738. He ſeems to have been a poet of the third rate; he has ſeldom reached the ſublime; his humour, in which he more ſucceeded, is not ſtrong enough to laſt; his verſification holds a ſtate of mediocrity; he poſſeſſed but little invention, and if he was not a bad rhimeſter, he cannot be denominated a fine poet, for there are but few marks of genius in his writings. His poems were printed in two vol. 8vo. in the year 1729.

He wrote alſo, The Union of the Clans; or the Highland-Fair. A Scot's Opera. 'Twas acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, about the year 1730; but did not ſucceed.

Mr.

Mr. JOHN OZELL.

THIS gentleman added conſiderably to the republic of letters by his numerous tranſlations. He received the rudiments of his education from Mr. Shaw, an excellent grammarian, maſter of the free ſchool at Aſhby De la Zouch in Leiceſterſhire: he finiſhed his grammatical learning under the revd. Mr. Mountford of Chriſt's Hoſpital, where having attained the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew tongues, he was deſigned to be ſent to the univerſity of Cambridge, to be trained up for holy Orders. But Mr. Ozell, who was averſe to that confinement which he muſt expect in a college life, choſe to be ſooner ſettled in the world, and be placed in a public office of accounts, having previouſly qualified himſelf by attaining a knowledge of arithmetic, and writing the neceſſary hands. This choice of an occupation in our author, could no other reaſons be adduced, are ſufficient to denominate him a little tinctured with dulneſs, for no man of genius ever yet made choice of ſpending his life behind a deſk in a compting-houſe.

He ſtill retained, however, an inclination to erudition, contrary to what might have been expected, and by much converſation with travellers from abroad, made himſelf maſter of moſt of the living languages, eſpecially the French, Italian, and Spaniſh, from all which, as well as from the Latin and Greek, he has favoured the world with a great

great * many tranſlations, amongſt which are the following French plays;

1. Britannicus and Alexander the Great. Two Tragedies from Racine.

2. The Litigant, a Comedy of 3 Acts; tranſlated from the French of M. Racine, who took it from the Waſps of Ariſtophanes, 8vo. 1715. Scene in a city of Lower Nornandy.

3. Manlius Capitolinus, a Tragedy from the French of M. La Foſſe, 1715. When the earl of Portland was ambaſſador at the French court, this play was acted at Paris threeſcore nights running; the ſubject is related by Livy. This French author ſtudied ſome time at Oxford, and, upon his return home, applied himſelf to dramatic poetry, in which he acquired great reputation. He died about the year 1713.

4. The Cid, a Tragedy from Corneille.

5. Cato of Utica, a Tragedy from M. Des Champs; acted at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields 1716, dedicated to Count Volkra his Excellency the Imperial Ambaſſador: to which is added a Parallel between this Play and Mr. Addiſon's Cato.

Beſides theſe, Mr. Ozell has tranſlated all Moliere's plays, which are printed in 6 vol. 12mo. and likewiſe a collection of ſome of the beſt Spaniſh and Italian plays, from Calderon, Aretin, Ricci, and Lopez de Vega. Whether any of theſe plays, tranſlated from the Spaniſh, were ever printed, we cannot be poſitive. Mr. Ozell's tranſlation of Moliere is far from being excellent, for Moliere was an author to whom none, but a genius like himſelf, could well do juſtice.

* Jacob.

His other works are

The Hiſtory of Don Quixote, tranſlated by ſeveral hands, publiſhed by Peter Motteux; reviſed and compared with the beſt edition, printed at Madrid, by Mr. Ozell, 5th edition, 1725.

Reflexions on Learning, by M. de Fenelon, Archbiſhop of Cambray, made Engliſh from the Paris Edition 12mo. 1718.

Common Prayer, not Common Senſe, in ſeveral Places of the Portugueze, Spaniſh, Italian, French, Latin, and Greek Tranſlations of the Engliſh Liturgy; Being a Specimen of the Manifold Omiſſions, &c. in all, or moſt of the ſaid Tranſlations, ſome of which were printed at Oxford, and the reſt at Cambridge, or London, 1722.

Vertot's Revolutions of Rome, tranſlated by Mr. Ozell.

Logic, or the Art of Thinking; from the French of M. Nicole, 1723.

Mr. Ozell finiſhed a Tranſlation from the Portugueze, begun by Dr. Geddes, of the moſt celebrated, popiſh, eccleſiaſtical Romance; being the the Life of Veronica of Milan, a book certified by the heads of the univerſity of Conimbra in Portugal, to be reviſed by the Angels, and approved of by God.

Theſe are the works of Mr. Ozell, who, if he did not poſſeſs any genius, has not yet lived in vain, for he has rendered into Engliſh ſome very uſeful pieces, and if his tranſlations are not elegant; they are generally pretty juſt, and true to their original.

Mr. Ozell is ſeverely touched by Mr. Pope in the firſt book of the Dunciad, on what account we cannot determine; perhaps that ſatyriſt has only introduced him to grace the train of his Dunces.

Ozell was incenſed to the laſt degree by this uſage, and in a paper called The Weekly Medley, September 1729, he publiſhed the following ſtrange Advertiſement *. 'As to my learning, 'this envious wretch knew, and every body knows, 'that the whole bench of biſhops, not long ago, 'were pleaſed to give me a purſe of guineas for diſ-'covering the erroneous tranſlations of the Common 'Prayer in Portugueze, Spaniſh, French, Italian, '&c. As for my genius, let Mr. Cleland ſhew 'better verſes in all Pope's works, than Ozell's 'verſion of Boileau's Lutrin, which the late lord 'Hallifax was ſo well pleaſed with, that he com-'plimented him with leave to dedicate it to him, '&c. &c. Let him ſhew better and truer poetry 'in The Rape of the Lock, than in Ozell's Rape 'of the Bucket, which, becauſe an ingenious au-'thor happened to mention in the ſame breath 'with Pope's, viz.

'Let Ozell ſing the Bucket, Pope the Lock,

'the little gentleman had like to have run 'mad; and Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly 'declared Ozell's Tranſlation of Homer to be, 'as it was prior, ſo likewiſe ſuperior, to Pope's. '——Surely, ſurely, every man is free to deſerve 'well of his country!' JOHN OZELL.

This author died about the middle of October 1743, and was buried in a vault of a church belonging to St. Mary Aldermanbury. He never experienced any of the viciſſitudes of fortune, which have been ſo frequently the portion of his inſpired brethren, for a perſon born in the ſame county with him, and who owed particular obligations to his family, left him a competent proviſion: beſides, he had always enjoyed good places. He

* Notes on the Dunciad.

was

was for ſome years auditor-general of the city and Bridge accounts, and, to the time of his deceaſe, auditor of the accounts of St. Paul's Cathedral, and St. Thomas's Hoſpital. Though, in reality, Ozell was a man of very little genius, yet Mr. Coxeter aſſerts, that his converſation was ſurprizingly pleaſing, and that he had a pretty good knowledge of men and things. He poſſibly poſſeſſed a large ſhare of good nature, which, when joined with but a tolerable underſtanding, will render the perſon, who is bleſſed with it, more amiable, than the moſt flaſhy wit, and the higheſt genius without it.

End of the Fourth Volume.

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